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HUSTLER

volume 18 number 1

july

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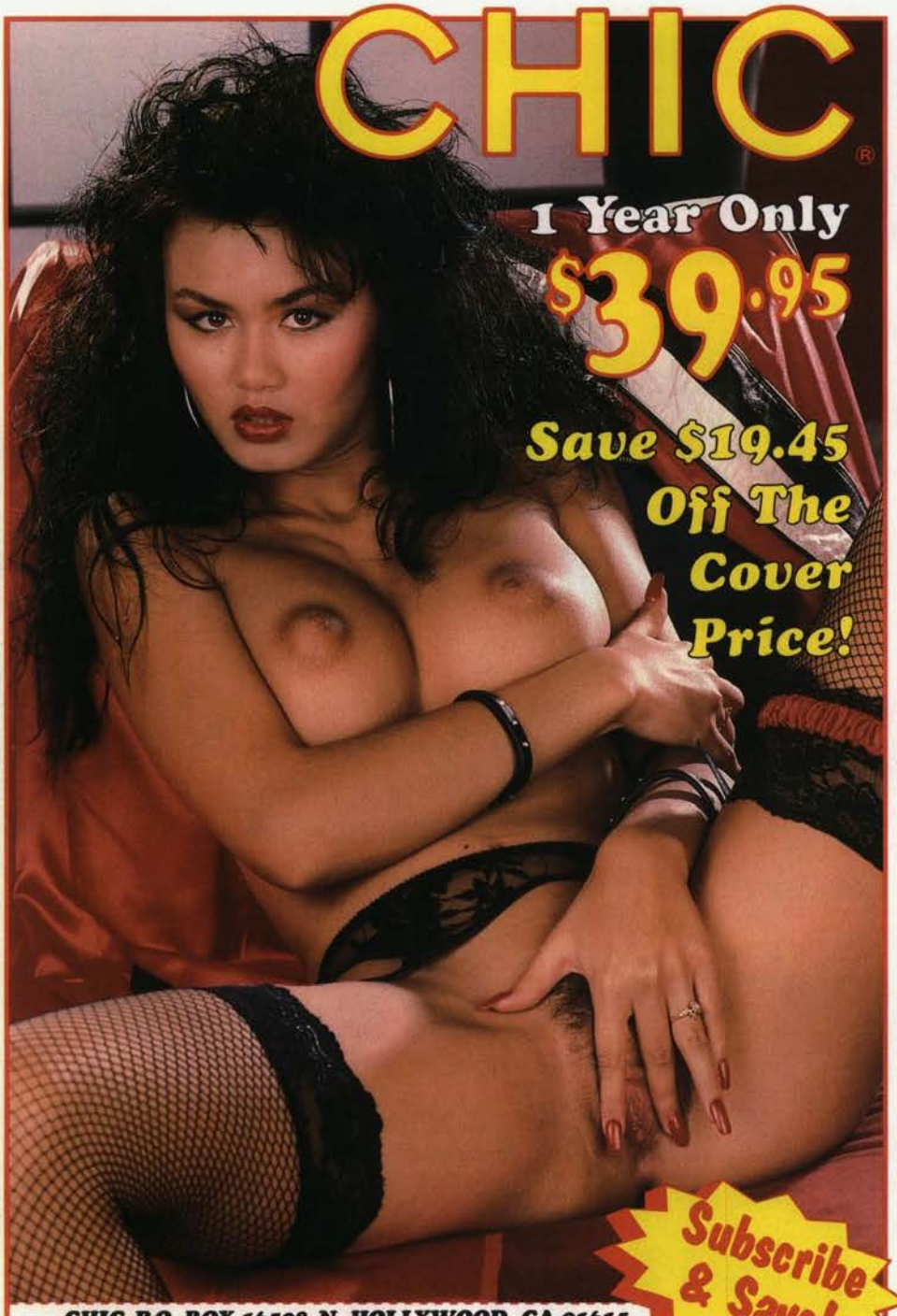
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HUSTLER JULY 1991 VOLUME 18 NUMBER 1

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Cover photo by Clive McLean

BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

The Emir of Kuwait



There's no Asshole like a royal Asshole. Just take a regal whiff of His Highness Sheik Jabbar al-Sabah, Emir of Kuwait, and freshly crowned HUSTLER Asshole of the Month for July 1991.

The Middle East is a minefield of bitter, centuries-old rivalry and distrust. To survive, a country must have dynamic leadership. As ruler of tiny, oil-rich Kuwait, the Emir proved himself to be a man of quick and decisive action.

At the first report of Iraqi movements against his country, Jabbar al-Sabah fled to Saudi Arabia, not even taking time to notify his army, most of which soon followed.

During the seven months his homeland was being ravaged by Saddam's madmen, the 64-year-old sultan endured hard-time exile in the Saudi resort town of Taif. The Emir suffered every deprivation that the luxurious Sheraton Hotel has to offer. Toughing it out, His Highness bravely pledged: "We will not spare any amount or value. We have to liberate Kuwait." Then, as if reprimanding one of his foreign servants whose broom has missed a few stray grains of sand: "We would like to have it done."

With a work force that is 80% immigrant, the Kuwaitis are accustomed to having outsiders do their dirty work. Thus, while draft-age scions of the emirate cavorted in swank Egyptian discos, a full-scale war reinstated Sheik Jabbar to his old job as monarch for life, a position he has held since 1978. The cost was a nominal "amount or value" of, for starters, 42.6 billion American dollars, countless disrupted lives in the U.S. and a conservative estimate of 100,000 Iraqi deaths. For this bargain price, Kuwait was liberated from the clutches of a tyrant into the hands of one of democracy's most two-bit friends.

Political parties are banned in Kuwait. Only about 70,000 males in the population of 1.7 million are eligible to vote, and they have nothing to vote for. In 1986, Jabbar shit-canned the country's limited political freedoms for "reasons of security," presumably his own security. The Emir dissolved the Parliament with no discussion. He rescinded freedom of the press at the same time, putting a censor to work next to every editor. According to Amnesty International's 1990 Report, Kuwaiti dissidents are arrested, tortured and held without trial, and 22 people were sentenced to five to 15 years in jail for "belonging to banned groups...and publicly defaming the Emir." Well, lock us up.

The Emir's reaction to the rescue of his kingdom from an occupying army was to impose martial law and stay in the opulence of a Saudi Sheraton for 15 more days. No wonder only "dozens" of the Emir's subjects, many of whom had weathered the occupation without deserting their country, showed up to hail his triumphant, belated return to Kuwait.

More than 500 oil-well fires burned out of control. Common citizens lined up by the thousands to make a phone call and purchase stale bread with worthless currencies. The populace went without running water or electricity and breathed air rank with uncollected garbage and rotting Iraqi corpses.

The Emir, on the other hand, had the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers working around the clock to refurbish $600-million Bayan Palace, one of four. Irish linen, crystal chandeliers, and gold-plated toilet fixtures (as if such an elevated personage actually shits) were trucked in six days before the first emergency food distributions. The initial convoy of Army engineers brought in the Emir's gold-braided cushions; their own equipment came days later.

Though his exiled government made no effective plans to rebuild a liberated Kuwait, the Emir's homecoming *was* preceded by a smoothly executed assassination attempt upon a democracy advocate. The only possible opposition to democracy in Kuwait would come from the ruling family. Sheik Jabbar al-Sabah seems intent on becoming the latest in our series of Death Squad allies.

America is proud of its soldiers as freedom fighters for liberty-loving peoples. Our troops are not hired guns for an oily thug. Sheik Jabbar al-Sabah has earned a gold-plated Asshole. It should fit nicely around his neck.

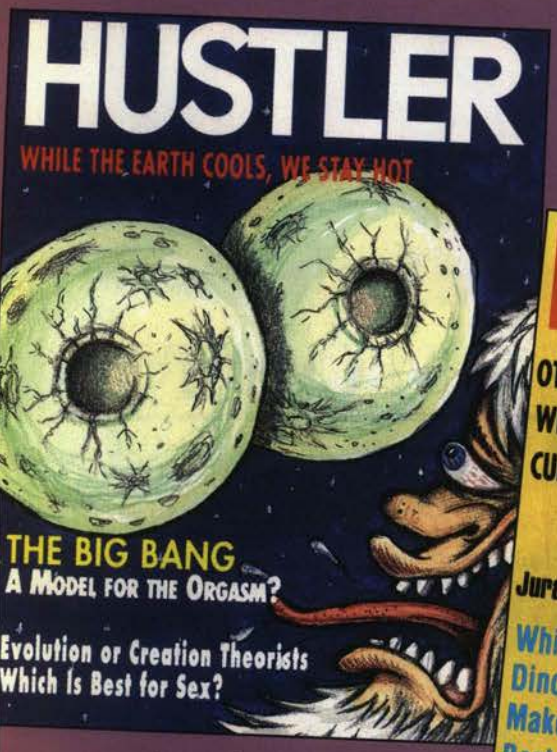
FARTS IN THE WIND

Belinda Carlisle: The former Go-Go and future cow is a celebrity figurehead for People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA); yet she endorses shampoo for a company that conducts live-animal research. For a cud full of dollars, animal-loving Carlisle drops her ethics and becomes a beast of an Asshole.

Dr. Robert Gallo: Gallo's feud with fellow medical researcher Professor Luc Montagnier over who first identified the AIDS virus crippled cooperation between American and French AIDS researchers. The rift is renewed with Gallo's new autobiography. Gallo is a disease-mongering Asshole.

Carolyn Walker: The Arizona state senator, arraigned on ten felonies and alleged to have pocketed thousands of bucks in bait bribes, was taped saying: "I like the good life.... We all have our prices." *Sold!* One tarnished Asshole.

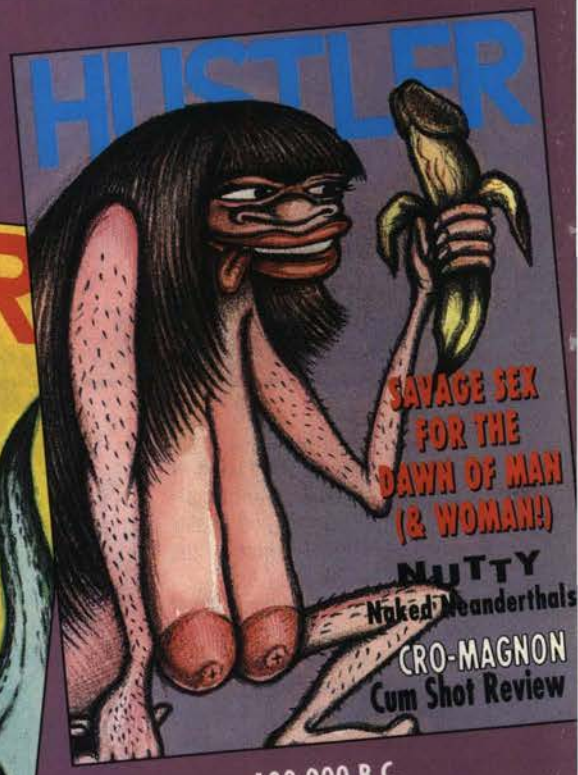
Daryl F. Gates: L.A.'s police chief advocates shooting casual drug users, then pretends shock when his underlings are videotaped pulverizing a defenseless L.A. citizen. Gates is an Asshole in blue.



Date Unknown

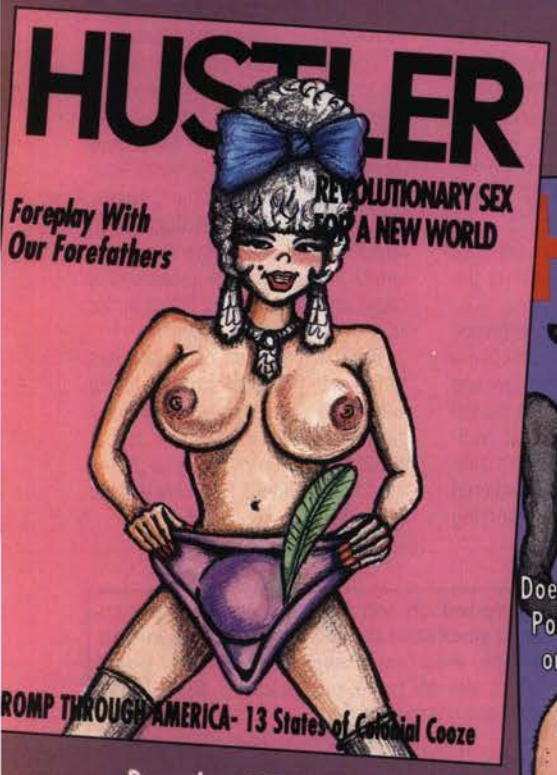
210 Million B.C.





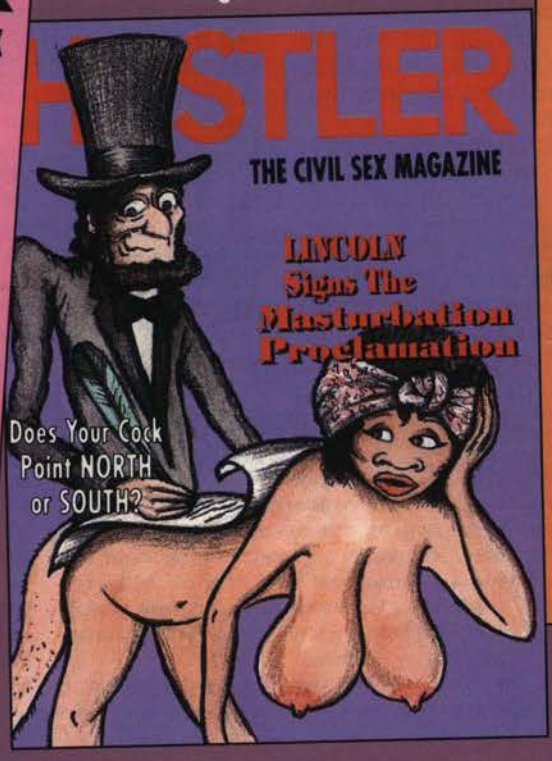
100,000 B.C.

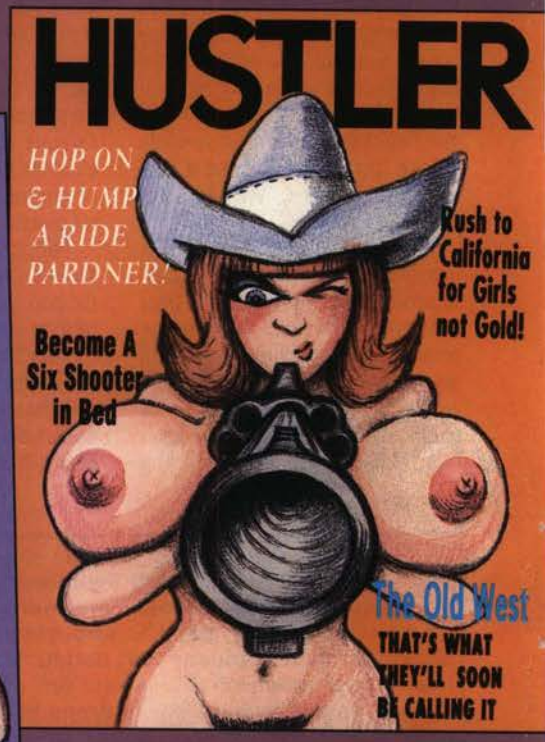
Famous Covers From



December 1779

August 1863

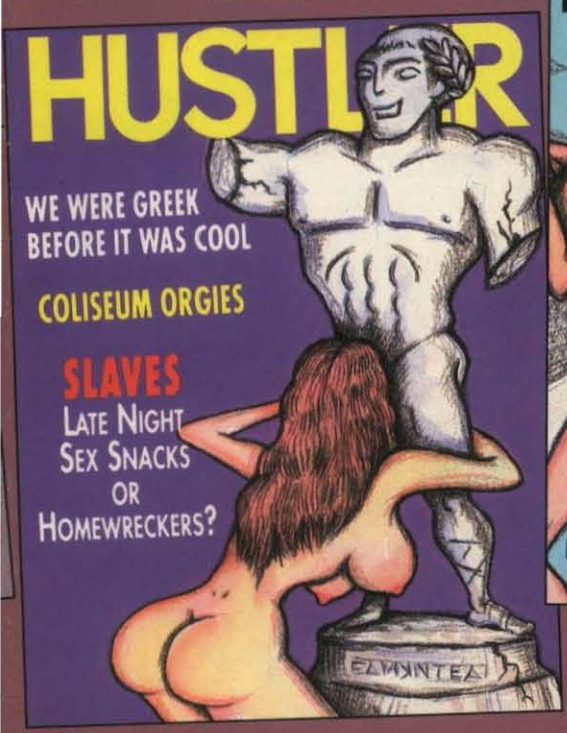




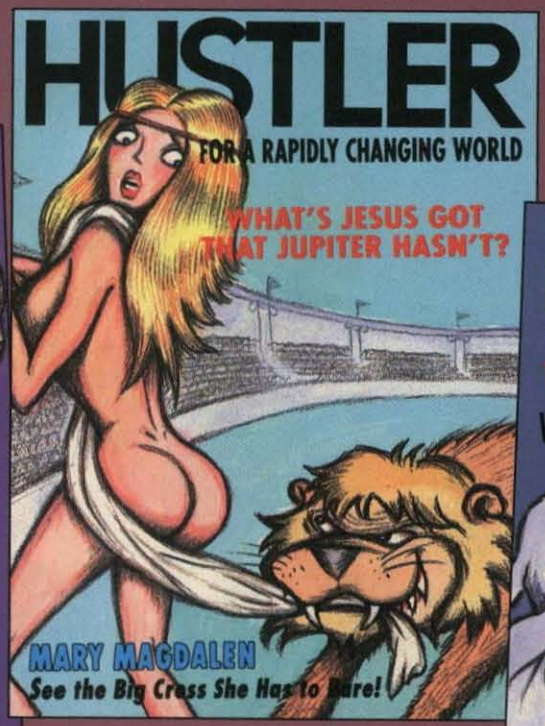
September 1880

HUSTLER History

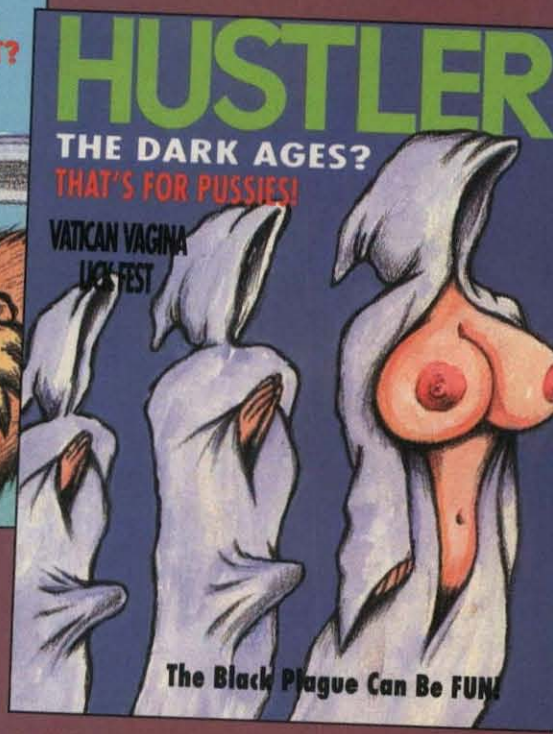
125 B.C.



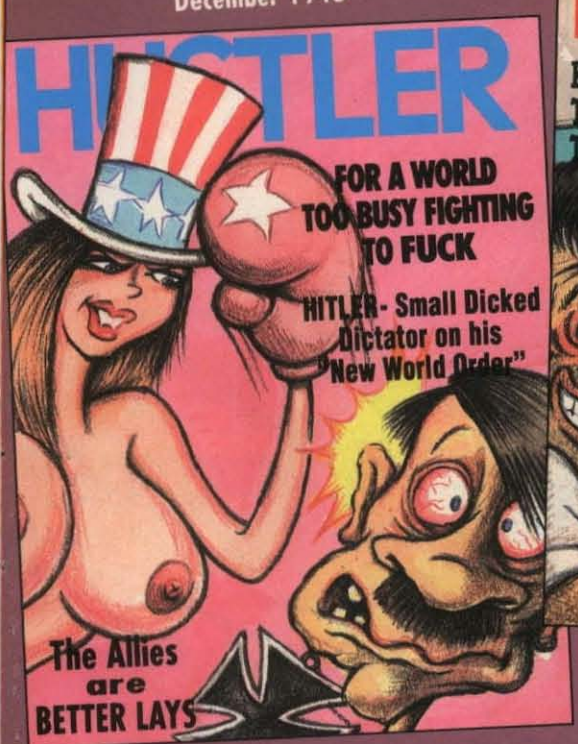
March 50 A.D.



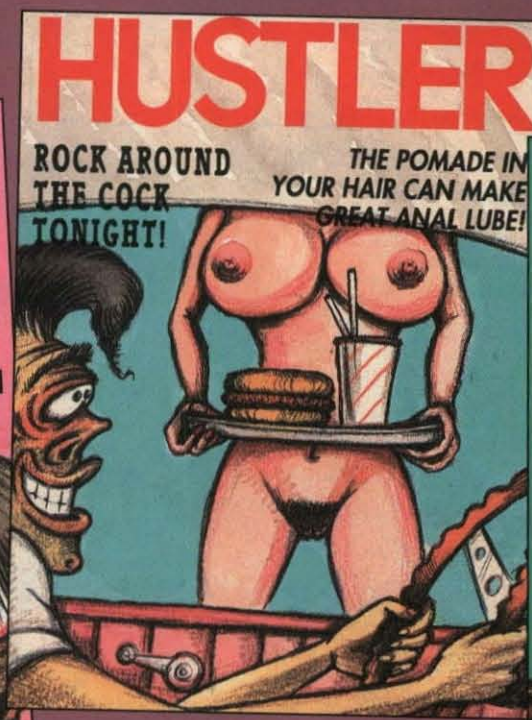
June 1380



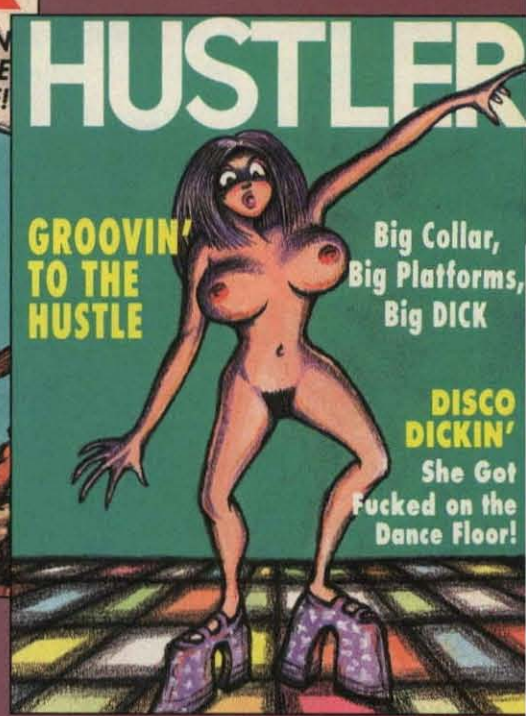
December 1943



July 1956



June 1974



HUSTLER

(Painting by Friend.)



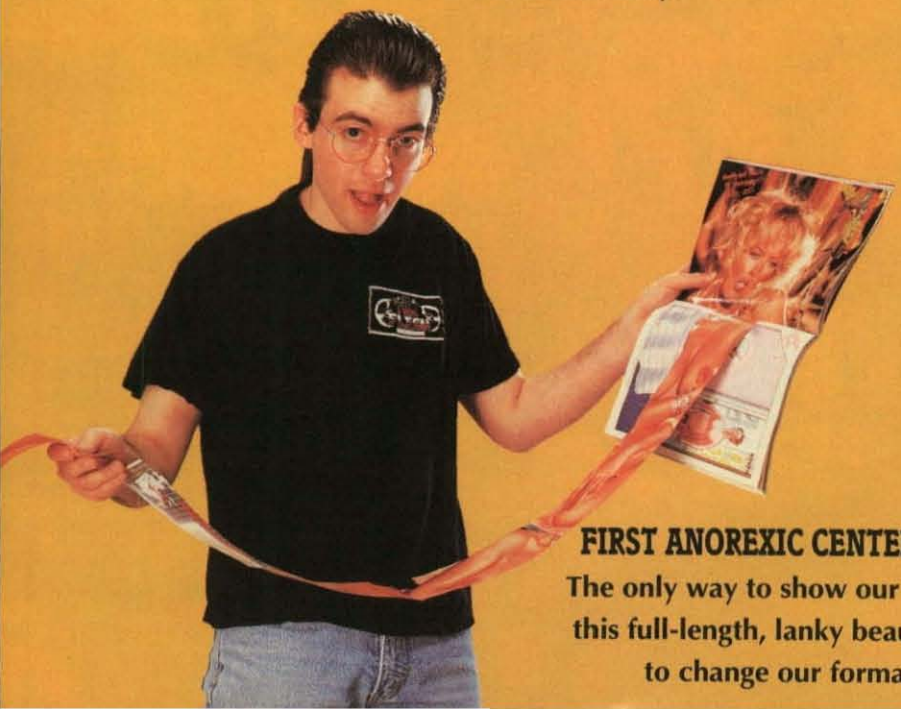
ORIGINAL BEAVER HUNT WINNER — "MOANING LISA"

This first amateur nude was sent in by Leonardo DaVinci in 1567. Historians would later declare the "Moaning Lisa" a work of art and cover her naked body.

PIONEERING INTERRELIGIOUS COUPLE

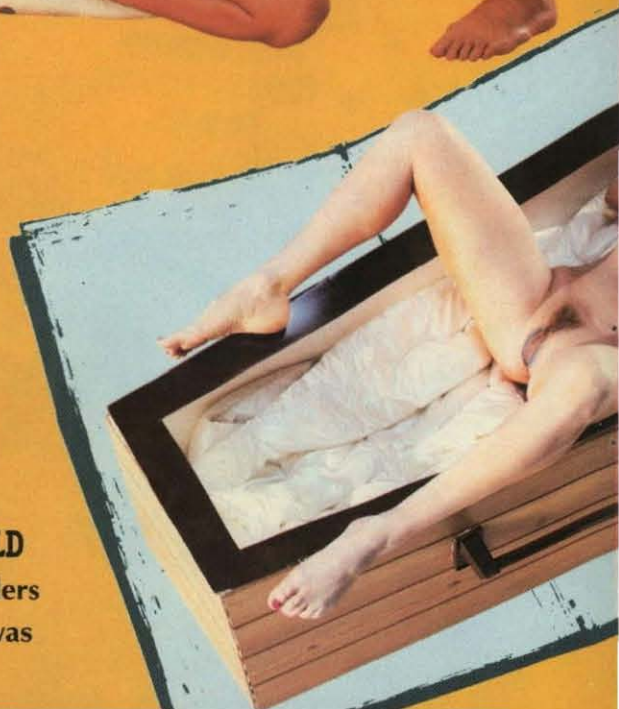
It was almost impossible to find a Jewish and Amish couple that would pose for our cameras. Our Hebrew Honey needed some coaxing, but enjoyed giving head (even if she felt a little guilty).



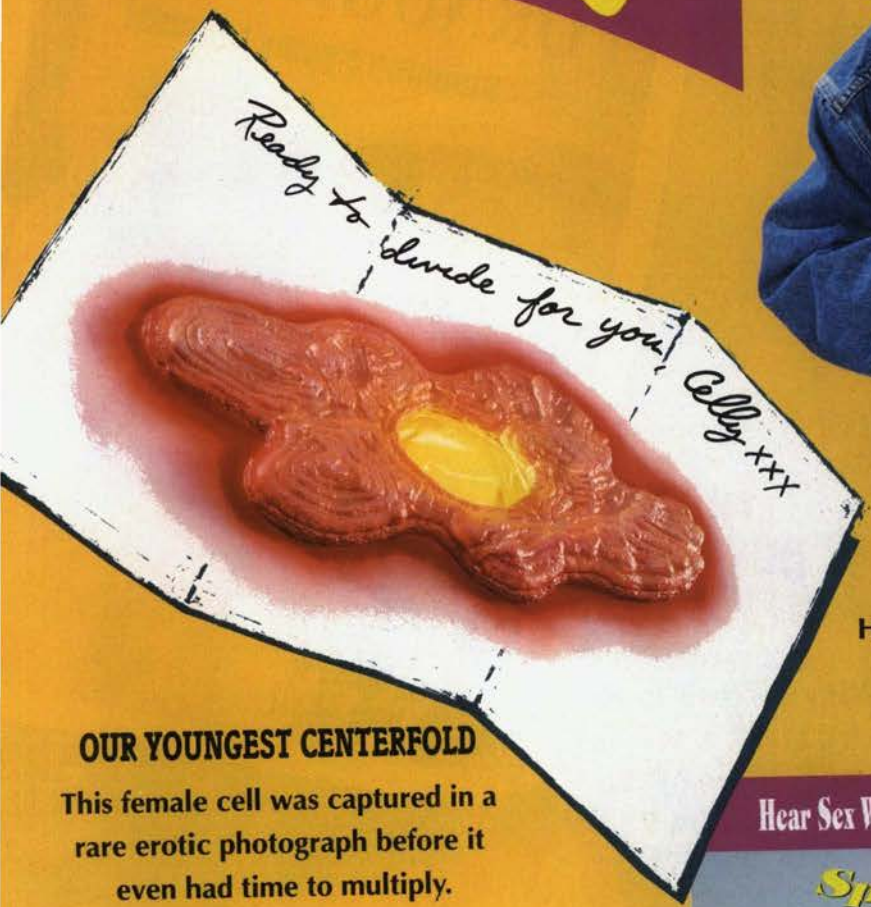


FIRST ANOREXIC CENTERFOLD

The only way to show our readers this full-length, lanky beauty was to change our format.



FIRSTS



OUR YOUNGEST CENTERFOLD

This female cell was captured in a rare erotic photograph before it even had time to multiply.



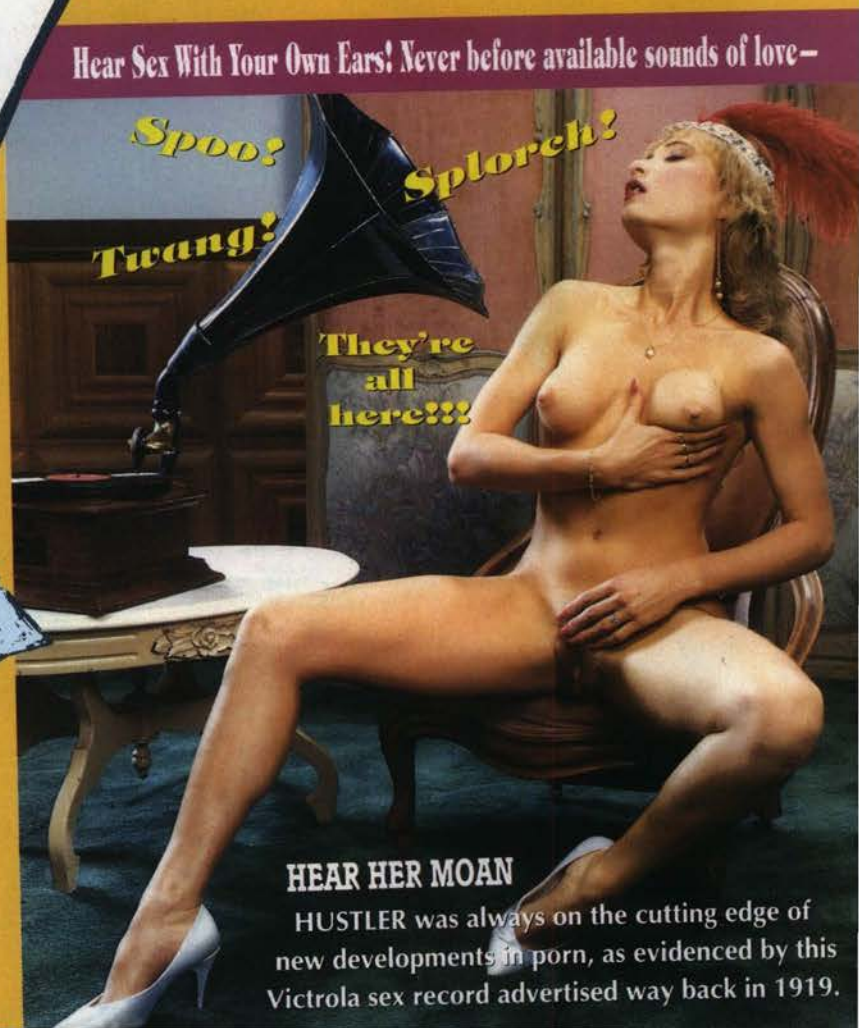
A CENTERFOLD WITH PUBIC HAIR

For those who like to lick the pages, HUSTLER offered something to get caught between your teeth (besides staples).



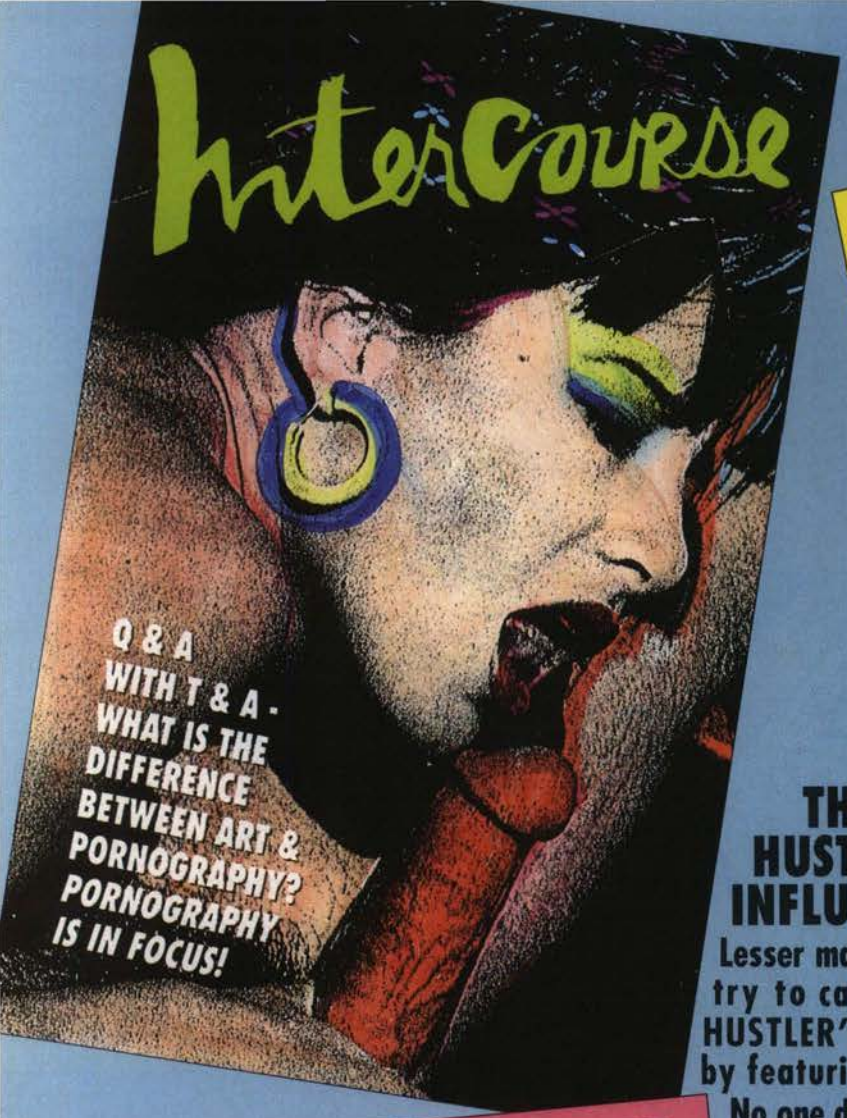
OUR ONLY DEAD CENTERFOLD

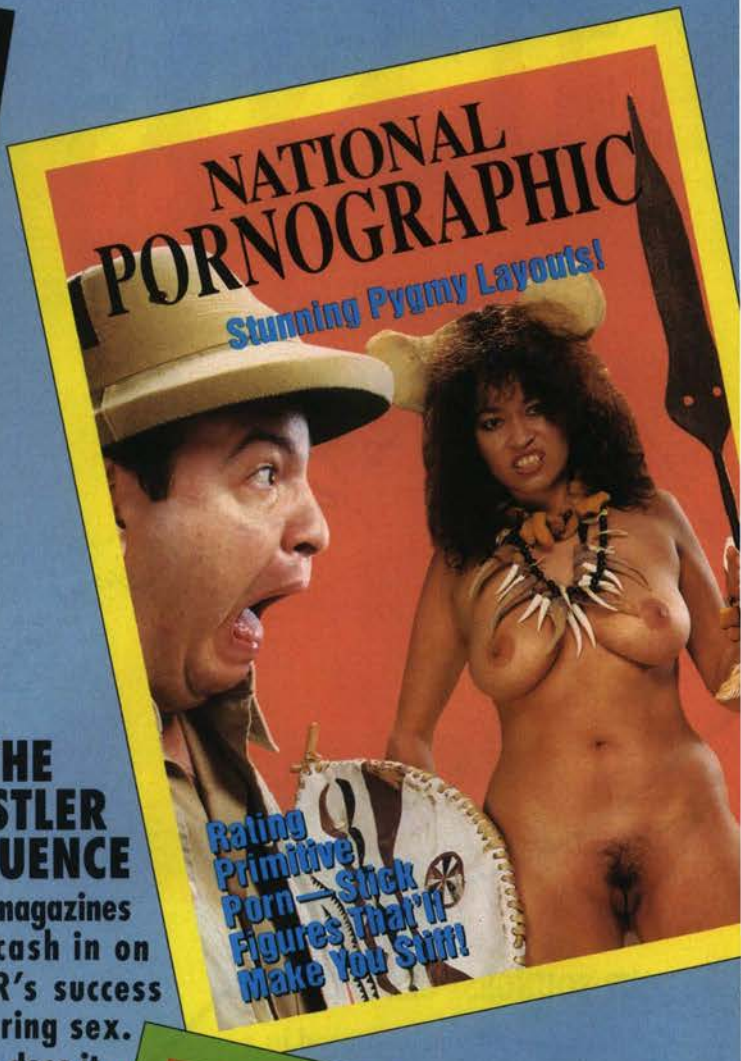
Self-asphyxiation inflicted by dildos left this stiff Honey ready for our cameras.



HEAR HER MOAN

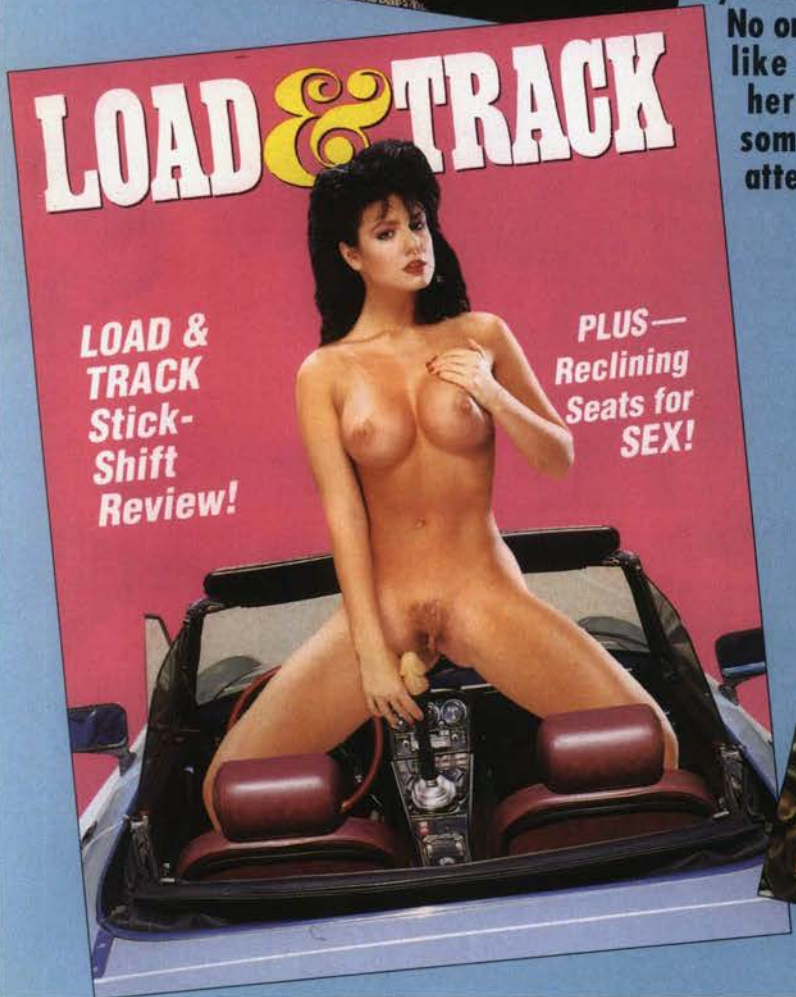
HUSTLER was always on the cutting edge of new developments in porn, as evidenced by this Victrola sex record advertised way back in 1919.

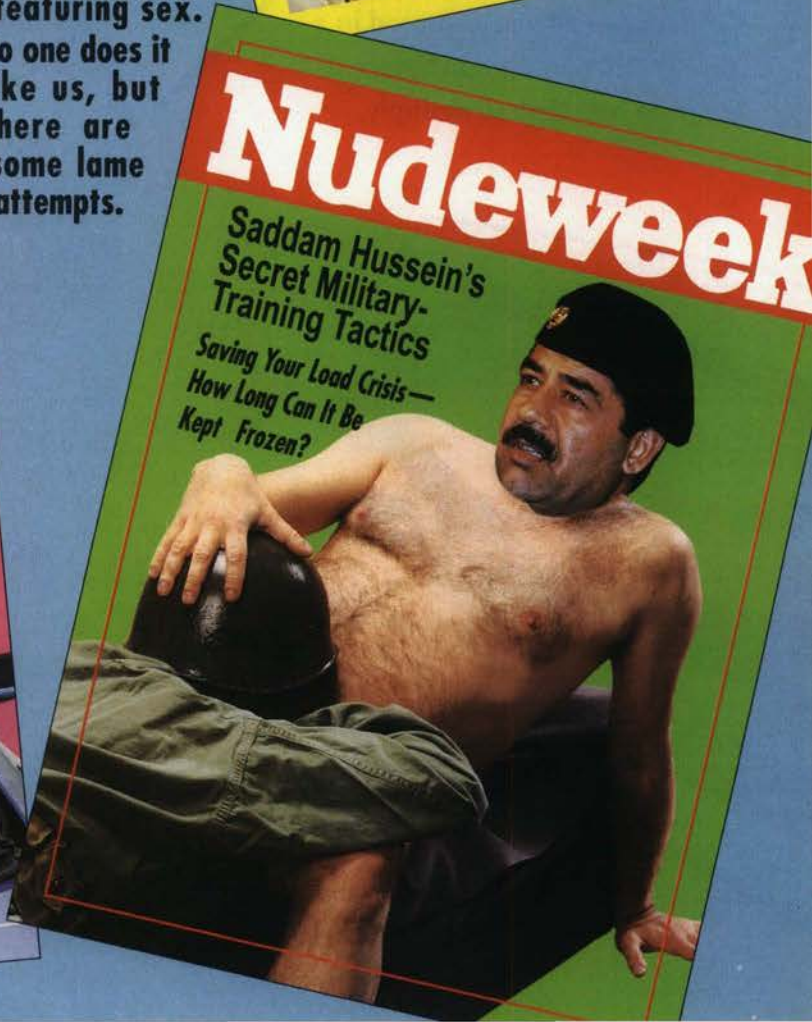


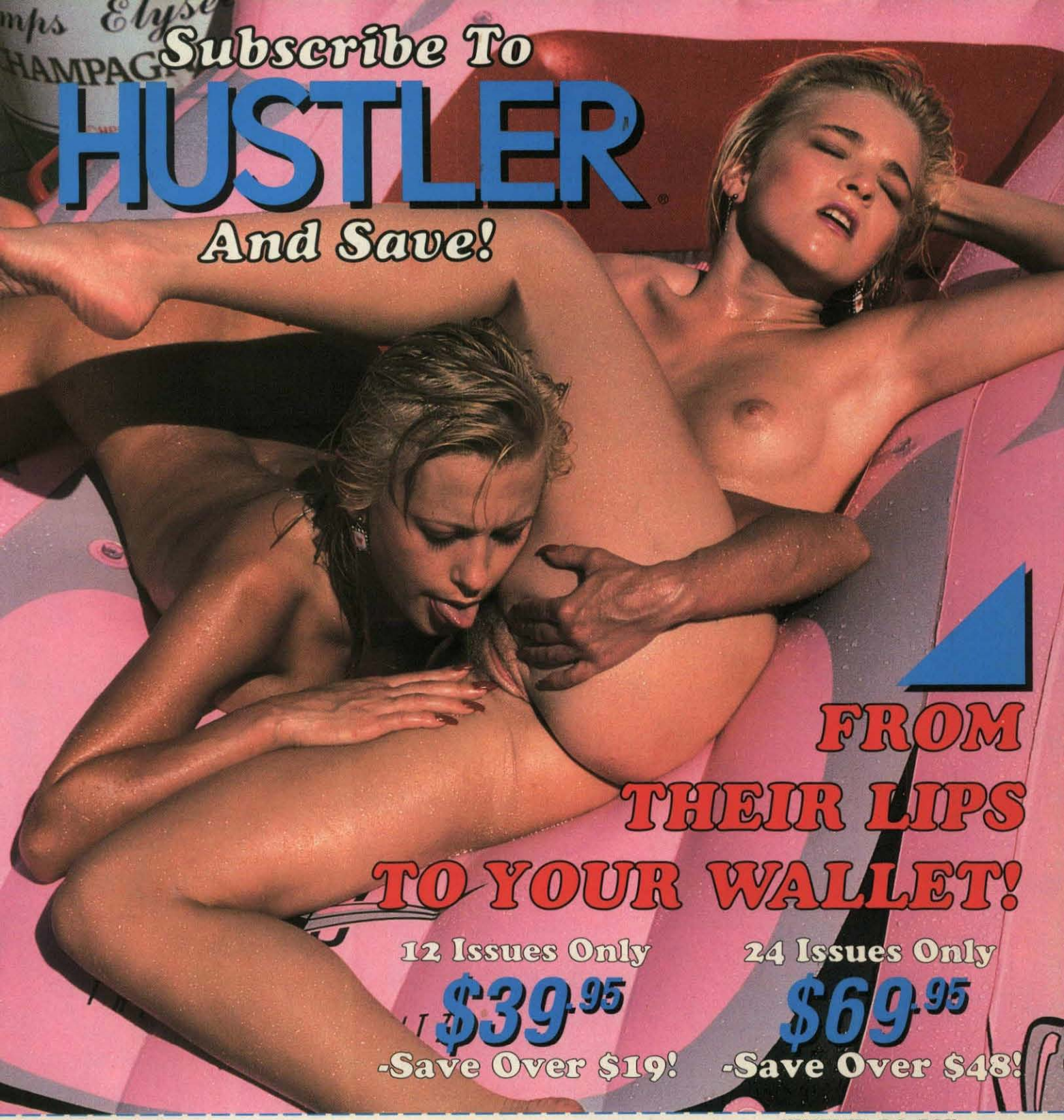


THE HUSTLER INFLUENCE

Lesser magazines try to cash in on HUSTLER's success by featuring sex. No one does it like us, but here are some lame attempts.







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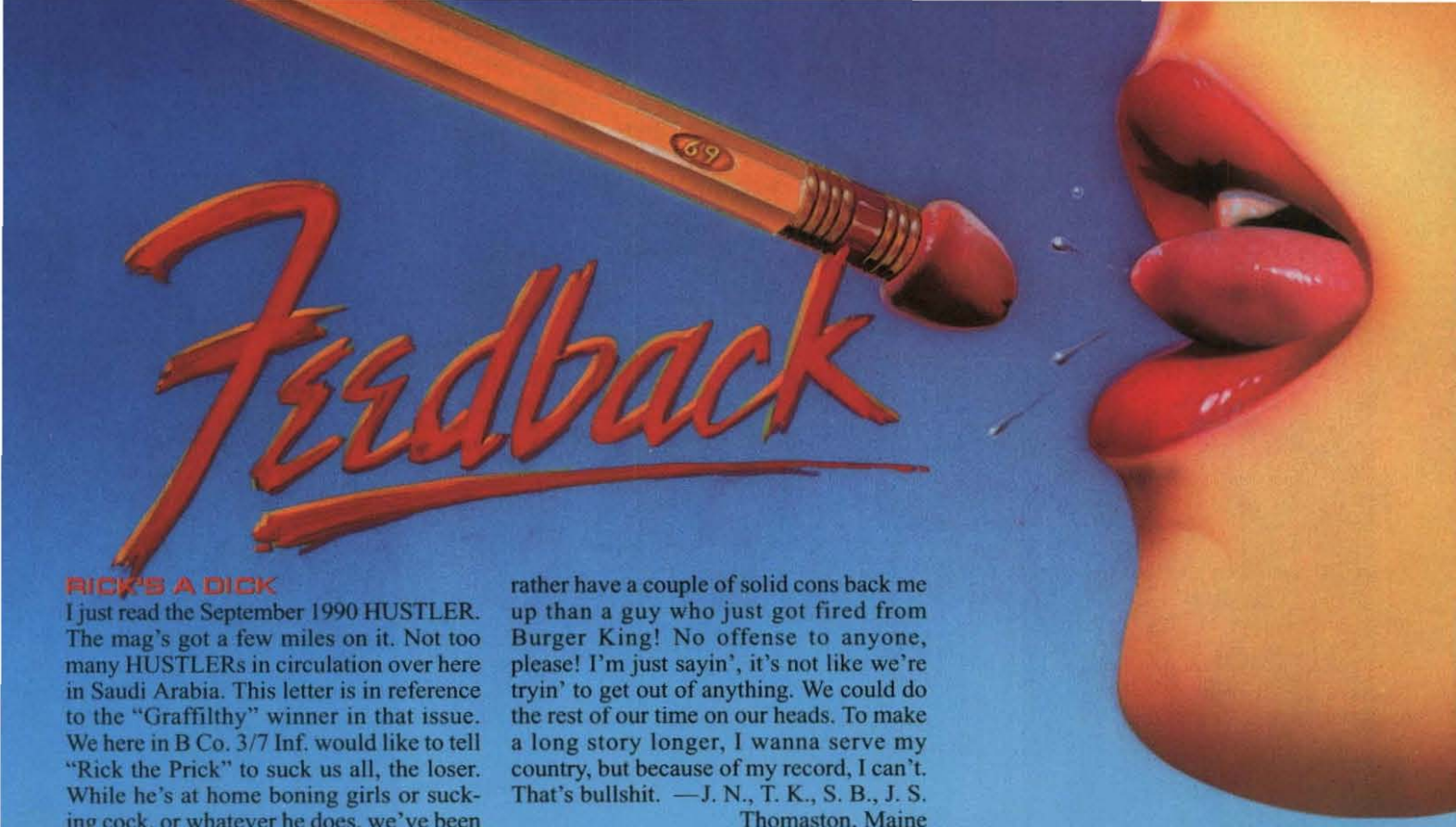
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Feedback

RICK'S A DICK

I just read the September 1990 HUSTLER. The mag's got a few miles on it. Not too many HUSTLERs in circulation over here in Saudi Arabia. This letter is in reference to the "Graffilthy" winner in that issue. We here in B Co. 3/7 Inf. would like to tell "Rick the Prick" to suck us all, the loser. While he's at home boning girls or sucking cock, or whatever he does, we've been here since August without any such amenities, hoping the Stealth bomber does as much damage as possible to make our job easier. Let's let Rick in on this secret, huh? And here's one for the wall: *No porcelain seats to shit upon/Just squatting over a hole in the sand/You're drinking beer and getting laid/While all we have is our hand.*

—B32 "The Whore Track"
Operation Desert Storm

For all the readers out there in the dark, Rick the Prick's "Graffilthy" submission for September 1990 went: The cold war is over/So what's this government's trip?/Still building Stealth bombers:/Time to learn some new tricks!

BLIND JUSTICE

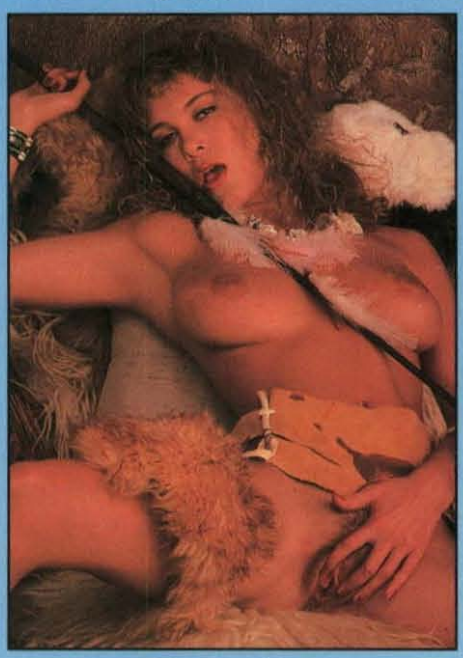
The inmates from Susanville, California, who wrote to *Feedback* in October 1990 ("Vigilantes Ante Up") hit the nail on the head. I'm 23 and doin' time in the fucked-up state of Maine. These clam-diggin', potato-pickin' idiots! I guess they think it's okay to molest their kids! Because skinnin' punks get 90 days to six months for that shit, and me, I got three years for probation violation, just for leavin' the state! What the fuck?

Here's insult to injury. Me and two bros get out fairly soon; so we wrote the Prez of this fine nation to see if we could help out in the war. After all, we know what freedom means. No response. I tell ya, I'd rather have a couple of solid cons back me up than a guy who just got fired from Burger King! No offense to anyone, please! I'm just sayin', it's not like we're tryin' to get out of anything. We could do the rest of our time on our heads. To make a long story longer, I wanna serve my country, but because of my record, I can't. That's bullshit. —J. N., T. K., S. B., J. S.
Thomaston, Maine

21-GUN SALUTE

The *U. S. S. Wisconsin*'s weapons department wants to commend you on a great magazine. Many of the beautiful women pictured in HUSTLER can be seen posted within our lockers on board.

We would also like to thank Savannah for her support of the servicemen out here (*Savannah: Up for Service*, March 1991). I am sure every single man out here could think of something she could do to give him a lift!



Takita: Pussy Warrior

Our aims in the Gulf have been helped knowing that American pussy is waiting for us back home. We plan on getting back as soon as possible. —F. C. S. N.
U. S. S. Wisconsin

HARRIED KRISHNA

Your recent article about child abuse within the Krishna movement (*Krishna Kids: Battered in the Name of Godhead*, February '91) was grossly exaggerated and unbalanced. As Americans, we are all shocked and aggrieved by the rampant child abuse now permeating our country. More information surfaces daily demonstrating how widespread the problem really is. Your article, however, was not an honest attempt to address that phenomenon as it pertains to the Hare Krishna religion. Nor did you bother to examine our church's serious and exemplary attempts to root out any problems, real or potential. Instead, you have published a biased and sensationalized attack against a misunderstood minority religion. Is this your editorial policy? One example: Most of the alleged incidents in your article are said to have taken place in the New Vrindaban community of West Virginia. You fail to point out that over four years ago, in 1987, that entire community and its leader were expelled from the International Society for Krishna Consciousness. These expulsions were


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due largely to our suspicions of immoral and criminal activities within the community, including child abuse. Your publication should take a more serious look at the grave problem of child abuse. I suggest a report on the documented relationship between pornography and the sexual abuse of children. —A. D.
Denver, Colorado

If a causal link between pornography and child abuse were ever proved, pornographers would be shaking tin cups shoulder to shoulder with Krishnas at bus stops and airports across America.

SPEAKEE ENGLEE?

We want more beautiful open cunt! Close up picture! We don't want horrible ugly cock! Make sure to show us their lips. Their clitoris. Their urethra and their vaginal entrance! Show it off! Show it off! Beautiful open cunt! We want beautiful pink cunt! We want beautiful big cunt! We want big lips cunt! We like it! We love it! Show it off! Okay? —S. T.
Singapore

LEFT FIELD

Ho hum. Issue after issue, we see the basic human frame with minor changes in skin tone, organ size, etc. What your readership needs for refreshment is a radical departure from the common stock in trade. Open your eyes to the deformed, the maimed, the steel-shanked cripples. Let's see the ghastly. —D. C.
Felton, California

All this HUSTLER reader needs to assemble the dream-bod he desires is scissors and paste. We're not charging any extra for this added bit of fun.

SPACE CASE

I've been an avid reader of HUSTLER since the '70s. Now, I'm giving serious thought to dropping HUSTLER altogether. Why? I purchased the January 1991 issue today, and while going through it (turning pages with one hand, choking chicken with the other), I happened upon your *Mars Needs Pussy* pictorial. Almost instantly my wank wilted. Come now, gentlemen. I buy HUSTLER to see pussy, not three-foot, bubble-headed aliens. I thought you hit rock bottom with the *Death Scenes* spread in the June 1990 issue. Apparently I was wrong! What's next? Necrophilia? Bestiality? Pedophilia? Please, guys, get back to the pink, the "hole" pink and nothing but the pink. Leave the extraterrestrials where they belong—on other planets. We here on Earth, who see little enough pussy in our lives, can do without bug-eyed monsters getting in the way. —D. S.
Washington, D. C.

AND FURTHERMORE...

Well, I just went out and bought the new HUSTLER, and although I was not surprised, I was definitely disappointed. I paid good money for a bunch of advertising and some piss-poor photography. I guess I shouldn't complain too much, considering that *Beaver Hunt* and the ads are the best things in your mag these days. I think the only thing that gives you guys hard-ons is the smell of money. Your photographers suck. Dump Clive McLean and Matti Klatt, and get somebody who has some idea of what turns people on. HUSTLER used to be the leader in great squack images, and now the best stuff is shot by amateurs. The Widow Palmer and I are looking for new poon mags. Get your hands off your wallets and back on your dicks where they belong! —T. H.
Seattle, Washington

HUSTLER used to be an innovative, progressive magazine that wasn't scared to kick ass and take names. What happened? Seems to me that once HUSTLER became the number-one men's mag, the bull got fat and didn't want to fight anymore. Whatever happened to Suze Randall? Her photography is the best. Look around! The competition is gaining. —B. R.
New York, New York

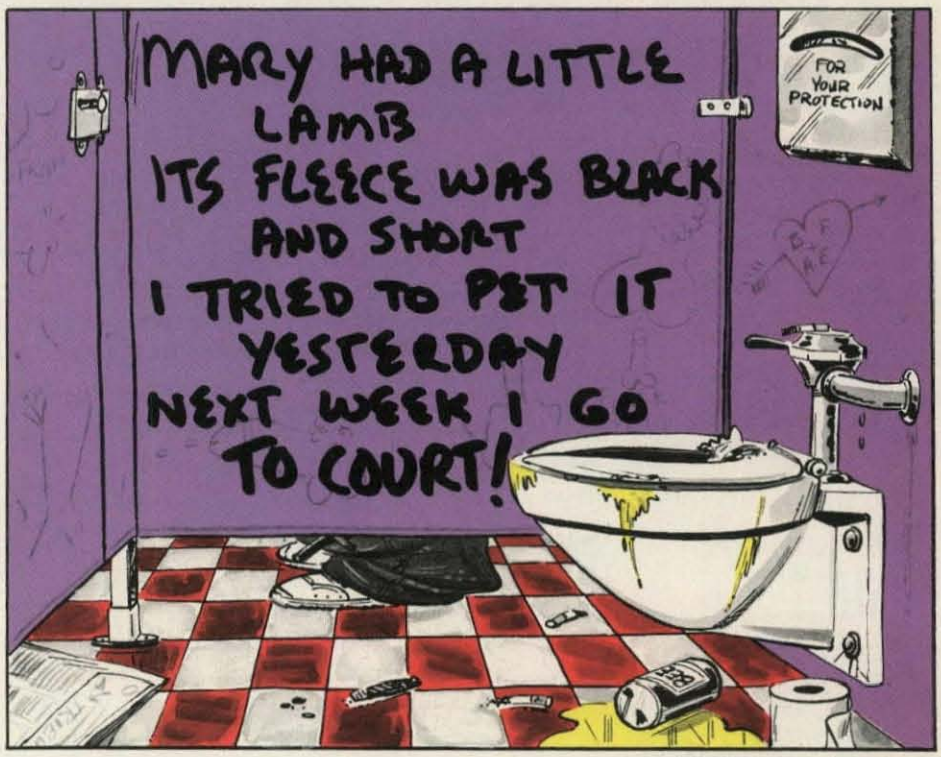
We am what we am. Jerk off where you will, but quit yer griping!

FRESH SQUEEZE

As I eagerly await each new issue of your tremendous rag, I wonder what degraded, horny skank I'm going to dick-puke all over, courtesy of you kind folks. My cock got quite a workout over your April cover cunt (*Takita: Pussy Warrior*, April '91). I must have blown on each of the eight spreads you got on her. Keep up the good work. It's keeping me up. Fuck on! —D. S.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND $50 TO DAVE CHANCE



EXT. 112

THE BIG THRILL

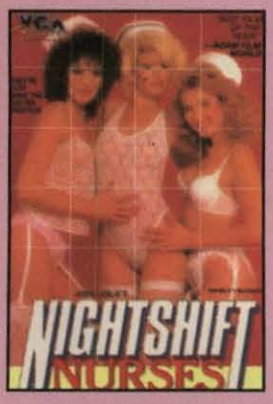
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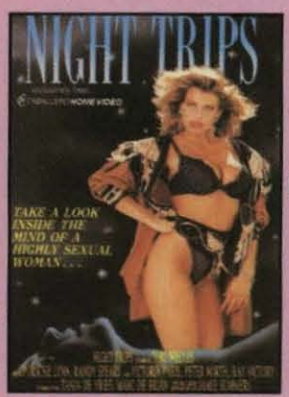
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EXT. 118

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HOT LETTERS!

SAND BLAST

If you're ignorant about the goings-on of American servicemen who are stationed overseas, you probably won't believe this. Hell, my own bunkmates don't believe it, but it really happened.

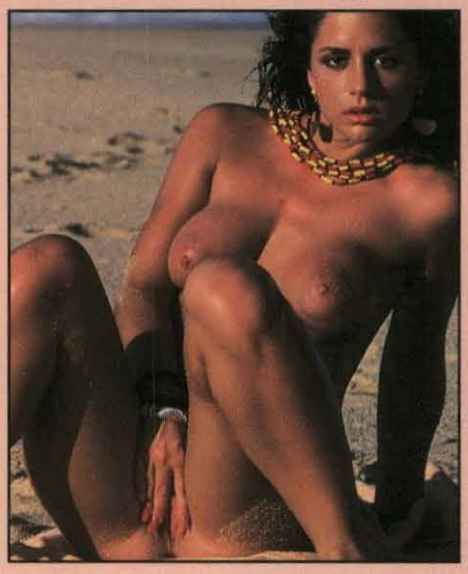
I'm in the Navy. My division was stationed in Egypt during the months of Operation Desert Shield, before the Storm. At this point, it had started to look like the war would never happen. The flies were the only things taking off and landing.

One day, I was out on liberty and was approached by an old Egyptian man who asked me if I would like to fuck his daughter for $15. To talk to this civilian was stepping a bit out of standard operating procedure, but I was off duty, and boredom and lust ain't a tame combination. Being the good sailor that I am, I knew a good price when I hear it too. Fifteen bucks wouldn't buy me a strokebook, let alone flesh and blood.

Off we went. He took me to his home, which was located in a run-down tenement building. I felt a twinge of skepticism about the whole idea. But inside his apartment, when he introduced me to his two daughters, my dick went into overdrive. Both of his girls were more beautiful than Cleopatra ever could have been. They had deep-brown eyes and amazing, golden skin that truly glowed. Their hair was as soft, as shiny and as black as obsidian. The oldest was 19 years old. The other one was 18. He told me I could have my pick. I chose the 18-year-old, because she had an ass molded by Allah himself and nice grapefruit-size titties.

In her room, she took great care to undress me, having a little trouble getting my jockey shorts over my thick ten inches. She then gave me a sponge bath and a massage with scented oils. Her hands searched every crack and crevice of my thoroughly aroused fighting unit. By the time she undressed, I had the mother lode waiting to paint her tonsils.

She approached me with a shy smile, her eyes downcast. Two burgundy nipples jutted from firm mounds on her chest. A slight fluff of bush was darker than the dim room. Her mouth was like velvet around my cock as she took me to the base, only slightly gagging on my nightstick of love. Several times she brought me to the brink before pulling her mouth off my prick and tickling my balls with her tongue. Finally she took me all the way to the balls and shoved her middle finger up my asshole. That was it for me. I grabbed her silky hair and rode her face like a bucking bronco.



After a few precious minutes of mind-boggling pleasure, my flesh cannon exploded more rounds of scalding lava than she was prepared for. She gagged a little, and twin rivulets of the white stuff trickled out the sides of her mouth.

I fell onto my back, gasping like a fresh, netted trout. After I recovered, she pointed the most beautiful ass I have ever seen right in my face. I got a whiff of exotic perfume. She must have been turned-on by my aggressive style, not to mention the Louisville Slugger that was so ready to belt a homer, because her pussy was leaking like a sieve. At least I hoped she was excited—and not infected with some camel-carried sex disease!

I mounted her from behind and slowly sank my dork into her hot box. She got impatient, shoving her ass back to take me to the hilt. I caught on to her rhythm and slammed ham as fast as I could. Now, even I can't get it up three times in one night, but I had to have that ass if it was the last thing in the world I did! I pulled out, aimed my apple-size cockhead at her obviously virgin asshole and rammed forward, but I could only get about four inches of my tubesteak inside. Meanwhile, she groaned and grunted like a stuck pig, but clearly loved it! All girls love it up the ass, don't they! Finally, after she started helping out by twisting her ass, I got my long cock entirely inside her creaming shit chute. She yelled like a banshee. Her mother must have thought she was dying, because she came in to see what the hell was going on. You should have seen the look on her face! She discovered her daughter splayed on my cock like an insect stuck to a square of styrofoam in some kid's bug collection!

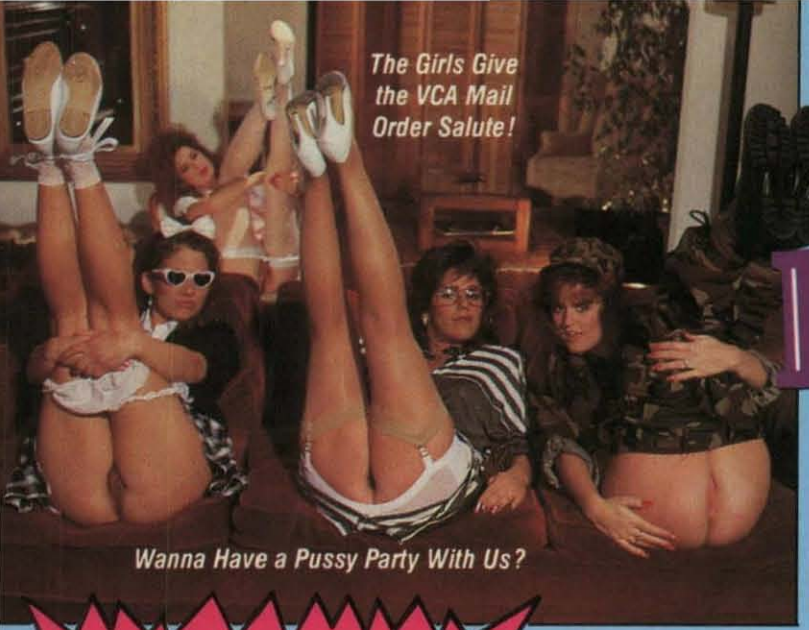
Never have I seen an old woman move quicker. Her mother beat me like crazy with a broom, but I held onto that girl's bung, solid as if we were Super Glued together. The bristles of that damn broom felt good stinging my ass and only spurred me on for more. The girl had half her arm up her cunt and had just come when I pulled out. I aimed my turgid hose at her mother and sprayed her with 150 psi of film-forming spooge.

The next day at quarters, no one would believe me, not even my best friend. To them it was just another tall tale from the Fraze-dog of M-Division. But somehow I feel that HUSTLER readers will understand. —Name Withheld by Request
Operation Desert Shield

POOL DROOL

I'm an economics major at a community college in Portland, Maine. This summer, I managed to land a cushy job as a lifeguard and swim instructor at an exclusive country

(continued on page 26)



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3. I AM CURIOUS BLACK
Lois Ayres, Brittany Stryker & More
A zany interracial bone-fest in the tradition of the infamous Dark Bros. White chicks and black dudes screw like crazy! 75 min

4. JOY TOYS
Gina Carrera, Heather Wayne, Sarah Summers & More
A traveling dildo salesman with his 'bag of tricks' helps 2 young couples achieve screaming orgasms. A fucking good time. 80 min

5. LICORICE TWISTS
Rachel Ryan (aka Ingrid Elliot), Purple Passion, Cherry Lei Me & More
When a gorgeous white sociologist (Rachel Ryan) stumbles upon a Negro backyard BBQ in action, she decides to get her share of black cock! 79 min

6. MAD JACK BEYOND THUNDERBONE
Candy Evans, Careena Collins & More
Throbbing monster-cocks & hot snatches come together as they forge an erotic paradise from this brave nude world! 85 min



7. RAMBONE DOES HOLLYWOOD
Dick Rambone, Buffy Davis & More
Buffy! Bunny! Tracy! Kris! They all get a piece of Rambone's foot-long turkey frank in their soaking holes! 80 min



8. TUFF STUFF
Amber Lynn, Nina Hartley, Gabrielle
Nina Hartley plays hostess to this cram session and teaches college kids a thing or two about fucking! 71 min

9. YOUNG NURSES IN LOVE
Nicole Bianc, Beverly Bliss & More
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10. LITTLE SHOWOFFS
Lilli Marlene, Cindy Carver & More
When a casting call is sent out to thousands of gorgeous gals, only the best are chosen for this ball-blasting exercise! 80 min

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Keisha, Tess Ferre, Kristara Barrington, Tamara Longley & More
Put on your sex bib! Here comes the knocker-queen dumpling of the D-cup set, Keisha! 76 min

12. Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout BLACK CHICKS
Sahara, Purple Passion, Jeannie Pepper & More
Lawdy, lawdy! Here comes those Dark Bros., with wild, way-out fucking & sucking of the integrated kind! 86 min

13. Alex de Renzy's FANTASY GIRLS
Sharon Thorpe, Bonnie Holiday, Laura Fujiyama
Nonstop sizzling screwing from the man the *New York Times* called "The Cecil B. DeMille of Porn." 80 min



14. DEBBIE GOES TO COLLEGE
Barbara Dare, Lois Ayres, Lilli Marlene
When Debbie goes to college, you can bet there's going to be a whole lot of cramming going on—like cramming fat cocks in hot, tiny holes! 75 min

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Aja, Brandi Wine, Tammy Reynolds
What exactly is a "Pillowman"? Why does Peter North want to be one? Why do girls throw themselves at his cock? Find out. 85 min

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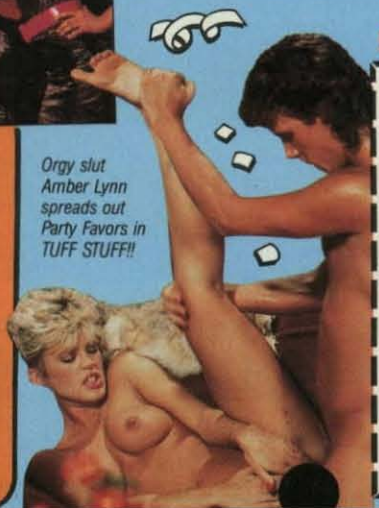
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JAIL BABES

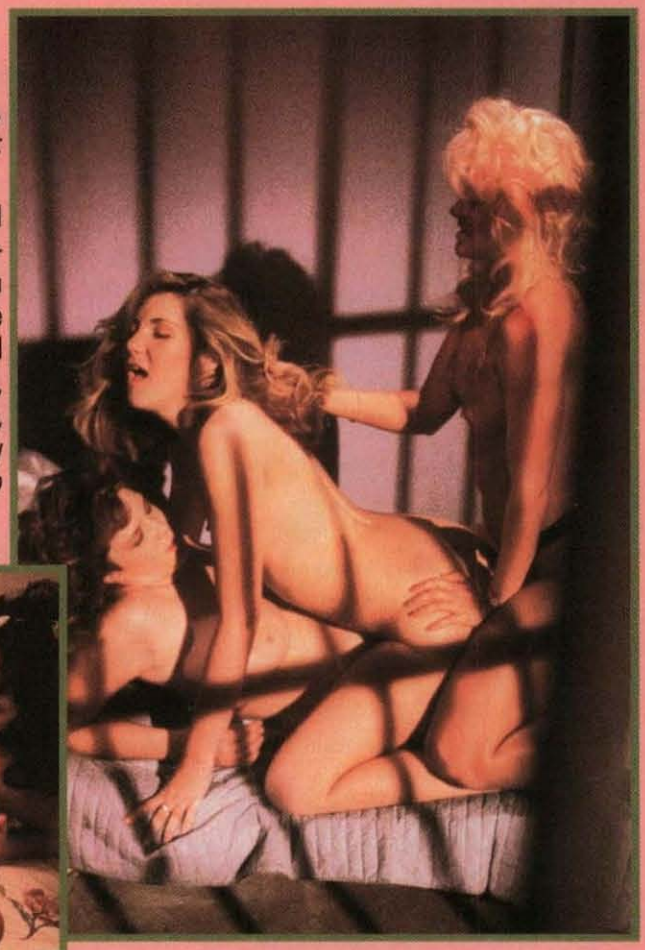
Three-Quarters Erect. *Directed by Britt Morgan and Jace Rocker; starring Britt Morgan, Megan Leigh, Brittany, Jeanna Fine, Tianna, Krystina King and Madison. Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.*

Anyone who's ever suspected that chicks were at least as low-down, nasty and filth-obsessed sexually as men, if not more so, will have that hunch verified in *Jail Babes*. Directress/pussy-sucker Britt Morgan, who amply overcomes any shortfalls in her comeliness quotient with a surplus of gutsy, slutty enthusiasm, calls the shots in this all-girl grope-and-poke fest, and she calls them just like any testosterone-saturated, libidinally imaginative dude would. Black-haired labe-bully Jeanna Fine, trim quim Tianna, schoolgirl blonde Krystina King, sleaze sprite Madison, a very much alive and lascivious Megan Leigh—each outshines Morgan in bare good-looks, and all are brilliantly sexy under her high-watt twat direction. *Jail Babes* will get an early release with its bad behavior.

—Christian Shapiro



Paying their debt to society with pussy juice.



Strapping it on behind bars.



Jeckel: *That's damn good cup of Joe.*



Fantasy: *Pondering sexual dysfunction.*

FANTASY NIGHTS

Half Erect. *Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Jerry Butler, Victoria Paris, Jon Dough, Samantha Strong, Jeannie Pepper, Jamie Gillis, Joey Silvera, Rick Savage, Viper, Tom Byron and Rachel Ryan. Videocassette: VCA.*

Not only do Victoria Paris and Samantha Strong fuck feverishly, suck sublimely and charm the camera with sweet-slut smiles, they fail to fuck up their lines even once. All-around good acting, music, lighting and seven sex scenes should have been enough to make this rise above the mediocre, but several scenes are only teasers, and a few others finish with a whimper, not with a bang. Too much attention to a somewhat bleak story about sexual dysfunction ruins the fantasy fun. *— W. H.*

DR. JECKEL AND MS. HIDE

Half Erect. *Directed by Michael Craig; starring Ashlyn Gere, Mike Horner, Madison, Celia Young, Peter North, Randy West and Champagne. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.*

Imagine drinking a strange potion, keeling over into unconsciousness and waking up as Ashlyn Gere. It's a fantasy many of us have bestowed upon our wives and girlfriends, but not ourselves. In this comedic twist on Robert Louis Stevenson's classic, Mike Horner portrays an unfortunate scientist who ping-pongs between the ripe womanhood of Ms. Hide (Gere) and himself, Dr. Jeckel. First, Jeckel—as Ms. Hide—reluctantly learns to appreciate the penile-probings of lab assistant Randy West. Then, after figuring out how to put on women's underwear, Hide inadvertently switches back to Jeckel just in time for Madison to discover him in the lacy lingerie. She throws on some men's duds and sympathetically bones the presumed crossdresser cross-eyed. Director Michael Craig handles the rest of the sex with his characteristic cautiousness (no facial cum-shots, no anal, nothing offbeat), emphasizing plot over pussy. *Twin Peaks* aficionados take note: Peter North gets his impressive wad milked into a cup by Ms. Gere. As Agent Cooper would say, "That's damn good cup of Joe."

— Jody Davis

GROWING UP

Half Erect. *Directed by Bobby Hollander; starring Fallon, Rayne, Steve Cannon, Tom Byron, Bionca and Renee Morgan. Videocassette: Gourmet.*

Thankfully, *Growing Up* doesn't have a ponderous plot or any awkward dialogue sequences, because the fucking, with the exception of the ravishing Rayne's mid-tape tear-it-up, is horrible. The usually hot Renee Morgan, Bionca and bone-dry Fallon manage to make ass-fucking, deep-throating and Ben-wa-balled bungs boring. Only the warm, wet Rayne slurping, grinding and drinking up Steve Cannon's balls of fire will cause crotches to grow. *— Woody Hood*

WELCOME TO HOTEL TRANSYLVANIA

One-Quarter Erect. *Directed by Charles De Santos; starring Leilani, Vixen Red, Lonnie Taylor, Elexis, Kim Alexis, Cory Monroe and Mike Blue. Videocassette: 4 Play.*

If you're not into humanoids with big silicone boobs and limp dicks, avoid this trip to *Transylvania.* Kim Alexis and Cory Monroe play the straight couple who check into the hotel and then land into one fumbled attempt after another at kinky transsexual fucking. The only hot moment is when the bulldyke of a manager pulls a blue veiner out from under her dress and shoves it into Alexis's quivering mouth. For a moment, it looks as if things are going to ignite, especially when Alexis looks like she's actually getting off sucking on that he-she rod, but then the transvestite's dick fizzles, and so does the tape. *— Rusty Knox*

A JOURNEY INTO DARKNESS

Half Erect. *Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Zara Whites, Alexis Paine, Lori Kelly and John Stagliano. Videocassette: Bruce Seven Productions.*

A Journey Into Darkness is a trip into bondage and discipline, not a subway to Harlem. Zara Whites stars as a craven whip slave who can't stay awake. As Zara nods off, she dreams of ideal restraint-and-spank scenarios. The settings and paraphernalia are elaborate, imaginative, fully functional and used to their fullest—or at least as fully as harnesses, chains, straps, blindfolds, gags, ceiling-suspension systems and latex-to-lace fetish garments can be used short of fucking a chick or even taking off her panties. Still, with no bones about it, *Darkness* is an eye-opener. *— C. S.*



*A **Journey** through ideal restraint-and-spank scenarios.*

LIFEGUARD

One-Quarter Erect. *Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Jennifer Stewart, Jon Dough, Danielle Rogers, Randy Spears, Lance Haywood, Casey, Sean Micheals, Devon Shire and Heather Sinclaire. Videocassette: Vivid Video.*

The best thing about whores is there is none of this getting-to-know-them business. Only a silly-ass schmuck asks a paid slut how a pretty girl like herself came to labor in such a sordid line of endeavor; only a pathetic putz listens to a money-hole's growing-up recollections and expresses interest in what she feels about being in the bone-for-bucks business. That's with real, live whores. Porn films are another matter. With porn films, a guy can get his rocks off with no human contact beyond an exchange of dollars with the subspecies representative down at the neighborhood video outlet. Mail-order eliminates even that minimal interaction, unless the poor, hand-humping, would-be hermit orders Paul Thomas's *Lifeguard*, a tape that has bits of hard-core sex in it, strewn incidentally among relentless, talking-head footage of porn stars philosophizing about what it means to be a porn star. It should mean that we never have to hear who they are. —*C. S.*

EASY PICKINGS

One-Quarter Erect. *Directed by Milton Ingley; starring Erica Boyer, Patricia Kennedy, Lori Landry, Mandi Wine, T. T. Boy and Biff Malibu. Videocassette: Las Vegas Video.*

Milton Ingley must be the most extravagant director in the history of porn. He hires an entire orchestra to play classical music while his actors fuck. How does he manage to keep that full symphony out of frame during the sex scenes? Ingley's other recent opus, *Big Game*, shares the same blasting classical music, the same poolside bone-burying, and worse, T. T. Boy, who parlays his role as a cheap imitation of the TV and movie oddity "Ernest" into full-blown obnoxiousness. Try jerking off to a crew-cutted ferret who keeps shouting "Hey, Vern!" at the camera. The appearance of veteran sex-monger Erica Boyer should guarantee a few rentals from diehards. For the most part, though, *Easy Pickings* is just another mindless concept stolen from bad TV; soundtrack lifted from Deutsche Gramaphone Records. —*J. D.*

REAR ADMIRAL

Three-Quarters Erect. *Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Tara Heart, Jerry Butler, Stacey Bell, Tony Montana, April Rayne, Joey Silvera and Dusty. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.*

It takes a special kind of guy to shoot his entire wad across a girl's breasts and have the charge fall only on one tit—a pip wad we'd call him, and Jerry Butler is one. Maybe he'd have more jizz if he'd talk less, or perhaps the spuzz quantity was depleted during the time taken to peel off the condom he put on prior to stirring the surface depths of tart Tara Heart's fudge hole. Regardless of Butler's excuse, he shoots less lavage than will any dick that seriously applies itself to watching *Rear Admiral*, a cheaply cranked out carnal cassette that focuses on butt-fucks to the point of squinting at each impassioned pooper-packing from several angles with plenty of duration. *Rear* is admirable. —*C. S.*

FATLINERS

Totally Obese. *Directed by Joe W. Brown; starring Teighlor, Unique Love, Patty Parker, Trinity Loren, Ron Jeremy, Marc Wallice, Shane Hunter and Don Fernando. Videocassette: Executive Video.*



Fatliners: *About life after death after lunch.*

Change the rating to Fully Erect if you enjoy the sight of unhealthy, insanely obese women earning what may be their last paycheck by enduring the humiliating experience of fucking Ron Jeremy. Otherwise, most of us will find this morbid spool of tape a curious collection of sex scenes better left to the masturbatory ilk of perverts we'd rather not know. —*J. D.*



Lifeguard: *Talking-head footage of porn stars philosophizing.*



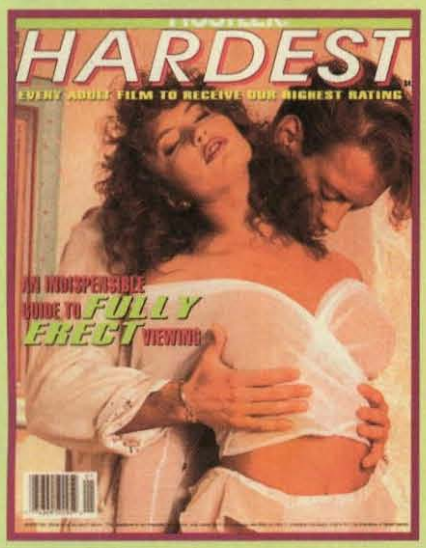
*These **Kittens** like crotch cream.*

KITTENS

Half Erect. *Directed by: Bruce Seven; starring Tianna, Bionca, Sabrina Dawn, Brianna Rai (a/k/a Heather Lere) and Honey Rose (a/k/a Nicole Wilde). Videocassette: Coast to Coast.*

Kittens produces a mild case of cat-scratch fever that may prove an amusing diversion to fans of dickless dyke melodrama. Attractive lezzies, solid production values and abundant close-ups of creaming cunts are indeed jeans-steaming. However, too many story flashbacks and jerky edits prove bone-deflating. Turn down the sound, turn up the stereo, keep one finger poised on the fast-forward button, and there's a chance you'll soon have a saucer of cream for these *Kittens* to lap up. —*W. H.*

IT WASN'T ALWAYS FULLY ERECT



A LOOK BACK AT PORN'S MOST-TRUSTED RATING

HUSTLER's Fully Erect cachet is as coveted in the smut world as an Academy Award is in the big-money Hollywood community. After nearly two decades, porn's highest award remains the single most influential opinion in X.

It wasn't always Fully Erect. HUSTLER started reviewing X-rated movies in the February 1975 issue with a four-star rating system used to judge the flicks. The familiar erection chart arrived in July of that year, making *Love Bus* and *Teenage Sex Kittens* the first true Fully Erect movies.

In the late '70s and early '80s, when the porn industry was mounting productions with budgets that matched those of Hollywood's B movies, Fully Erect ratings were given almost routinely. When video became the porn medium of choice, production quality dropped and so did the ratings. In 1975, 16 films were awarded our highest rating. Last year only three productions reached porn's pinnacle. In the years between, another 144 porn movies were accorded Fully Erect status. A look back proves HUSTLER's worth: nearly every one of those films is considered an adult classic.

The Fully Erect sex tape is a transcendent experience. It is a gift of light in a too often oppressive universe.

HUSTLER HARDEST, a complete catalog of every adult film to receive our highest rating and an indispensable guide to Fully Erect viewing, is available for $4.95 plus $1.50 postage and handling from: HUSTLER HARDEST, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Your dick will thank you.



Gillis brings the gavel down on ***Welles.***

TORI WELLES EXPOSED

Three-Quarters Erect. *Compilation. Starring Tori Welles, Erica Boyer, Jamie Gillis, Victoria Paris, Porsche Lynn, Eric Price and Scott Irish. Videocassette: Vidco.*

After she got her new tits, Tori Welles's carnal exploits were imbued with a whole new confidence, creating erotic showpieces that gave off meltdown energy. Her fucking dynamism was most galvanic when she switched into attack-lesbian mode (four instances of which sizzle and snap in *Exposed*) or when she whipped her oscillation upon more than one gonad—such as the juice-draining threeway with the fully charged prods of Scott Irish and Eric Price—or when she was paired up with the equally direct current of Jamie Gillis (who inserts a finger to the bottom knuckle in Tori's butt socket, then shock-fucks her). Welles may one day again generate jolts every bit as powerful as those documented in *Exposed,* but even she will never top these livewire memories. —*C. S.*

BAD

Half Erect. *Directed by John Leslie; starring Ashlyn Gere, Iesha, Madison, Rayne, Michelle Monroe, Tom Byron, Marc Wallice, T. T. Boy, Peter North, Randy Spears, Lauren Hall, Joey Silvera and Jamie Gillis. Videocassette: VCA.*

The nuthouse is a familiar porn setting. Loony-bin lecheries, in fact, are almost commonplace, and so are the tactical errors of *Bad,* the latest would-be zany look at asylum sex. Smut directors are constantly mistaking insipid silliness for irony, taking the Ron Jeremy approach to wit, stacking lame gags upon weak wisecracks in the hope that sheer numbers will reach some height of humor. *Hah!* To further the indignities, XXX creative geniuses can even fuck up a good screw, at least two of which (a Randy Spears/T. T. Boy cream-whipping of Lauren Hall, and Peter North's pole vaulting Madison) are botched but good in *Bad.* —*C. S.*

LOVE GHOST

Half Erect. *Directed by Robert McCallum; starring Dusty, Marc Wallice, Jeanna Fine, Brandi, Sean Michaels, Peter North, Stacey Bell and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Western Visuals.*

In a film that features two double-penetrations and a straight ass-fuck, the hottest moment comes from a simple but succulent blowjob. This mixed bag of bush-and-browneye bangings is basically Hollywood's *Ghost* with gonadal glaze; the heavenly hose-Hoovering is provided by Jeanna Fine's inhalation of Sean Michaels's staggering sepia stick all the way down. Tears run out of Fine's eyes as Michaels lacquers her loving lips and tongue. The comatose crapper-cram of Stacey Bell by Marc Wallice, and a sleep-inducing missionary hump between T. T. Boy and Dusty, are dreary dorkings, and the drippy love song and flashbacks ad nauseam are minor debits as well. —*Sam Lowry*



Ghost *pumps spectral spew.*



Bad *lives up to its name.*

Q: WHAT DOES HUSTLER MEAN TO YOU?

We get tired of patting ourselves on the back (see accompanying article); so we decided to let other people do it for us. Entertainment Editor Mal O'Ree polled porn-industry insiders to ask what place our favorite magazine holds in their lives. Some of the responses were even nice.

A:

HUSTLER is the kind of magazine that goes to the kind of people that watch my kind of videos, and if Christian Shapiro likes my kind of videos, it's worth a subscription to HUSTLER for myself.

—Ed Powers, producer.

It's all so very amusing to me, but I guess HUSTLER is the granddaddy of porn magazines. What would we be looking at without Larry Flynt?

—Madison, porn queen.

When I think of HUSTLER, I think of great pink shots and good jerk-off material. The photography is clear and hot. And, of course, Larry Flynt's battles for the First Amendment.

—Loni Sanders, former porn queen.

Fuck HUSTLER; they dump on my movies.

—Eselle Ferrand, director.

You know, I hadn't modeled for a while, and I went in to see HUSTLER, and they told me to get rid of my tan lines and that I was too fat.

—Debi Diamond, porn queen.

HUSTLER reeks of people who don't like pornography. The whole tone of the magazine is negative. I've had some bad times with HUSTLER, but I've learned not to take anything it prints too seriously. It's even gotten fun reading Christian Shapiro, whoever that asshole is.

—Paul Thomas, director.

Last year I was voted best director by HUSTLER readers. I think that's the best award an X filmmaker can get. It's better than having a "Best Video" award from some self-appointed award organization.

—John Stagliano, director.

If I read enough HUSTLER Magazines, I think my reputation in the business is pretty dreadful. Christian Shapiro has given me a few goodies, but I figure it's all part of the fun. HUSTLER Magazine is the biggie.

—Ron Jeremy, porn stud.



*Lane gets hot in **Lingerie.***

LESBIAN LINGERIE 4

One-Quarter Erect. *Directed by Anna Marie Monet; starring Cheri, Carrie, Audrey Lane, April Rayne, Coco and Taylor Wane. Videocassette: Eye Shadow.*

This series of mostly tepid trysts between garter-and-lace pussies new to porn has developed quite a following. It must be the new-lips angle, because the sex isn't anything to jerk home about. *Lingerie 4*'s more of the same, with the usual rookie raunchiness saving the vid from being a total waste of time. Audrey Lane's fabulous tits and April Rayne's buttery backside find a hot moment or two amid the plodding pace and repeat reams. Otherwise, have more fun paging through the Sears catalog.

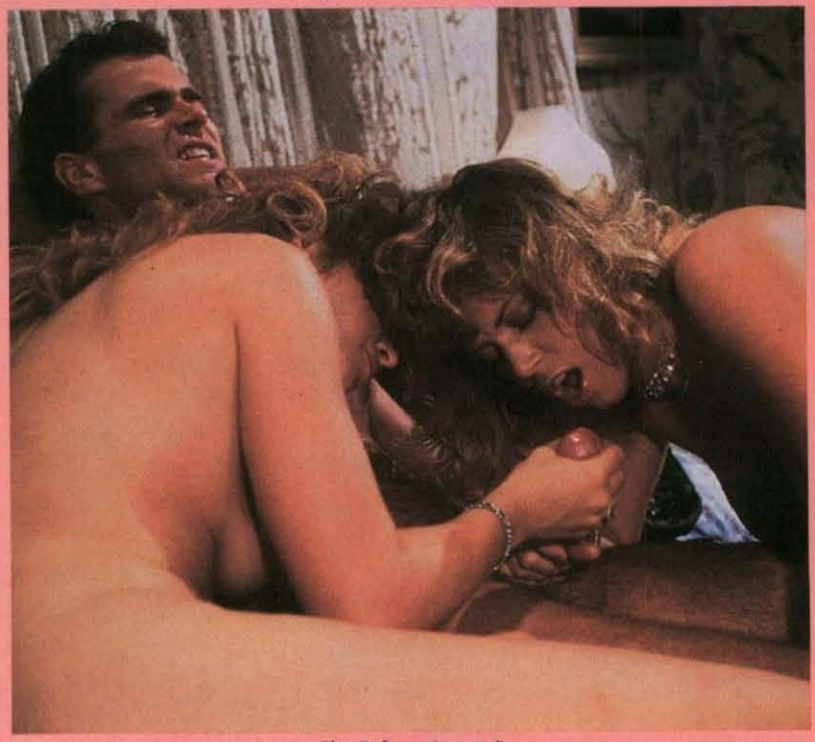
—W. H.

THE MONACO FALCON

Totally Limp. *Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Shanna McCullough, Randy Spears, Bionca, Tracey Adams, Jon Dough, Lynn LeMay and Mike Horner. Videocassette: VCA.*

Some people will do anything to get a vacation. Henri Pachard, once a sultan of smut, now a slummer, would even make something as dreadful as this. Set in what looks like the back alleys of Europe, the film is another takeoff on *The Maltese Falcon*, with Randy Spears as a deadpan private dick trying to track the bird down for Shanna McCullough. The Falcon is supposed to give whoever possesses it great sexual powers. It would take a bird the size of Rodan to turn this group on.

—S. L.



*This **Falcon** doesn't fly.*

OH, WHAT A NIGHT

Half Erect. *Directed by John Leslie; starring Sean Michaels, Cheri Taylor, Joey Silvera, Jon Dough, Selena Steele, Jacqueline, Al Martin Jr., Nina Hartley, Jose Duvall, Randy Spears, Wayne Summers and Eric Price. Videocassette: VCA.*

Director John Leslie does a lot of things right in *Night*—the fucking is crisply shot and edited, the ladies resplendent and randy, the soundtrack smokes, and he even knows when to stop the music and let slurping sex sounds increase the tension. Where he goes wrong, is his choice of stories. *The Petrified Forest*, which starred Humphrey Bogart as an escaped convict taking over a roadside diner, doesn't lend itself easily to modern-day porn. It's a good try, but clearly too ambitious for standard X-rated talent. — *W. H.*



The fucking is hot, but the story ruins the ***Night.***

ASSININE

One-Quarter Erect. *Directed by Mike Davis; starring Tabetha Fox, Tawnee, Stacey Bell, Johnny Angel, Ray Victory, T. T. Boy and Chelly K. Cee. Videocassette: Rectum Wreckers.*

Assinine makes no bones about its intent. "A really stupid anal movie" trumpets the box cover. Skanky bitch Chelly K. Cee opens this poop-packing epic by begging Ray Victory to stuff her ass with his monumental meat prod. Victory obliges—and tops her off with a hot load between her cheeks. Next up is cute cover-strumpet Tabetha Fox and a Judd Nelson-clone in a barn romp, the briefest anal encounter ever lensed. Feeling ripped-off? Wait, there's more! Diminutive, feral-faced T. T. Boy butt-porks long-legged Tawnee (in a bad wig); blond cutie Stacey Bell serves up a piece of butt pie to Don Fernando; and finally, Tawnee returns to be ass-reamed by an ugly, chinless Ray Bolger lookalike. As far as butt-banging bonanzas go, *Assinine* lives up to its name. — *Buster Slade*

STROKER'S GUIDE

A quick checklist of X-rated features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.

RATING GUIDE

- **FULLY ERECT** — Superior. A top production.
- **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT** — Above average. Hard-on material.
- **HALF ERECT** — Standard fare. Has moments.
- **ONE-QUARTER ERECT** — Poor. Don't expect much.
- **TOTALLY LIMP** — A waste of time and money.

Fully Erect

Curse of the Cat Woman
The Masseuse
Wild Goose Chase

Three-Quarters Erect

Corruption
The Face of Fear
The Landlady
The Last Resort
Lusty Dusty
The Mistress 2
More Dirty Debutantes 4
A Portrait of Christy
Sleepwalker
Wet 'n' Working

Half Erect

Anal Intruder 5
Anal Nation
The Finer Things in Life
The Girl Has Assets
Heart to Heart
House of Dreams
Nasty Girls 2
Nightdreams 2
Ringside Knockout
Power Play
Sea of Love
Sweet Miss Fortune
Thrill Seekers
Triple Header
Vegas 2: Snake Eyes

One-Quarter Erect

Anal Addiction 2
Another Secret
Beauty and the Beast 2
Black in the Saddle
Camera Shy
Denim Dolls
Forced Love
Jailhouse Blue
Moongirls
Paradise Road
Play School
Racquel Untamed
Sunstroke Beach

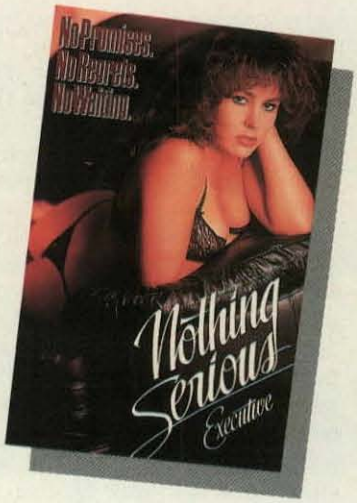
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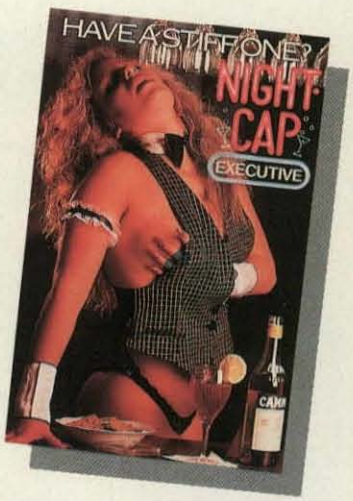


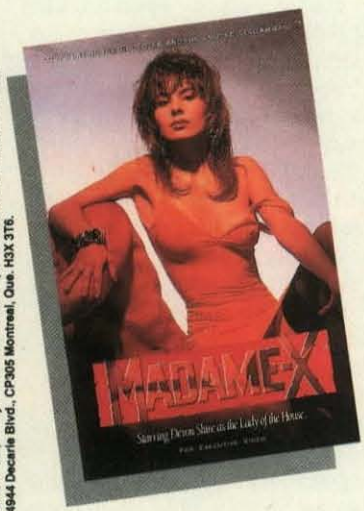
BLONDE ICE—Casey, Jennifer Stone and Barbara Woods in this hot new Executive Video release! Casey is the hottest "piece of ice" we've ever seen. This is her first major role and we're sure there will be plenty more. She is absolutely gorgeous with a body to match! Directed by Scotty Fox, Blonde Ice has everything you look for in a topnotch video. A terrific story line, a little humor and a lot of beautiful ladies! You'll love it! Time Approximate 1 Hour 8 Min.

NOTHING SERIOUS—Alice Springs and Jennifer Rose in a remarkable new video release. Alice doesn't take too many things seriously and she doesn't ask for much either. But she won't take any "second rate" sex! She wants her lovers to be strong, imaginative and very willing to please! The lovely Alice Springs is at her very best as the lady who wants it all and wants it now. This new release will have you glued to the screen! Time Approximate 1 Hour 4 Minutes

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HOT LETTERS (continued from page 17)

The girl had half her arm up her cunt and had just come when I pulled out and sprayed her mother with 150 psi of film-forming spooge.

club. Enough spending money for the year, not much work, plenty of sun. That's all I expected—not all I got.

I hadn't even worked there a month when I got involved in a definitely unusual extracurricular activity. I'd just finished a Thursday session, teaching swimming to a group of rich, spoiled housewives. It entailed little more than splashing and making sure they didn't accidentally drown themselves, because, like most activities at the country club, the swimming lesson was just an excuse to get drunk by the pool, and nobody really wanted to learn anything. I was taking a warm, soapy shower in the dressing room afterward when in walked the club manager's wife—known around the club as "Sloppy Lips"—drunk off her ass. A skimpy string bikini did little to hide her nice body. She was middle-30s, but looked a lot younger—even drunk. She was the type of wife all big executives want hanging on their arms. Blonde. Long legs. Nice, tight ass. Big tits—not floppy, just fat. But what I noticed most was the wicked, mischievous smile creasing her high-cheekboned face.

Sliding into the shower stall with me, she smiled wider and said, "Don't sweat it, honey. This won't take long." I was pretty much flabbergasted and couldn't get my vocal cords to work. Before I could collect my composure, she had the situation well in hand.

An oily smell of half a dozen vodka-soaked martini olives assailed my nostrils as she brought her open, inviting mouth to mine in a lingering kiss. Her pickled lips hungrily assaulted my tongue, and she sucked my breath from deep within my chest. She worked her tongue down my naked chest in a slithering trail that ended at the root of my bobbing erection.

With expert manipulation, she caressed my cock and balls with long, thin fingers, kneading my genitals with fervor and anticipation. I felt her lips engulf my swollen meat, clumsy and ravenous. Feeding my cock as far into her throat as she could manage, her throat muscles now enclosed around my steaming cockhead like a hot, wet vise. By the time her lips smashed against my soggy ball sac, I was consumed, not caring about anything but her sucking, demanding mouth.

She reached around and grabbed my ass cheeks. Squeezing them for all they were worth, she pulled my crotch into her face. Like an electric shock flowing through my dripping body, I came. Cum shot out of my organ like bullets from a powerful handgun. She sucked me until my cock was a shriveled, rubbery pulp. Rising from her squatting position, she obscenely licked shiny cum strings from the corners of her mouth. "Keep up the good work," she drooled. "I might just convince my husband that you deserve a raise."

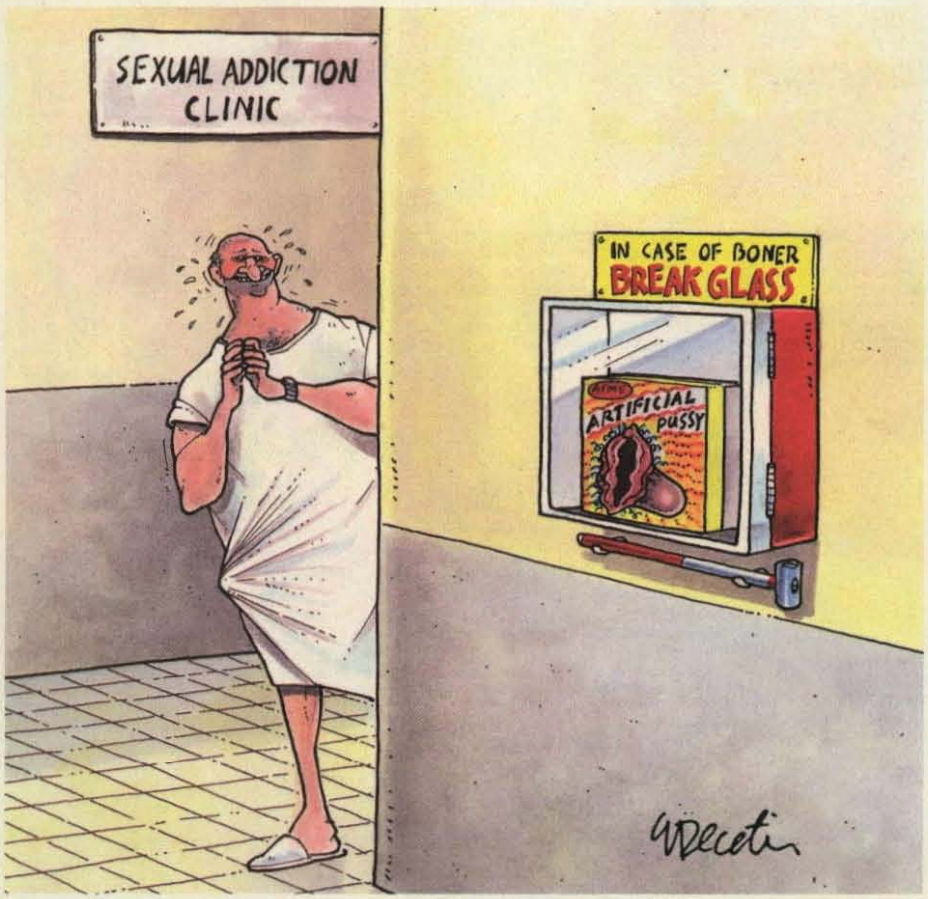
Soon enough, I was invited to her estate for lunch. When I arrived, she introduced me to her maid, Carmen. Both women were wearing the bottoms of swim bikinis and T-shirts. No bras. After lunch, they showed me the gardens and the Olympic-size swimming pool. They suggested we go for a swim. I had no objection.

When we got to the pool house, I entered first. They followed close behind. Turning around, once inside, I saw Carmen lock the door behind her. Sloppy Lips was already topless, tweaking her nipples between her fingertips. They attacked me like two starving mountain lions. The scene that ensued was like a passage from an X-rated movie. In a matter of seconds we were naked on the cool deck of the enclosed pool house. Everywhere I touched, my hand met soft tit or wet, hairy bush.

I ended up lying flat on my back, with the club manager's wife sucking my cock and Carmen squatting on my face, grinding her hot cunt across my open mouth. Positioning them so that Carmen was on her knees straddling the other woman's face, I rammed my stiff cock into Carmen's cunt, my balls nearly following inside her cavernous hole. Sloppy Lips suckled and licked my balls while I fucked Carmen with steady, shuddering strokes. I felt my balls tighten and the cum rush the length of my rod, and I pulled out. As soon as Lips slid her warm mouth around the glans, boiling semen drenched her throat.

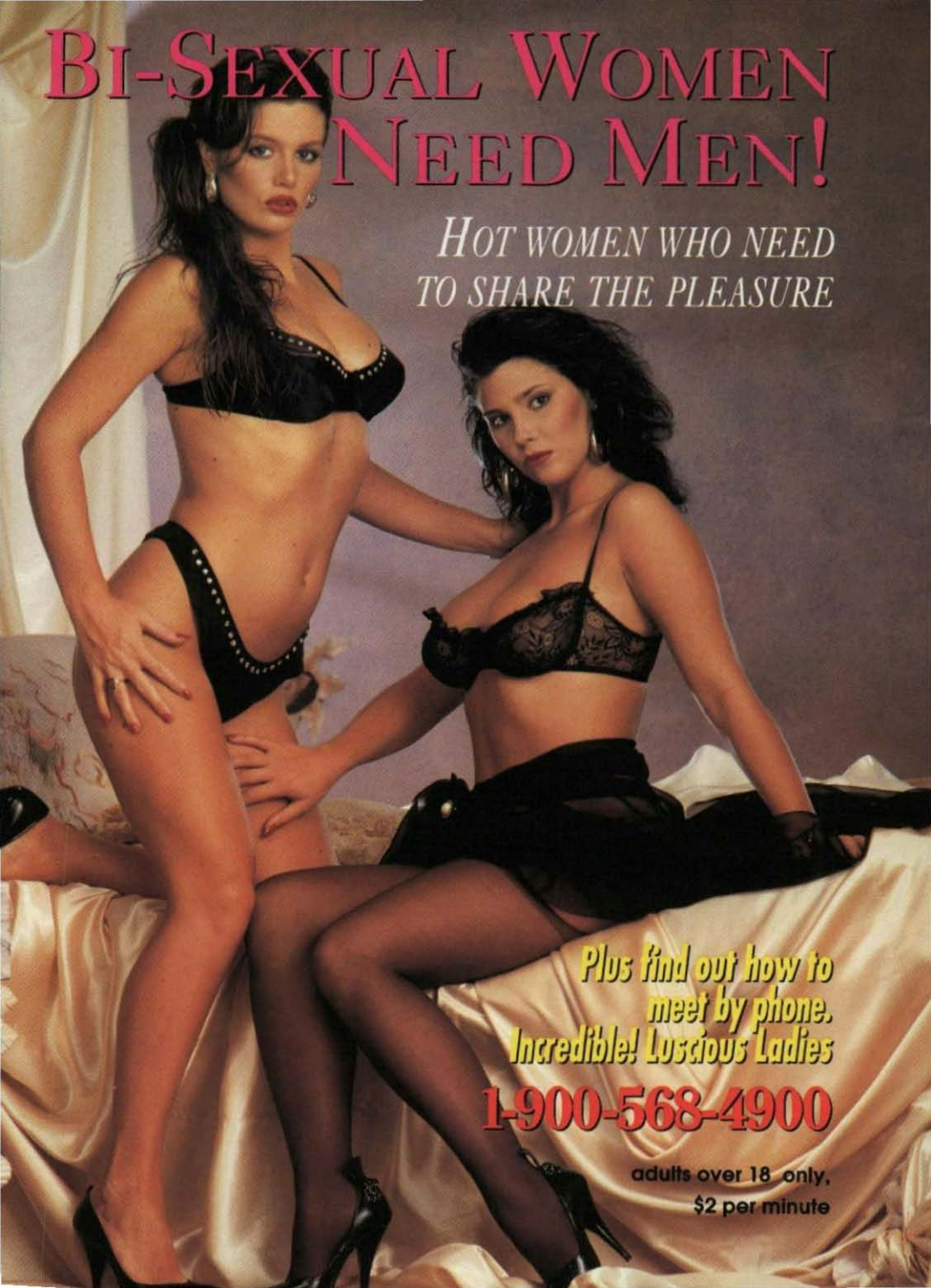
I wasted no time getting out of there. I can imagine what would've happened had the man of the house arrived. You'd think that the men of these posh country clubs would pay more attention to the balls under their cocks than the little white ones they hit on the golf course. Maybe then their wives wouldn't be fucking and sucking everything that walks. Not that I'm complaining!

—Darryl K.
Portland, Maine



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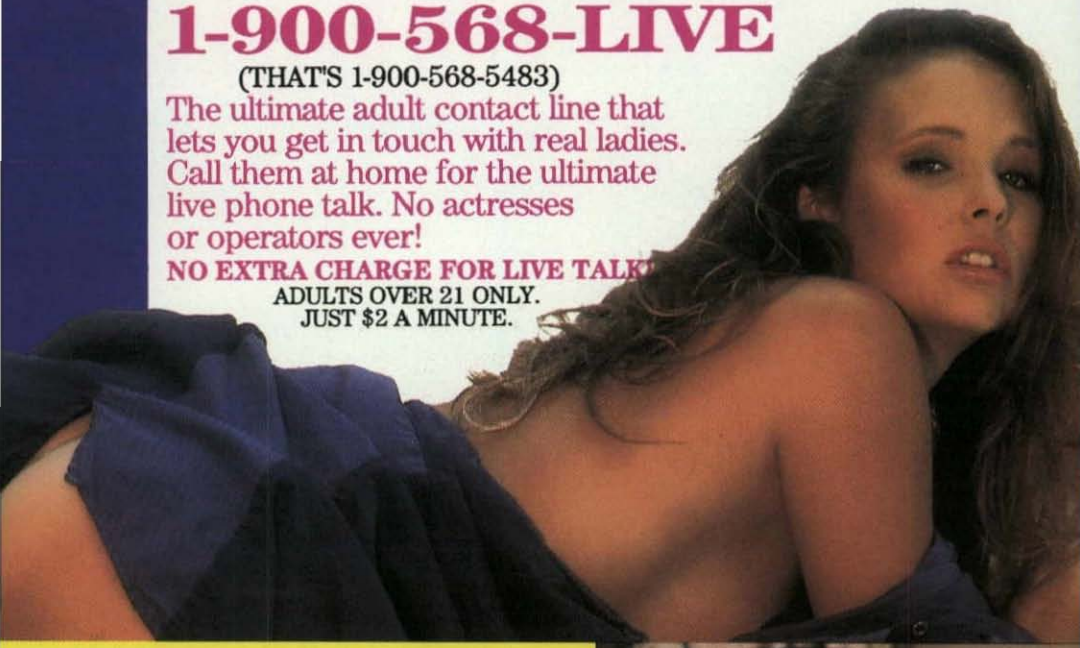
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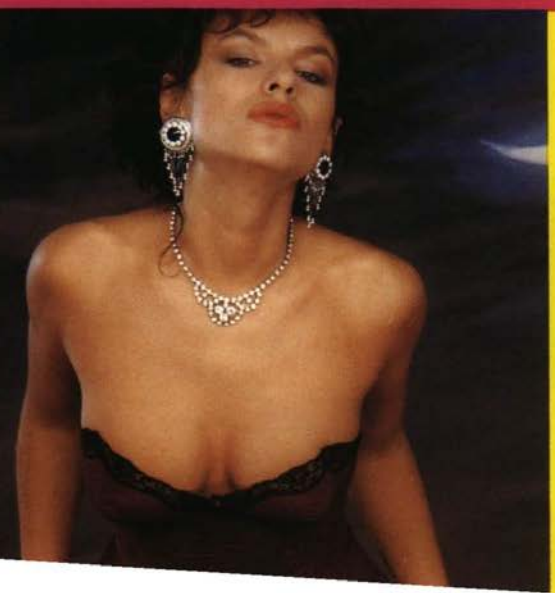
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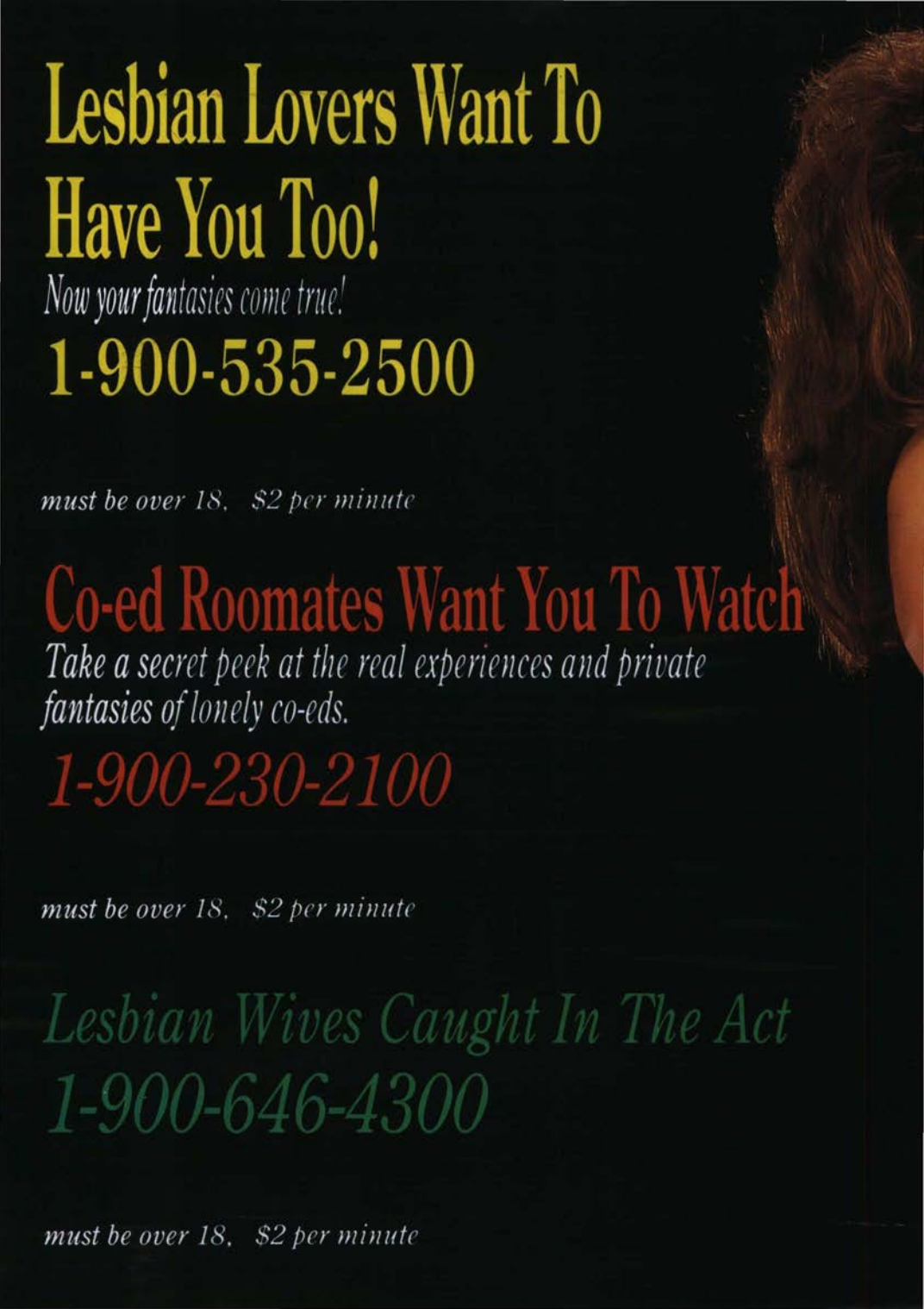
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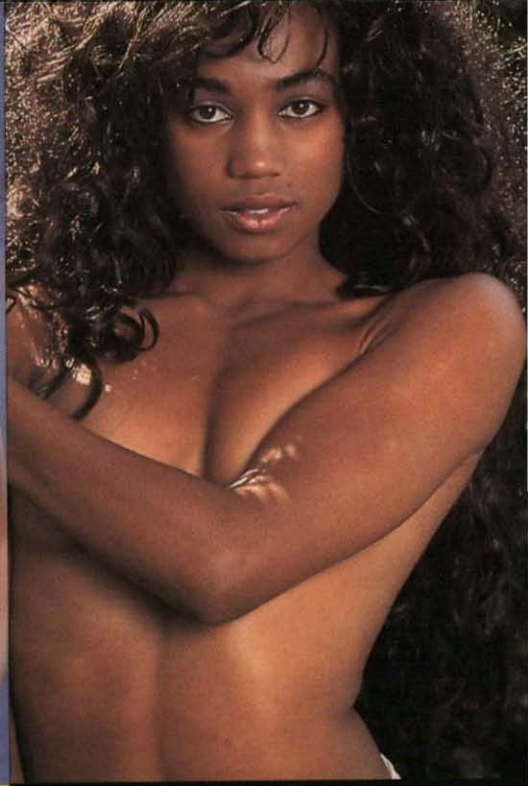
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Just $2 a Minute.


Lesbian Lovers Want To
Have You Too!
Now your fantasies come true!
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must be over 18, $2 per minute
Co-ed Roomates Want You To Watch
Take a secret peek at the real experiences and private fantasies of lonely co-eds.
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THEY MADE ME... WOMEN CONFESS

THEIR DARKEST PERSONAL SECRETS

1-900

535-MAKE

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You must be 21 or over to call.

Only $2 per minute.

STRICT AFFECTION

1-900

535-BADD

2 2 3 3

IT'S WHAT YOU NEED-THE ULTIMATE FANTASY COMES TRUE FOR YOU!

Must Be Over 21 To Call.

Only $2 per minute.

winner

BEST PHONE SEX

"The Girls of Dial-A-Porn"

By S. Sims



Phone Sex appeals to me in several ways. It is comparatively inexpensive. It has maximum fantasy potential. It contains absolutely no risk of arrest, disease, or rip-off. And perhaps best of all, there are very few formalities. I bought a copy of Hustler Magazine and scanned it in search of the hottest ad. I dialed 1-800-999-6117. Its listing had the steamiest picture I've ever seen. I went through the ritual of name, telephone number and credit card number. Then I waited for process verification. Two minutes seemed like an hour. Then . . .

She: Hi, Steve. (The voice is gentle and sweet, much nicer than I had expected.) I'm Tjada. I hear you are a little bit horny tonight?

Me: Well, yes, Tjada, you could say that.

She: First, would you like to know what I look like?

Me: Yes.

She: Well, I have blonde wavy hair flowing down to the crack of my ass. I'm 5'7, I weigh about 120 pounds and my measurements are 38-24-36. How does that sound?

Me: That's really hot but I'd really like for you to suck my stiff cock like there was no tomorrow.

She: Ooo really! My lips are aching to suck on your huge cock. And I just took off my silky panties and bustier. I have really big tits, and I want you to play with them. I'll just crawl between your strong thighs. Mmm. This is the **best** spot! Now I'm going to kiss your balls first, okay? I'll lick one, mmm, then the other. Mmmm, does that feel good?

Me: Oh yeah. (It certainly sounded like she was really sucking on the other end of the line. I was very turned on at that point too. Now this lady obviously deserves an A + !)

She: Now I'm going to work on that thick-veined cock of yours. Mmmm. I can't wait to put it in my mouth. Mmmm. I'll just lick the tip with my long, wet tongue. Mmmm. You taste so good! I can't wait to have more.

Me: My cock is too thick and sweet to pop in your mouth, honey, I'm going to drive it into your wet snatch!

She: Oh God!! I love to fuck sexy guys like you. I'm so wet and ready for you. Just push it right in. Ummm. Yeah! Ah! Ah! Just like that, lover. Ummm. You really fill me up, it's so fucking good! Come on, baby, fuck me harder, harder, fuck me . . . fuck me. . . !

This was one hot call! Although Tjada's way may seem too tame for some tastes, she had an incredible way of keeping my temperature rising better than any of the others. She kept me involved in the action until I had the best cum of my life!

In parting she told me ours was the steamiest call she had all evening and that I could call her back **anytime**, she will be available for me 24 hours a day. That alone makes her call an A + +. Not one to let a good thing pass me by, I called her the very next night at 1-800-999-6117. What can I say, I only go for the **best!!**

Toll Free-1-800-999-6117

Seal of Quality

BEST PHONE SEX

winner

BEST PHONE SEX

LINE OF THE YEAR!


SEXUAL CONFESSIONS
HOT WOMEN
Confessing their Sexual Secrets and Erotic Fantasies!
1-900-990-1212
Uncensored Sex Confessions
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Sizzling 2-Girl Confessions
1-900-726-SINS
Kinky (7467) Sexual Sins
1-900-988-1213
Swinging Couples Confess!
1-900-990-9091
Confessions Where You Can Meet Other Callers
$2/MIN.
ADULTS ONLY!
1-900-726-GIRL
Lesbian (4475) Confessions
ONE-ON-ONE LIVE!
1-900-226-1161
TALK TO A SEXY, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OF YOUR DREAMS!
PRIVATE ONE-ON-ONE!
$2.95/MIN.
LIVE SEXY HOT-TALK!
1-800-677-FOXY (3699)
Live Group Action Now!
VISA/MC BILLED AS SIERRA COMMUNICATIONS $1.99/MIN.
Also, 1-900-726-MEET (6338) Meet women in your local area who want to meet you!
$1/MIN. $2/FIRST MIN.

HUSTLER MAGAZINE MAKES COCKS HARDER, LONGER!



Fear and hypocrisy have repressed sexual awareness, leading to the ignorance that spreads disease and creates violence, in addition to hindering our natural enjoyment of sex. This series opens the door to current sexual knowledge and expression, and improved lovemaking.

by Paul Desmond

Men's magazines officially came of age when HUSTLER Magazine published its first newsstand pink in December 1974. HUSTLER's revolutionary close-ups of lip-spread, glossy pussy were irrefutable proof that female genitalia actually provided an opening and that insertion was a possibility. The point had to be made.

Consider the sorry fate of the unknowing American male coming to sexual age without the benefit of HUSTLER Magazine. He would have had a dick, but he would not have known what to do with it. Sex would be a wipeout. Any male eye-trained solely on the pages of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* would think tit-spotting and muff-rubbing were a screw's biggest payoffs, and only after smearing his eyeballs with Vaseline. The other girlie titles on the magazine stand confused the difference between human and nonhuman species—little help for an ethical American!



Even today, 17 years after its initial publication, only in the pages of HUSTLER Magazine can a healthy American pervert ogle beautiful women who want to fuck, and want it bad. The only gleam in the eyes of *Playboy* women is the sorry hope that one day they will marry rich doctors. (The out-of-focus women in *Penthouse* need ophthalmologists!) HUSTLER women, on the other hand, are raring for pleasure and give as good as they get. Never before HUSTLER Magazine have so many American book browsers seen so many glazed cherries. Never before have photographers so clearly captured the spitting image of pussy itch.

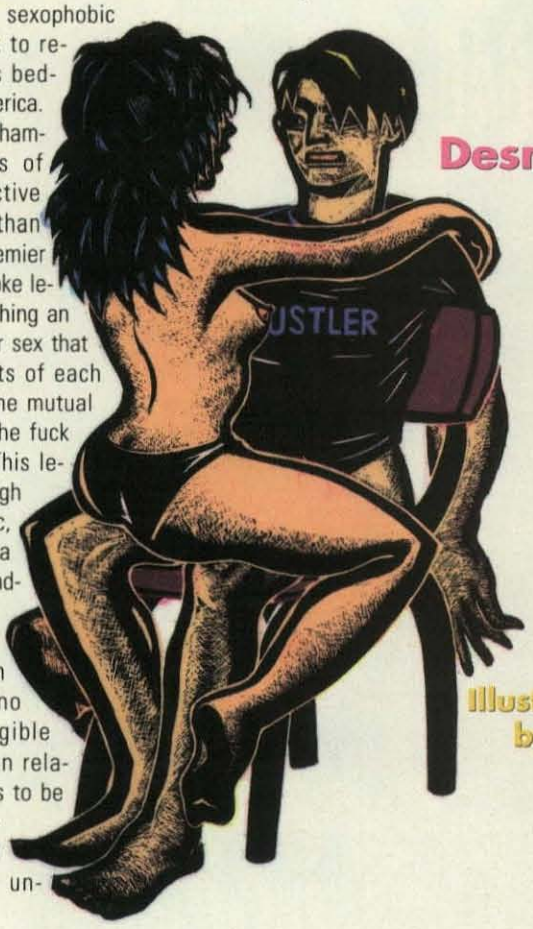
It's difficult to imagine, but *split beaver* was once just a humorous, misogynous term. HUSTLER Magazine made it a compliment. Since July 1974, so many women have spread their legs for HUSTLER that the expression "sit like a lady" has come to mean "wider, please." No longer are women bound to crack their fragrant, private smiles in lip-sealing secrecy. Thanks to HUSTLER Magazine, labia majora and minora see the light of day over 12 million times yearly.

Also every month, the mighty muffs in *Beaver Hunt*, women from all walks of life, publicly celebrate cunt liberation from the inner sanctums of home bases to newsstands all across America. Where else but HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* could everyday women enjoy a community forum as unabashed and widespread as their own skin-styled ambitions? Here, just by flaunting her tireless household libido, any American woman can win the cock appreciation formerly reserved for ivory-tower sex symbols. Where else can the average guy turn to recharge his libidinous batteries when it seems that his neighborhood is populated solely by nuns?



Democratic sexual politics in action, *Beaver Hunt*, since its inception in 1976, has been a direct hit against the conservative, sexophobic forces that work to restrict everyone's bedroom rights in America.

No magazine champions the rights of the sexually active more vigorously than HUSTLER. The premier issue (July '74) broke legal ground, publishing an actual contract for sex that defined the rights of each participant and the mutual terms by which the fuck would proceed. This legal brief had a high degree of sarcastic, good humor and a legitimate and binding message as well. It was a public admission that sex was no longer an intangible element in human relations, so taboo as to be virtually unmentioned. HUSTLER singlehandedly un-



Illustrations by Geoff Grahn



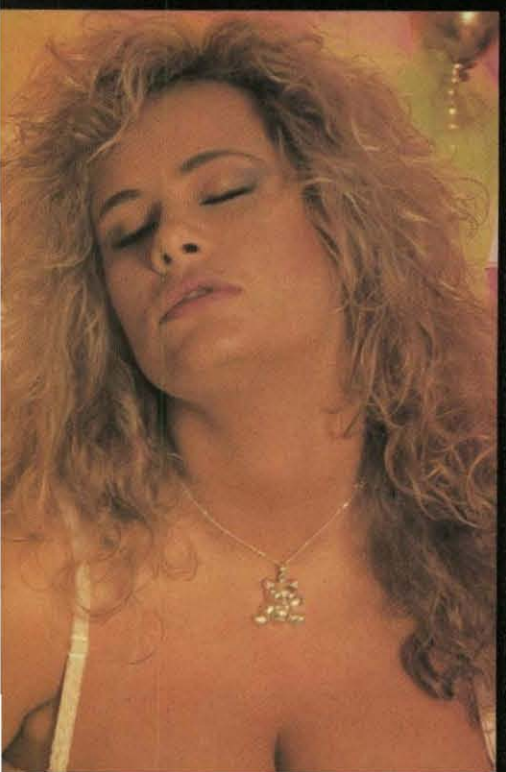
Girls that Have Plenty For You

Busty Beauties Tell All

Find out what really UP FRONT gals like best

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Adults Only, $2 per minute



Talk Live

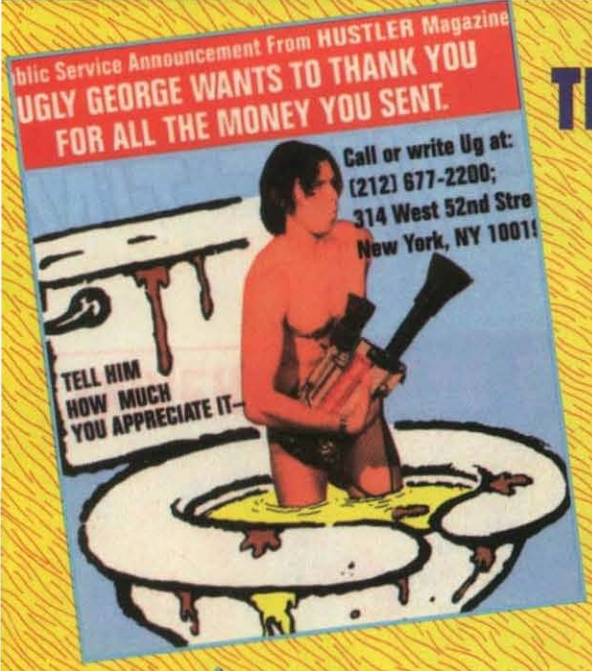
to a girl who has alot

1-900-468-0400

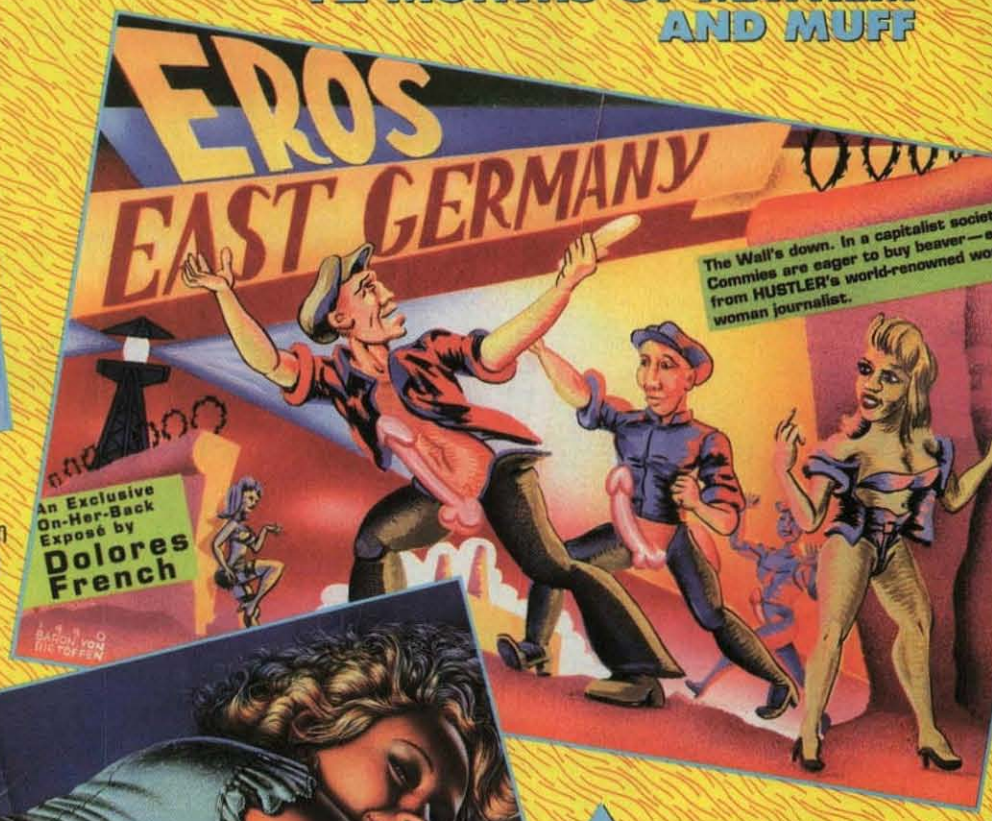
Adults Only, Just $25 per call

THE HUSTLER YEAR IN REVIEW

12 MONTHS OF MAYHEM AND MUFF



Ugly George was flushed in **October 1990** for ripping off our readers, and the spanking/sex connection was slapped together.



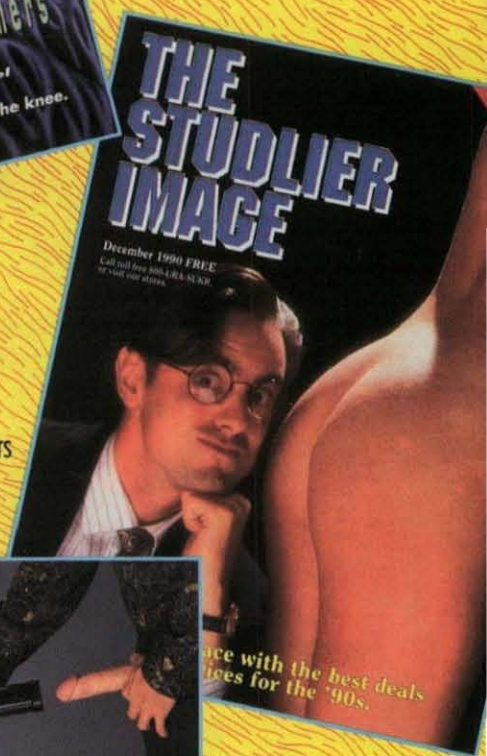
The Berlin Wall fell, and in **August 1990** our correspondent was there to sell pussy.





Claire let her lips be reread as Honey of the Year in **September 1990.**

December's HUSTLER presented readers a catalog for a studlier image.







When Mars needed pussy, they came to us.





In **January,** HUSTLER went to Death Row, then came back to play with sex toys.



Christian Shapiro defined sex in **November '90.**

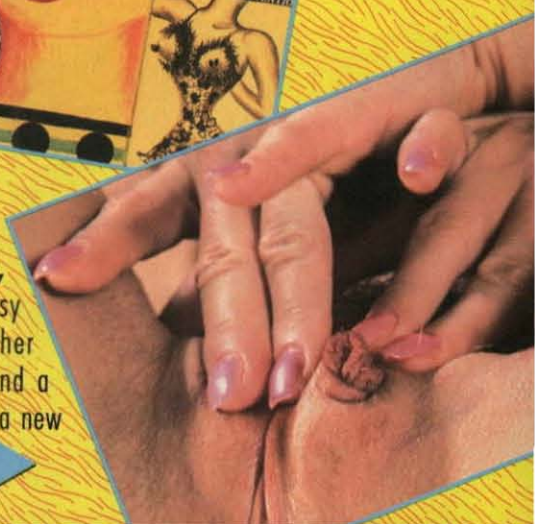




Our **June** issue's letters from Desert Storm were on the stands to greet GIs as they came home.



For **February,** *Beaver Hunt* Sissy returned with her Texas Tunnel, and a naughty girl put a new twist in her cunt.





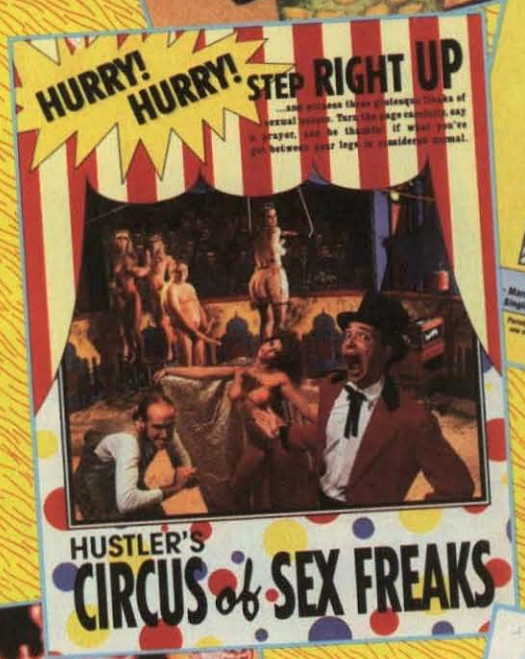
Bits & Pieces director Christian Gore gives birth to another ripe concept.

April fools saw the truth about lying and the facts surrounding Green Beret Barry Sadler's mystery death.



HUSTLER's sweet 16 was a year of serious issues and fun in the scum. Watch what we do for 17.

In **March** we dug up Jack Ruby

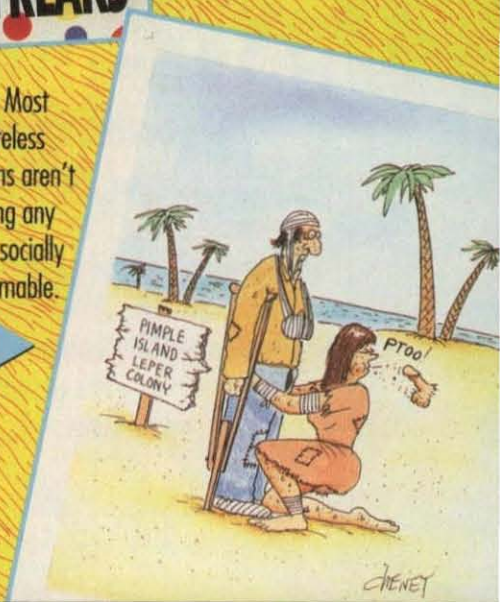


and took a peek at a sex-freak circus.

For **May** Day, George and Barbara's privates were made public.



Our Most Tasteless Cartoons aren't getting any more socially redeemable.



STIMULANTS!

STIMULANTS		1000	200	100
20. D&E 127	200 mg	$30.00	**	$7.95
21. Mole	165 mg	30.00	$13.00	7.50
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23. 20/20	150 mg	30.00	11.75	7.25
24. D&E-250	200 mg	25.00	**	6.95
25. D&E-225	200 mg	23.00	**	6.95
26. D&E-85-25	110 mg	18.00	**	5.50
27. D&E-190	175 mg	30.00	**	7.50
28. D&E-290	200 mg	35.00	13.25	7.95
29. D&E-260	200 mg	28.00	**	7.50
30. D&E-160	175 mg	25.00	**	6.50
31. D&E-500	175 mg	35.00	12.95	7.50
32. 30/30	150 mg	30.00	11.75	7.25
33. D&E-200	200 mg	23.00	**	6.95
34. D&E-25-25	110 mg	18.00	**	6.50

**Not available in size.
Active ingredient in above stimulants: Caffeine



EPHEDRINE: Bronchodilator



Ephedrine HCL Tablet ..... 25 mg
#35 1000/ $21.95 100/$7.50



Ephedrine Sulphate Capsule .... 25 mg
#ES25 1000/$24.95 100/$7.95

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Previously only available thru a dietary physician, now D&E makes SLENDERx available to the public. Control your appetite with this 3-a-day formula and enjoy the results without the cost.
#37 60 days worth for $12.95



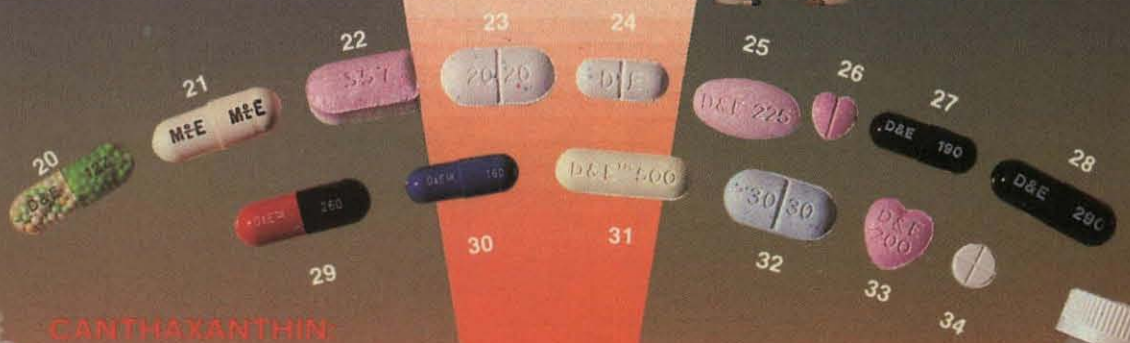
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The Complete Dieting Program. With its 2-part formula to suppress the appetite while renourishing the body along with the helpful "Lose Weight & Get In Shape" pamphlet, you'll lose the lbs you want and learn how to keep them off.
#39 90 day course in successful dieting $12.95



On The Go:

100% Pure Glynex — the All Natural Stimulant for that extra get up and go.
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CANTHAXANTHIN:

Tan Without the Sun and Look Great Year 'Round.
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REST ASSURED:

Sleep as never before and awaken refreshed.
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EXTRA DISCOUNT!
10% OFF all orders for
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THESE SEX STIMULATORS MAKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ROUTINE PLEASURE AND A FAR-OUT EXPERIENCE THAT'S ABSOLUTELY NOVEL

PULSATING PUSSY



The newest edition of the bachelor's friend! Something warm, and wet, and wonderful, designed to make even the softest of schlongs get up and hold its head high! Far be it from us to advocate masturbation, but in the event you can't find a willing pussy that's attached to a hot body, use the new PULSATING PUSSY and take your troubles in hand! Battery operated, vibrator driven, natural appearing and feeling, the new PULSATING PUSSY is definitely designed with the "one-hand" reader in mind!

152C **$18.00**

PLEASURE PECKERS



Six, seven or eight-inch ersatz penises. Strap one on her for that she-male look! Or slide it over your cock and drive her wild with double-dick dreams. This is a lifelike penis that stands rigid yet is soft and supple, hollow inside and LOTS of FUN!

103A 103B 103C **$7.00 ea.**

STAY-UP



Probably the worst thing that can happen to a swinging stud like you, is when you're ready for SUPER HOT and HORNY night of loving, and you blow your cum before the person you're with even gets wet and slicky! "STAY-UP" has been designed with you in mind! Scientifically formulated to assist in getting it up and keeping it up, "STAY-UP" will put the punch back into your prick, and keep it up, hot, hard and ready! This is truly the answer to a maiden's prayer!

209A **$6.00**

GROOVE TUBE PUMP



Slip your dick into this machine and sexercise your weapon. This vacuum devise will help you to enlarge your cock to its maximum size. Your hard-ons will be bigger, stiffer, and longer lasting. This organ enlarger has been tested and proven for many years.

270H **$13.00**

SLIM-LINE VIBRATOR



This handy little VARIABLE SPEED VIBRATOR delivers BIG, BIG SENSATIONS right where you want them. A solid 6" of sturdy plastic, it's powerful pulsator will DRIVE HER WILD! Small enough to take anywhere and use anywhere–on her CLIT, in her PUSSY, or up the ASS! Cums in RED or BLACK. BATTERIES INCLUDED!

264C 264D **$7.00 EA.**

ANAL INTRUDER KIT



FOR THE SERIOUS COLLECTOR OF EROTICA WHO'S INTO ANAL FUN! THE ULTIMATE ANAL KIT: The foundation of the fun starts with a 7-inch vibrator, batteries included so you can get right into action, with your partner's bottom up!

533A $28.00

SLIP ON DONG



Just slip it on and be gently caressed by the soft, skin-like latex. She straps it on, slips into it like panties, and she fucks you up the ass, or fucks her girlfriend. It's complete with a 7" solid cock you've wanted to try all those kinky fantasies.

750G **$30.00**

ANAL AROUSER



Is that tight little bunghole a little tough to ge into, without a quart of and a broken back? Try the ANAL AROUSER - slips in nice and easy, then by using the bulb you can pump it up, an your partner's asshole opens. It also vibrates, a has a remote control thi will quiver your balls wh you watch him (or her) squirm with pleasure!

141P $20.00

JACK HAMMER



Give her a 110 Volt charge. Just plus this eight-inch electric plunging penis-shaped vibrator into the wall — and watch her climb the walls. Soft-latex covering a ribbed, springy go-getter. Get this and get her going!

266U **$33.00**

MAN HANDLER DUKE STUD SUPER STUD THE BOLD BUNCH



Put some fun in your sex life! These hot vibrators are the life of the party! Each is flexible, yet strongly-rigid. Natural-shaped and ready for any kinky kind of action you want–or she wants. Left to right: THE MANHANDLER is a 9" dandy that is tough and formidable looking and just the right size for that big, big bang. THE DUKE has an 8" shaft that will tease and tantalize you and your mate to the highest pitch of passion. THE STUD is an 8½" vibrator that might steal the scene, arouse your ardor fast . . . to the fucking fullest. The Super Stud is 10" of pleasure that will fill up all available holes. Buy all four and add a spice of pleasure to her life.

259G 259H 259K 259Y **$13.00 EACH**

SUPER SHIRLEY



This 5 foot life size doll holds up to 200 pounds of your body. She has long silky hair with her matching vaginal hair complete with three holes to be filled. Soft flesh-like skin with ripe young breasts and luscious vagina that vibrates at your command.

450P **$49.00**

ORO-STIMULATOR



Strokes up and down, up and down, with a degree of control from a feather touch to a definite squeeze!! Once the ORO STIMULATOR is in place, your hands never need touch your penis!! You can change positions, lie on your back, kneel, stand up, sit . . . the ORO STIMULATOR will still gently, or firmly, stroke you!! NOTHING can mold itself to you like this exciting device!! Excitement you can hold in your hand!!

268F **$28.00**

EJACUMATIC



Try it, you'll cream all over it. Made of lifelike latex, it has a little motor built-ir that'll shake your socks off! Press the squeeze ball pump and pump up for some real fun. Requires two AA batteries, not included. Prepare for a BLAST!

272D **$25.00**

A REAL DICK



This 6 inch cock and 2 inches across with balls and the feel of flesh will get that pussy and bunghole ready for action. Made of flesh colored latex, and molded to look and feel like a cock ready for action for any kinky fantasy you've wanted to try!

170M **$16.00**

HANDJOB LUBRICATING LOTION



HOLD ON, THERE, PARTNER. This stuff is SLIPPERY! A rare and exotic TURTLE EMOLLIENT makes this a real gush-rusher! She'll lead you to her G-spot. She'll land you on her clit. She'll hijack your hand to lube her nipples. And she'll play all day with your penis if you let her dab a drop or two of this body-lubricant-compatible lotion.

234A **$5.00**

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☐ 103A	7.00	☐ 533A	28.00	☐ 259Y	13.00
☐ 103B	7.00	☐ 750G	30.00	☐ 450P	49.00
☐ 103C	7.00	☐ 141P	20.00	☐ 268F	28.00
☐ 209A	6.00	☐ 266U	33.00	☐ 272D	25.00
☐ 270H	13.00	☐ 259G	13.00	☐ 170M	16.00
☐ 264C	7.00	☐ 259H	13.00	☐ 234A	5.00

☐ Please send free illustraded brochure.


nina
Beaver Hunt Finalist

number four: four stars





Twenty-four-year-old Nina from Oceanside, California, claims the prize of Fourth Finalist in *Beaver Hunt*'s $5,000 Grand Prize competition, winning $1,500 and the congratulations of a million HUSTLER readers. Nina's a businesswoman who is already dreaming of the HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize—$5,000 and an expenses-paid trip to an exotic paradise for a HUSTLER pictorial. Time's running out, ladies, but you can catch up with Nina if you join the hunt now!

Photography by Matti Klatt





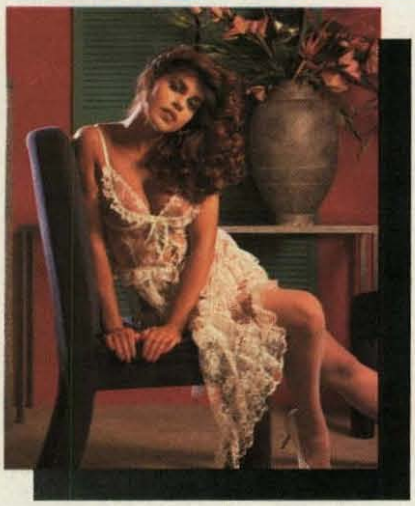








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CALL ANYTIME FOR A JOB WELL DONE



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These are real girls you can be with now! Have a pencil and paper ready before you dial.

" I'm Dianne. You've never had a full body massage until you've had one at my hands. Let me get your blood flowing and you'll get that well deserved release. Call me at (818) 275-[redacted]"

1-900-246-2600

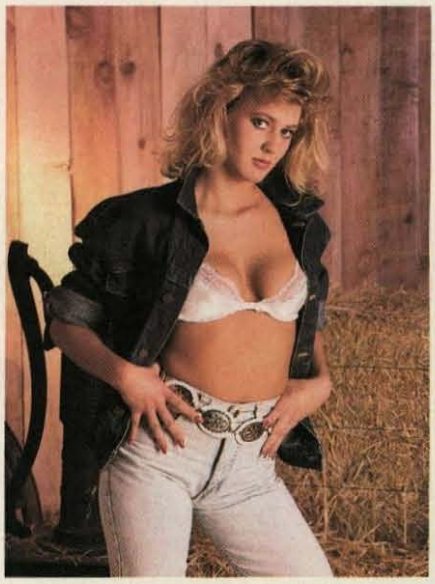
EXTENSION 22

$3.00 per minute. You must be 18 or older to call.

TAP IN ON PRIVATE CONVERSATIONS!

HOT LONELY HOUSEWIVES UNCENSORED

6 for the price of 1



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EXTENSION 36

$1.50 per minute, $2.95 first minute. You must be 18 or older to call.

covered the *real* dirty secret about sex: It's as American as apple pie.

Differences in sexual tastes are as American as apple pie too, but they don't always go down as easy. Over the years, HUSTLER has suffered as much as profited by presenting the pure, unbridled truth about the varied sexual mores of the nation. The first boy/girl photo-set (November '74) elicited overwhelming reader approval and has been a regular feature ever since, but the magazine was deluged with hate mail from the bigot community when *Butch—A Black Stud and His Georgia Peach*—a typical tale of Southern-style miscegenation—hit the stands (December '75). Did HUSTLER bow to pressure coalitions? Only by publishing a similar spread the next year.



Sexual practices that had languished in shame and secrecy were dragged into the glaring limelight of HUSTLER Magazine. No other national rag had the balls to publish shots of steaming cunt crevices mashed together in fits of girl/girl ecstasy, although the scenario was a longtime fantasy of countless men and the nightly practice of not just a few females. Today, thanks to HUSTLER, the sight of two women in coital embrace in stroke magazines is as common as it is arousing.

Previously unmentionable, fellatio and cunnilingus met similar, deserving fates. HUSTLER took these furtive practices and enshrined them in full-color, double-page reality, providing a how-to manual for a generation of curious crotch-munchers. Given the state of sex in America since the advent of HUSTLER Magazine, who can remember the days when a woman who sucked her man's cock hid her head in shame? Dick-sucking and cunt-lapping now claim a legitimate place in everyone's sex conversation. Dirtier anal delights are controversial in the age of safe sex, but the fact that they too are frankly allowed a place in any sex discussion today would have astounded the most optimistic '70s sex crusader, and HUSTLER claims a heady measure of that success.

On top of rimjobs and blowjobs, HUSTLER Magazine has just plain blown its readers' minds. The first life-size centerfold arrived in HUSTLER (July '75) and proved so popular a feature that it was repeated again and again. The notorious *Scratch 'N' Sniff* centerfold (August '77) hit the newsstands before fashion magazines ever dreamed of perfume inserts.

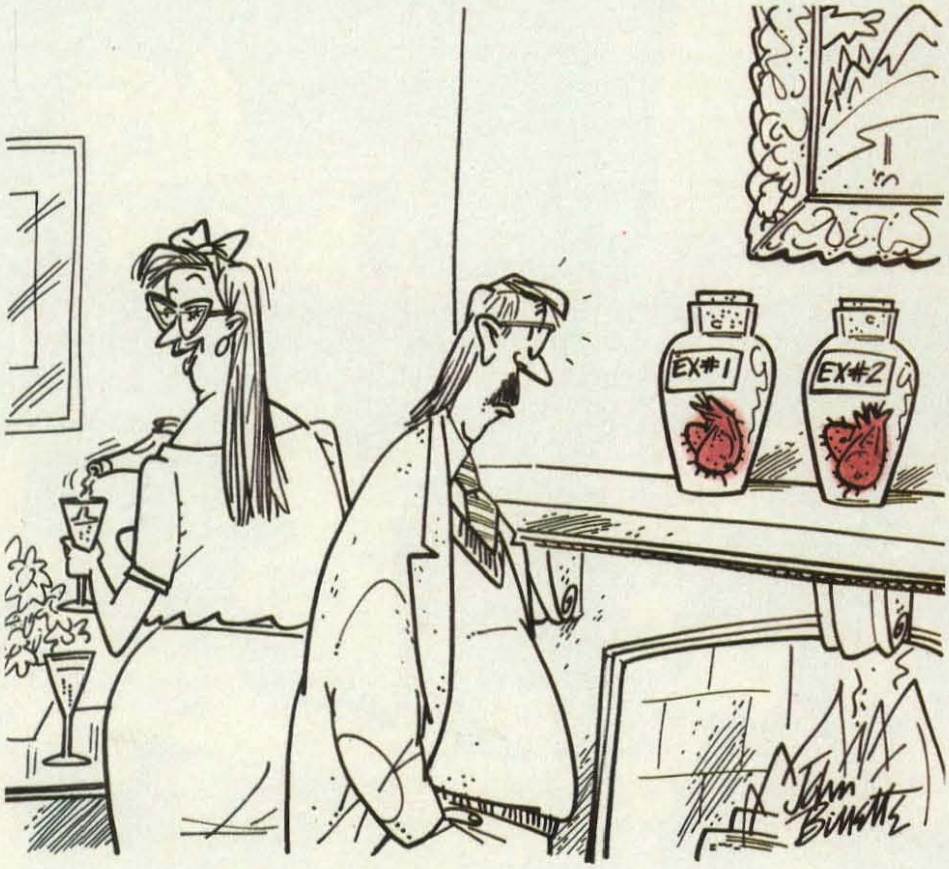
HUSTLER shocked the nation, joining motherhood and eroticism in a pregnant pictorial (April '76), and the first (and only) 50-year-old centerfold graced its pages in September 1975. Revealing photos of a genuine hermaphrodite titillated the curious in 1982. And who can forget the first (and last) heavyweight centerfold, a big-time tuna haul at 300 pounds (August '82)? Blowing minds wide open is a HUSTLER tradition. No one is more pea-brained for the experience. And no one's sex life has suffered!

Along with a scandalous reputation as the magazine in which Elvira, Grace Jones, Pat Boone, Dale Bozzio, Jacqueline Onassis and Congressman Larry McDonald bared their privates (March '84, December '80, January '84, February '85, August '75 and March '84, respectively), HUSTLER has kept its readers informed and up-to-date on a myriad of social studies and current events.

A well-informed man is a confident man, and a confident man has a hard-on that never says die. Editorial subjects in HUSTLER Magazine get the same discriminating attention as its cover models—and for the same reason. HUSTLER Magazine wants its men to get *laid*. "HUSTLER will continue to provide the best in investigative, thought-provoking journalism—as well as the best in pink. And that's how we'll continue to really entertain you," head honcho Larry Flynt promised readers in 1979. Over a decade later, the promise holds good. The HUSTLER man can speak informatively on subjects ranging from abuse of the elderly to nuclear disasters, from loopholes in the Constitution to the Greenhouse Effect—that is, until it's time to fuck. Since the odds are ten to one that the women in a pickup bar who *aren't* hooking are looking for down-to-earth men with a handle on contemporary issues that matches their endowment, HUSTLER Magazine is a good step toward getting there.

Hell, if a woman ain't impressed with mental ability, he can crack her up with any one of countless HUSTLER jokes and cartoons. If she thinks they're in bad taste, he can tantalize her with an informative discussion of how shock tactics shatter stereotypes and open new lines of understanding. If that's no go, he can dump the bitch! There's no better test of a woman's basic worth than HUSTLER humor. And rest assured, if all else fails, those cartoons and a 12-pack of beer are better company than a barload of serious women.

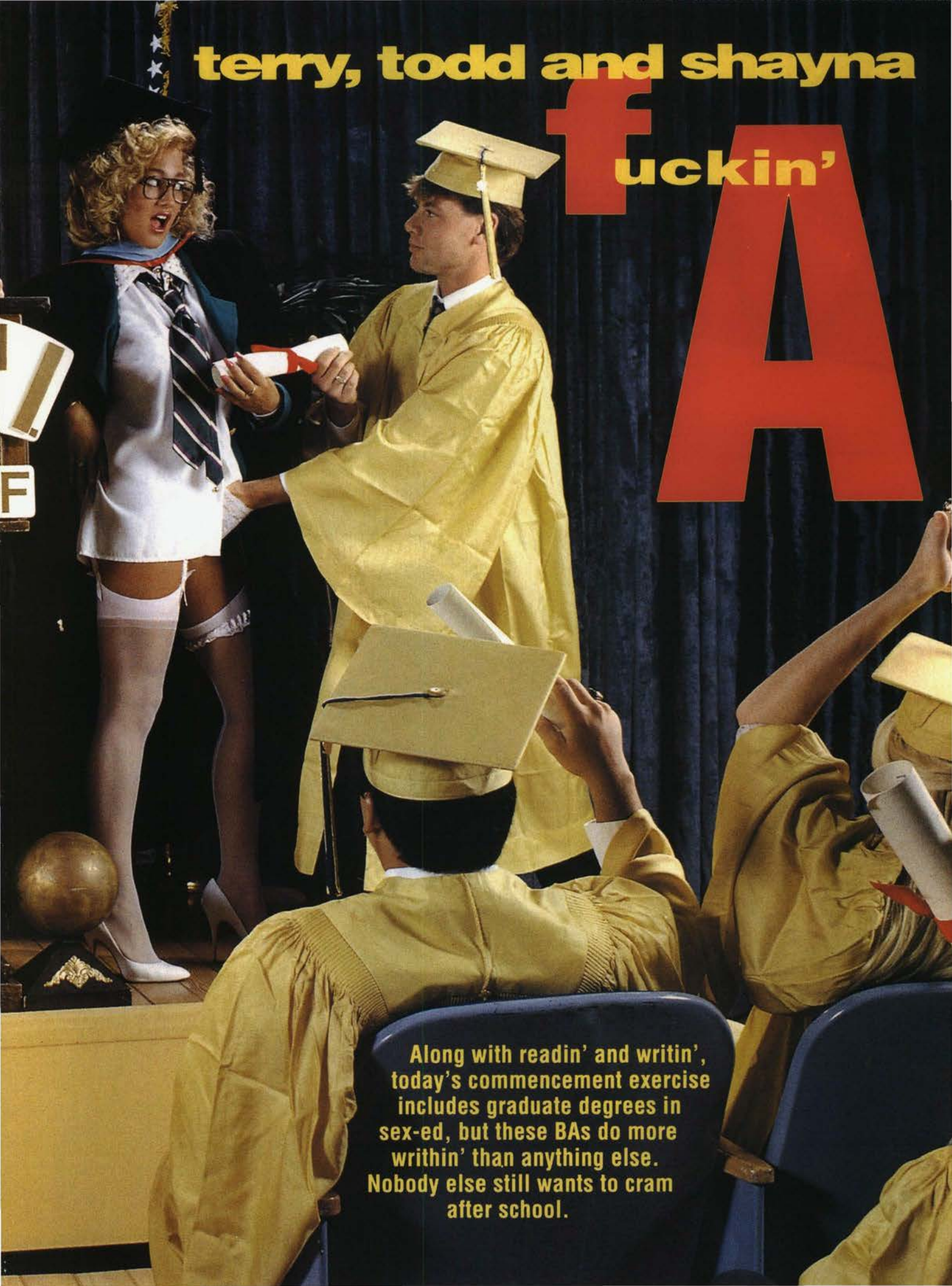
Some people aim at the stars. HUSTLER Magazine says, "Let 'em!" Getting down to earth has always been HUSTLER's ambition, and damn if it didn't hit it on the head. The message is simple. There are more beautiful women than there is camera film. Each one of them is raring to spread her shining legs for a HUSTLER photographer. Man was given a hard-on, and he was meant to use it. Woman was given a slippery tunnel and was meant to have it traveled. HUSTLER Magazine is there for the trip, stacked under the bed with an endless jar of Vaseline. Seventeen years old, and going on forever.



"Yes, as a matter of fact, I've been married twice."

Photography by Clive McLean





Along with readin' and writin', today's commencement exercise includes graduate degrees in sex-ed, but these BAs do more writhin' than anything else. Nobody else still wants to cram after school.






















Jihad Jail
Our Man in Riyadh
Spends 47 Days in the Hole
Desert Downtime with
Dennis D. Logan
fuck you
Peepe the Sailor
kosher
I HATE
FRIDAY



Illustration by the PIZZ

SAUDI SLAMMER

I was taught to accomplish certain actions of toilet without toilet paper, which explains why Arabs don't use their left hands for eating.

I got caught at the Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, airport with a joint in my pocket. The 47 days following that indiscretion proved even more unsettling than a marriage I had had of a similar duration.

Marriage was not what the Saudi customs officer had in mind, although he did spend an inordinate amount of time looking at my butt during the strip search. Two-tenths of a gram of marijuana rolled into a joint was all that remained of a salacious sojourn to Thailand.

I tried to eat the joint, but the agent put his thumb and forefinger between my cheek and gum before I could swallow. He fished out the joint, checked all my other suspicious bodily orifices and transferred me to the Narcotics Police Station.

The holding cell of the Narcotics Division was a room about the size of a tennis court, housing more than 60 men. Rows of fluorescent lights illuminated the yellow walls around the clock. The days were spent silently facing the shiny enameled wall, alternately sitting and standing at the whim of an omnipresent guard. The nights passed trying to sleep shoulder to shoulder, head to foot, on thin blankets. A human jigsaw puzzle made from 60 unrelated pieces.

I was allowed a phone call on my first day. I didn't want to talk to an answering machine, but I left my dire message after the beep as instructed and began seriously doubting the immediacy of my release. Shortly after making the call, my head was shaved. The trusty sold me a towel for $5 and a stick for brushing my teeth for another dollar and a quarter. He also hit me up for $2.75 for the balladeers, the people who cleaned the jail and not crooners as the name may suggest. The fee was not negotiable. You either paid the money or you became a balladeer.

I was taught to accomplish certain actions of toilet without toilet paper, which explains why Arabs don't use their left hands for eating. A fellow prisoner demonstrated dishwashing for me. He poured a little Tide detergent on the stainless-steel tray and rinsed it with water. Later, the balladeers cleaned the floor by the toilets with the same Tide and buckets of water. For bathing, I was handed a small box of Tide and a bucket fresh from floor duty.



The trusty, Abdullah, was generally regarded as crazy. Not much over five feet tall, he weighed close to 300 pounds. Mostly butt. Crazy? He'd spent six years in one room with 60 strangers and the lights on 24 hours a day. He liked to make speeches in the evenings—chest-pounding, boohooing sermons. I asked for a translation: "He is just cray-cy."

Five days after I was arrested, I went to what I think was an arraignment. The Indian translator didn't squander much time on superfluities. He asked how I pleaded to the charge of possession of two grams of marijuana. I corrected him—it was two-tenths of a gram—and confessed that I was guilty.

The judge was paralyzed on one side and wore thick glasses. I heard him say, "Khalas, khalas," and wave his good hand, which I translated as, "Enough, enough," and expected to be released at any moment.

The next day, early in the morning, my name was called with others. A bilingual prisoner told me I was being transferred to the Central Jail. I didn't take it as a good sign.

"The Central Jail is very good. You will like it there," my broken-English-speaking jailmate consoled. "You can smoke!"

I felt uncharacteristically depressed.

As soon as I stepped out of the van onto the white-hot cement at the Central Jail, I remembered my shoes. They had been taken from me at the Narcotics Police Station. Now I was dancing like a cat on a hot tin roof, and, sure enough, my feet were smoking. The guards and bystanders took great delight in my screams and gyrations as I tried to traverse a cement parking lot in the most expeditious of manners, all the while chained by the ankle to an Englishman.

"My bloody feet are burning! Wake up, you silly bastard, can't you smell the flesh burning?" screamed the Brit at the other end of my chain. We shrieked and stumbled to the nearest shade in record three-legged-race time. A snaggletoothed guard with a submachine gun laughed at my misery.

During my admission to the Central Jail, I was allowed to speak with the American consul. He informed me that the best thing to do was be a model prisoner. His best guess about my sentence was deportation sometime within the next two years. He promised to visit when he could. There was little he could do.

The introduction to my potential home for the next two years left me utterly speechless. I couldn't believe such a place existed outside of a theme park. Six Flags Over Hell. The chipped, filthy walls hinted at once having been yellow. No longer noticed notices in Arabic peeled along with the paint. The cement floor was worn black and smooth from years of pacing by anxious inmates. A loudspeaker broadcast



"They're very close!"

SAUDI SLAMMER

Beheading takes place Fridays around noon. Hedji stayed up all night every Thursday doing his prayers, not ceasing until late Friday.

prayers and sermons in Arabic. The only moisture in the air came from the bodies of men.

Section Five was the "meet and greet section." Everyone passed through on the way to longer-term residency in segregated sections. Section One was murderers; Section 13 was alcoholics; Section Six was sex offenders.

My classification of "foreigner" and subsequent transfer took four days. During that time I was befriended by a Saudi shipping magnate. He bought me a blanket, cigarettes, a bar of soap and a real toothbrush from the murderers at the end of the hall. They had the sales concession for this section, and no one questioned it. On the weekend, he invited me and the Brit to watch censored reruns of *The Waltons* and Wally Gator cartoons on the TV in his room. He'd been to college in the United States and was glad to have company that could speak English.

Apparently some of his employees had conspired to smuggle a quantity of marijuana from Thailand to Saudi Arabia, using the company as a front. They were caught. As is the practice, the president of the company was held ultimately responsible and brought to jail pending an investigation.

Another Englishman met us at the foreigner's section. He lead the way down a long, dingy corridor to the room reserved for English speakers. It measured ten feet by 13 and was devoid of furniture except for an overburdened refrigerator and some metal shelving. Beds were made of folded blankets and laid out over every inch of floor space. We were lucky to have so much room.

Three of my jailmates, Dave, David and Allen, were British. Dave came into Riyadh on a Saudia Airlines flight from Bangkok and expected to change planes a few hours later for a return to London. He had no desire to be in Saudi Arabia, except to change planes. Dogs sniffed his luggage during the transfer. Joints packaged as Thai cigarettes were discovered. The luggage was traced to Dave, and he was carted to jail.

At first he called himself a financial planner, but as we got to know each other fairly well, he confessed to being an insurance salesman. A nearly full aluminum ashtray and pack of Marlboro cigarettes were never far from his face. Even in sleep he insisted on having cigarettes near him.



David was the man who met me at the door to Section Four. Eight months prior, the police raided his apartment and found a quantity of wine and homemade moonshine. The two-year sentence he received for the few gallons of alcohol will make him 51 when he gets out.

David taught English to bank tellers before the police cut his career short. A man of character, he maintained an amazingly good attitude. He went well out of his way to make the rest of us comfortable as we trickled in. His seniority made him the unspoken room leader.

Allen belonged least of all. His strong devotion to his family gave his oversized frame a defenseless quality. On the train from his home to the airport in London he had been drinking wine. He put the bottle in his carry-on bag when he left the train and didn't remember it until he was on the Saudia Airlines plane headed for Saudi Arabia. Not thinking much about it, he poured the contents of the bottle, five or six ounces, into a glass and drank it.

A Saudi passenger saw Allen commit this offense and reported it to the airport police upon their arrival.

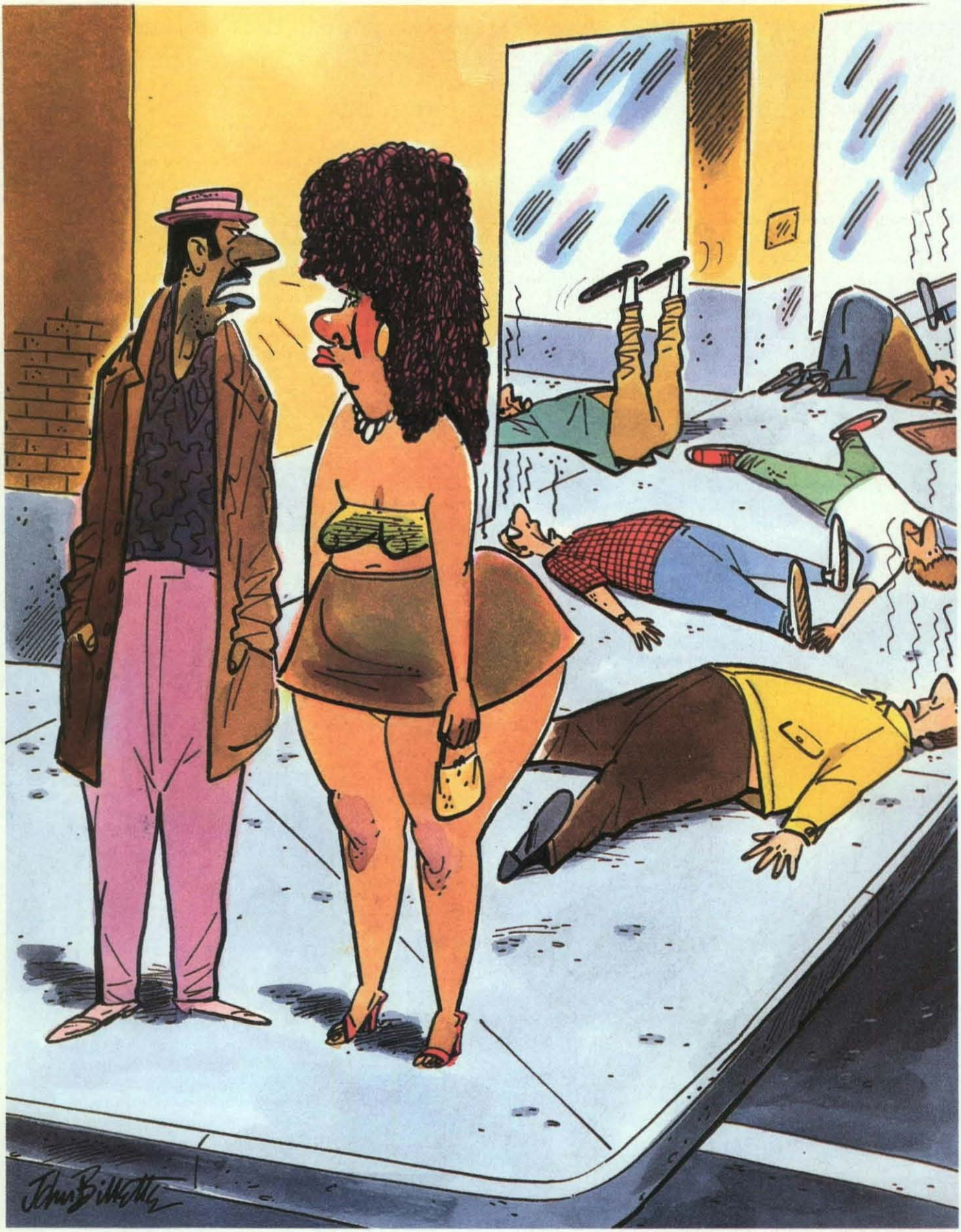
Two young Yemeni, Munir and Hedji, occupied the back corner. Munir, maybe 20 years old, had been hired from his homeland to be a chauffeur. He was caught as part of a gang stealing from their French employers.

Munir begrudged me my bed. I couldn't blame him—the location near the door had some advantages. It had been his bed when I arrived. He was taken to another jail for interrogation, and it became my bed. When he came back, he never exactly asked for it. The fact that I'm 15 years older, a foot taller and 100 pounds heavier than him may have been the reason.

Hedji slept on the outside, trying to absorb any coolness in the concrete-block wall. Above him, the only window was obstructed by a defunct air-conditioning duct.

Hedji had thick, bullish limbs and a proportionate skull. He was convicted of murder and had been waiting to be executed for three years. He and seven associates attempted to rob a warehouse. A watchman found them in the act. The group beat the watchman with whatever weapons were available, mostly wooden sticks. Since Hedji beat the man with an iron bar, he was found to be the cause of the death and received a death sentence. The others received jail terms.

Beheading takes place Fridays around noon. Because of that, Hedji stayed up all night every Thursday doing his prayers, not ceasing until ten o'clock Friday morn-



"Woman! I thought I told you to wash that funky pussy!"

SAUDI SLAMMER

Breakfast alternated between green, beige or brown gruel. Sopped up with flat bread, the green and the brown were tolerable.

ing. If the captain hadn't come for him by then, Hedji had at least one more week to live and fell deeply asleep.

The only fresh air in the room came from a sunny picture postcard of the Alps David stuck to the wall with toothpaste. The skinny ceiling fan was about as effective as a dragon fly on a brick oven. We tried soaking blankets with water and hanging them for an evaporative cooling effect. All it did was make the room hot and steamy and smell something awful.

The food could best be described as rudimentary. Breakfast alternated between green, beige or brown gruel. Sopped up with flat bread, the green and the brown gruel were tolerable, even pretty good.

Lunch alternated between boiled chicken and "the meat that goes *baa, baa*." These were served with large trays of spiced rice and bowls of potato soup, all consumed using only the right hand.

Dinner consisted of little more than a piece of fruit and some bread. Usually, individual servings of jam and cheese came with the bread. I never seemed to get any of the strawberry jam. I always got stuck with the orange marmalade, which even the Yemeni consumed only after the garlic salad was gone. I swore that I would never be without strawberry jam if I was returned to civilization. Neither the cockroaches nor the ants would eat the orange marmalade.

I heard some incredible stories during the hundreds of idle hours. One Filipino claimed he had been arrested for possession of a Polaroid snapshot of his girlfriend back home wearing a bikini. The same bespectacled judge who waved his hand at me had given this guy a six-month sentence. With administrative lethargy added on, he would be in jail at least eight months.

An old man from Bangladesh had bought a live chicken to take home for dinner—not an uncommon occurrence in Saudi Arabia. The religious police saw him with the squawking bird and deduced he intended to make a sex object of the chicken. I gave him a cigarette, and he pointed to another man sitting about ten feet away. That man had apparently been arrested for forcing his affections upon a goat.



"I've been thinking, Arthur... maybe you should start smoking again."

The longer I stayed inside jail, the more my fantasies turned toward food and less toward sex. I was pretty well used to sex deprivation, but decent-food deprivation got to me. I woke one morning from a satisfying dream about bacon. Rolling over, I was startled to find that I had become aroused by the dream. I found this very frightening and vowed to drink more tea.

On my 41st day of imprisonment, I was again transferred. This time I went to Section 12, the deportation section. Before I could be transferred, I had to pay my fine. It came to one riyal, or about 27¢. I argued with the guard. I was sure there was some mistake. It was inconceivable that I could spend more than 40 days in a hellish prison, and then the fine was only 27¢.

If prisons were rated with stars, Section 12 would get four black holes. Days were spent second by second, shoulder to shoulder with other inmates waiting for the daily ice delivery. We were allowed to buy a limited amount of ice from a vendor, if he showed up. Beyond that, the only drinking water came from a tank on the roof. By ten in the morning, the water was too hot to bathe in.

Nobody slept. The heat sucked life out of our bodies until finally we passed out. My sleeping space came to five feet by one foot, with a knee in the back from the Thai guy who slept next to me.

Some Somalians arrested for drinking feared getting deported to Somalia and the incessant civil war there. Some Palestinians awaited deportation to somewhere, anywhere. One Afghan wanted my address in America so he could bring over a pound of heroin. I told him he'd go to jail for 20 years. He didn't mind: American jails are air-conditioned and have color TV.

After six days in Section 12, my name was called. I shouted an Arabic goodbye. All 150 men in the section chorused farewell.

A small, aging guard escorted me, handcuffed, to the airport. He seemed like a very kind man and bought me a Pepsi.

I was allowed to board the flight first. My congenial escort removed my handcuffs and bid me peace. I was freer than I had been for 47 unbelievably long days. I found my seat and buckled up. An American stewardess offered me something to drink. I was so happy, I felt I might explode. A few minutes later, an airline ticket agent came to my seat and asked me to come with him. I wasn't interested in going with him, but he persisted and led me from the plane.

My jail escort quickly returned the handcuffs to my wrists. The plane I had boarded stopped at another city in Saudi Arabia before it went to New York. The

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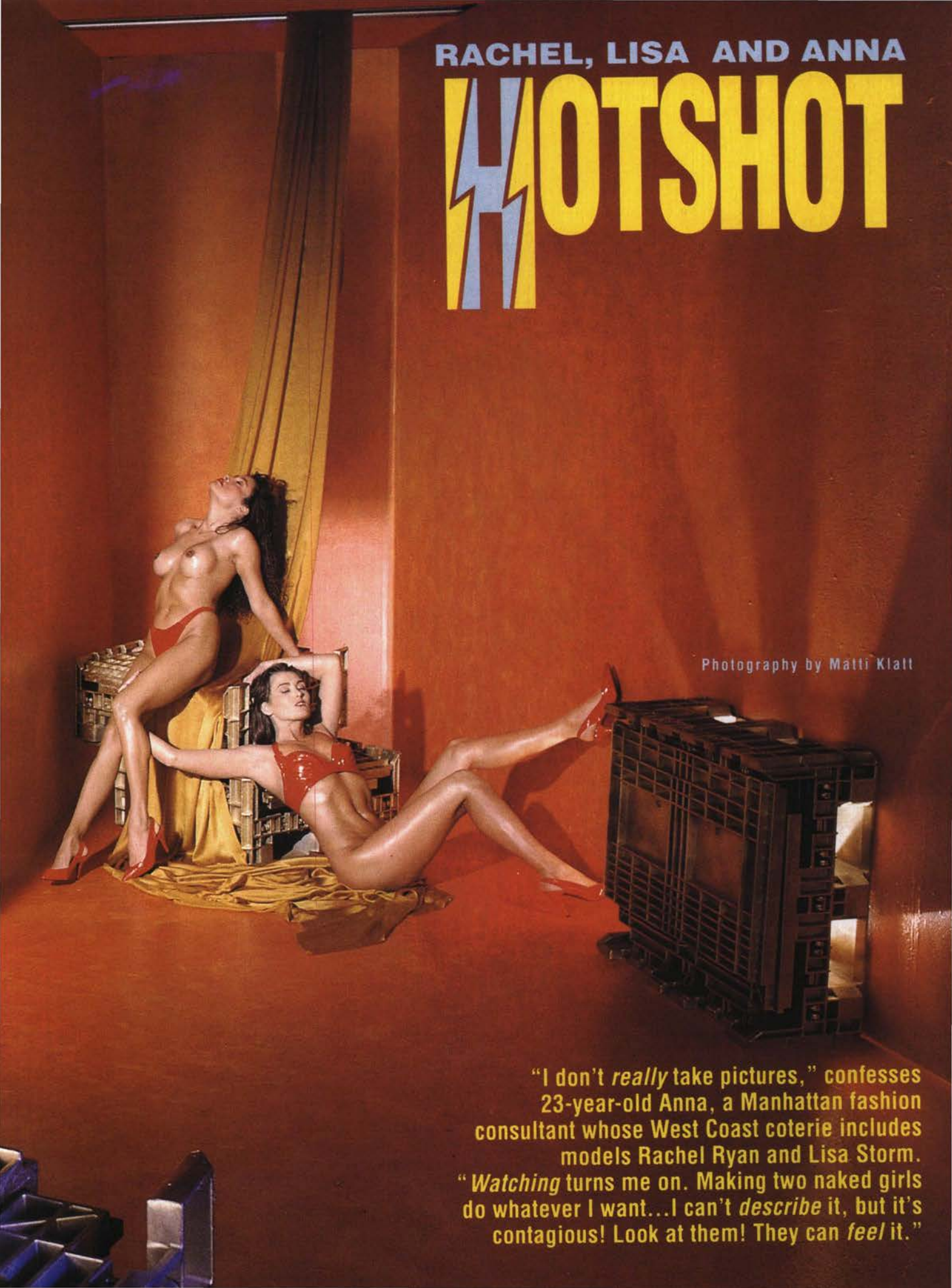


"Next—oral rapist terrorizes city—Peggy Hainey has that story for us...."



RACHEL, LISA AND ANNA

HOTSHOT



Photography by Matti Klatt

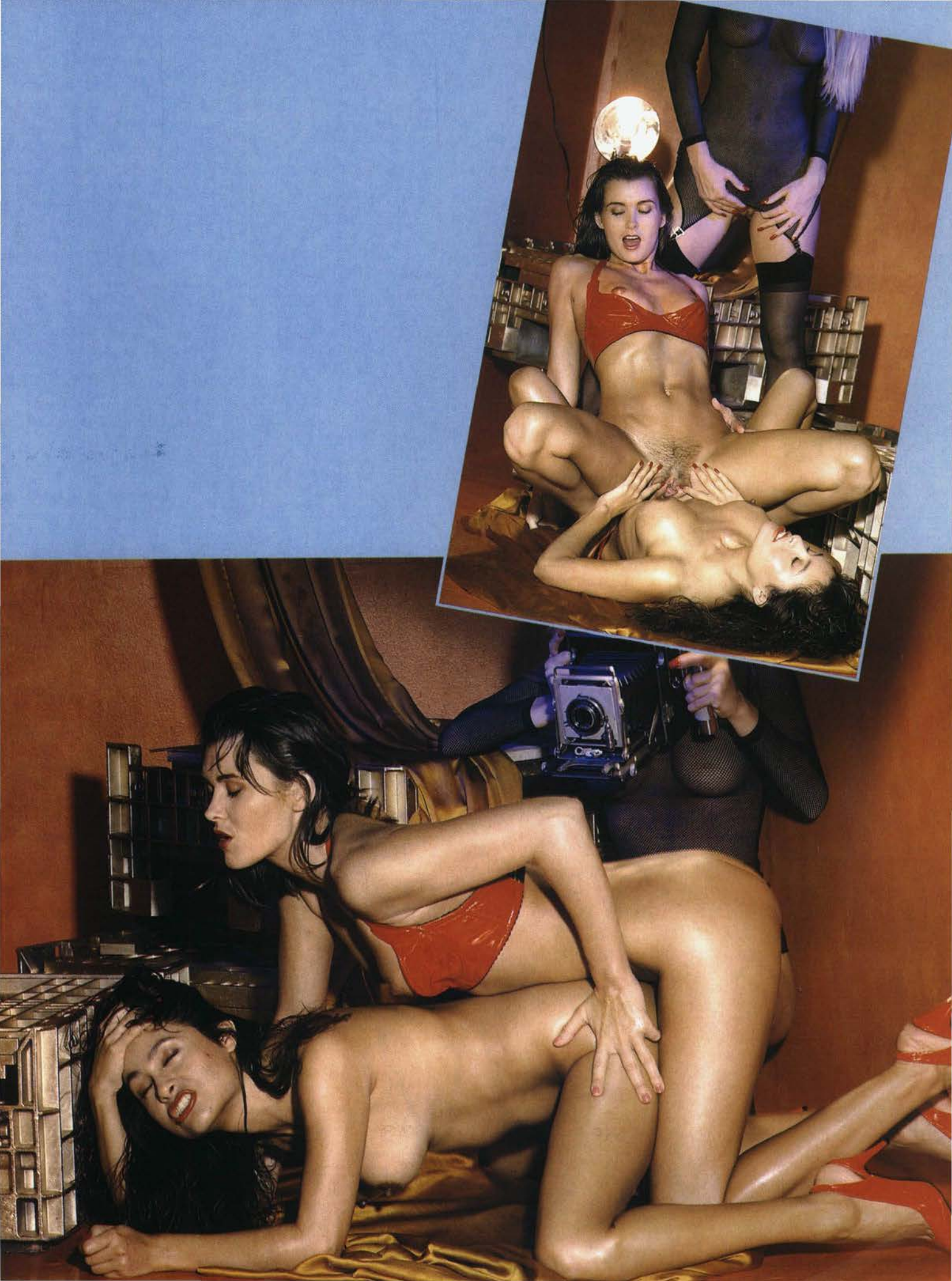
"I don't *really* take pictures," confesses 23-year-old Anna, a Manhattan fashion consultant whose West Coast coterie includes models Rachel Ryan and Lisa Storm. "*Watching* turns me on. Making two naked girls do whatever I want...I can't *describe* it, but it's contagious! Look at them! They can *feel* it."
















JAY GRELL ©1991

SMUT QUEEN CONFESSIONAL: THEIR LIPS UNSEALED

Sure, she'll blow Ron Jeremy; does that mean she'll fuck the rest of us too?

X-STARLET SURVEY BY JONNY MESCAL



X-STARLET SURVEY

Cheri Taylor: "I look at faces first, and if the face looks like something I want to sit on, I do it. I love to give head and be on top when I screw."

During his lonely hours of solitary video screening, every true man eventually wonders, as his cathode fixation pulls scrotum hairs from her nose, takes the dick out of her ear and wipes sloppy wad from her chin, *What does it take for a real-life guy to get into a porn slut's panties? Would she ever go out with me? And what would a date with her be like?*

The only way to find out is to have Jonny Mescal ask.

* * *

MISTRESS SONDRA: I only bother with people who go through my screening process. Very few qualify. They need to write to me and respond properly to the interviews. The address is 519 Castro Street #82, San Francisco, CA 94114-2577. They have to be totally submissive and treat me in the manner that is appropriate for the goddess that I am.

LEE CARROLL: He's got a long waiting line. I hope he has stamina, because I don't just lay there like a dope. I fuck him until there's nothing left of his dick.

KIKI: We'd have to be able to communicate well. And he'd have to not only be interested in my physical being, but more importantly my mental—what's upstairs.

If I really liked him, I'd tease him a lot so I'd know he'd be coming back. I might make him think he's gonna get somewhere, but I wouldn't go all the way. I would *try* not to anyway. But when we get around to that, I'd give him a blowjob that he'd never forget. I'd swallow, lick his balls, deep-throat—the whole bit.

HOLLY RYDER: A real date with me? A full-body massage with oils and candles, and then we can go out to dinner, and then a show and a walk on the beach. I love to make love by the water. And anybody that's got a Harley comes real damn close to me. I like my clit licked, fingers in my ass, cocks in my ass, spankings—I love it all. Right when I come, I like to be held in the throat. It makes me come harder.

ALICE SPRINGS: He has to have some money to wine and dine me and treat me like a lady. He has to be able to satisfy me sexually, and be able to do things spontaneously—sex in the elevator, handjob in a bar, etc. And dress nice, have manners, know their wines and stuff like that. I'd do everything that's sane. I like to have fun—anywhere, anytime.

ASHLEY NICOLE: I like it when a guy has money but doesn't brag about it. I like when he shows generosity, but only to a point. I like wildflowers, not roses. Roses are too common. I'm 5-8; so they have to be 5-10 or taller. They have to have a lot of hair. I don't want a commitment—just somebody who wants to go dancing and have a lot of fun. Sex has got to be good. I like them playing around with my breasts, and then going down, and then just fucking me in all ways as much as possible.

CHERI TAYLOR: I look at faces first, and if the face looks like something I want to sit on, I do it. The romantic stuff would be a box lunch—not necessarily including me—on the beach, watching the sunset and making love on the beach with the waves coming in. I love to give head and be on top when I screw. A lot of deep-throating, a lot of hands, no teeth, no nails, and some twist motion with my hands.

ZARA WHITES: I like characters; I like the way they dress. If they surprise me, a guy could expect about anything. I love doggy. Sometimes being spanked on my butt. I like giving head and getting head.

BRITT MORGAN: If a guy can dance, he can fuck. If he can't dance, I don't bother. He has to be seductive and mysterious. I like it to be really hot and wicked—the dinner and romance don't matter. When I go to dinner, I take my mom out.

MADISON: You have to be really cool and not like the norm in society. But if you're trying to get me, then you obviously don't give a shit about the norm. Liking Harley-Davidsons is a must. Then you have to do fun things with me, play with me, talk dirty and sing to me. Dates with me usually start out with motorcycles. You get on your bike, you have some wine, you have some groovy music. You kiss, you hug. You're right behind him on the bike, smashing your tits into his back; he's getting turned-on. And as you drink and listen to music, you slowly start to kiss.

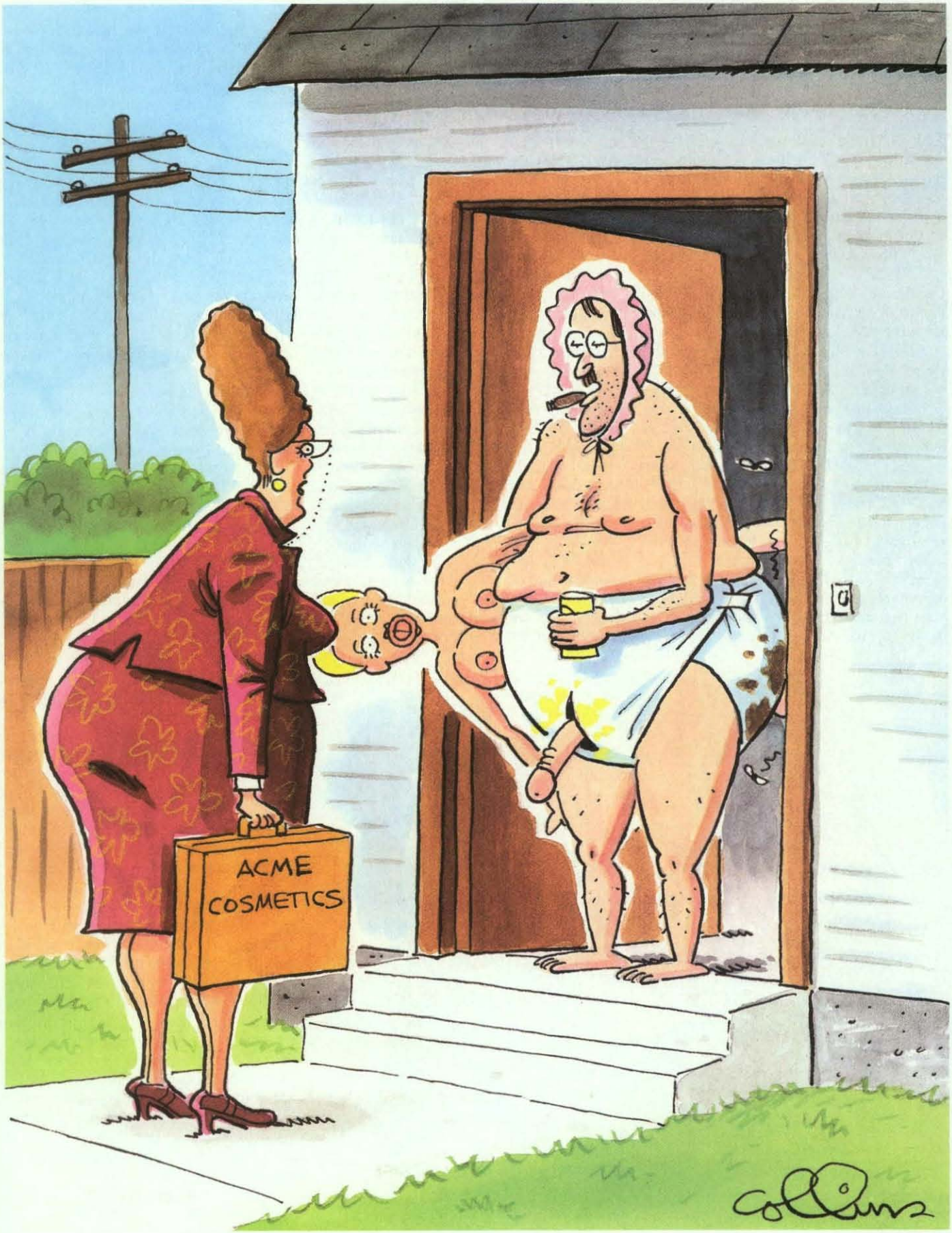
Public sex is much more fun, because there's always the risk of getting caught. You want to scream, but you can't; so you have to hold your breath. So you just move into it nice and slow. If you have anything like a Jacuzzi at home, it can become an all-nighter. If you can't bring yourself even to eat the next day, then you were doing okay with your date the night before.

HEATHER HUNTER: Comedy. I love someone who laughs me into bed—it always works. I like to go out dancing. After I dance, I'm very warmed up. I love oral sex; I like to give and receive.

LEILANI: I don't go out on dates; I just go out and swing. I swing and fuck a lot.

MARILYN ROSE: Give me a dozen





"No, the lady of the house is not here, but please...come in!"

X-STARLET SURVEY

Jeanna Fine: "We would go to a strip club and watch the girls, then hopefully pick one up, molest her and send her home without exchanging numbers."

pink roses, and you'll take my heart away.

MISSY WARNER: I like women—blondes with big tits and tight butts. We'd take a bubblebath with candles around the bathtub and have a nice dinner. Probably do our makeup and hair and make us look all glamorous, and then fuck our brains out.

TAYLOR: I like hair—no baldies. Good body—no fatties. I like the beach. I like to be blindfolded and handcuffed, not knowing what to expect.

ANGELA SUMMERS: I like a guy that lets me do what I want. On a date, I like to go out for drinks and dinner, and then to a play or something. Sex would be easy for him, 'cause I like to take control. I enjoy sucking cock; so I'll do that for him anytime.

TASHA VOUX: I like that construction-worker look—a man who looks like a man. I give great head and fuck like a wild animal; I do gymnastics—gymnasts are a great fuck. I can put my legs behind my head—men love to fuck like that.

JESSICA LANE: I like a serious sense of humor and somebody who's willing to play. Not sex right off the bat. I'd rather go to the circus. Sex with me—I'm not a quickie person. It's whatever comes to mind and whatever's possible in the particular locale. Volkswagens make things tough. Park benches are uncomfortable.

JEANNA FINE: You've got to be as aggressive as I am, and that's pretty tough. I'd take them to an S&M place, and tie, beat and whip them for a while, and I might even bend over myself and take a few. We would then go to a strip club and watch the girls, then hopefully pick one up, take her home, molest her for the night and send her home without exchanging numbers.

HYAPATIA LEE: To get me? An AIDS test. Other than that, I'm pretty easy. Arrogance is a big turn-off. Sincerity is a big turn-on. Sometimes I'm romantic, and sometimes I'm wild. I'd like to do a nice candlelight fire, a bearskin, a bottle of white zinfandel and some incense burning, and then just get down to a massage with some Kama Sutra oil. I like to lick it off inch by inch.

SUNNY McKAY: Looks don't count; it depends on how loving, understanding and trustworthy they are. A date with me could be hell. Sex with me could be exciting, but I'm not kinky. I'm sort of romantic; I like to be touched and loved and turned-on, more than just having a guy give it to me.

ALEXANDRIA QUINN: I like big, hairy chests and strong arms. I like aggressiveness, but not too aggressive. I like to go out to dinner and dancing. If he was really good-looking, I'd fuck him—anywhere, everywhere. I'd undo his button and zipper with my teeth, and then I'd pull it out. If it's not already hard, then I'll lick around the head and lick down it and around the balls. And then I'll tickle under his balls while I take it in. I love to deep-throat.

TORI WELLES: Be sweet and caring and loving when you're not in bed. I'm not good at fantasies; I'm a really simple person. I like sweats, videos and popcorn. I leave sex to their imagination. What they see on the screen is not even a tenth of what they get in person.

VIVIANA: I love tall, muscular men. A date with me would be exciting. I love sports, and I'm great to talk to.

SAMANTHA YORK (amateur tapes): Personality, looks and a nice, big dick. A date with me could get pretty kinky. Maybe I'd let the guy tie me up and do whatever he wanted to do—maybe.

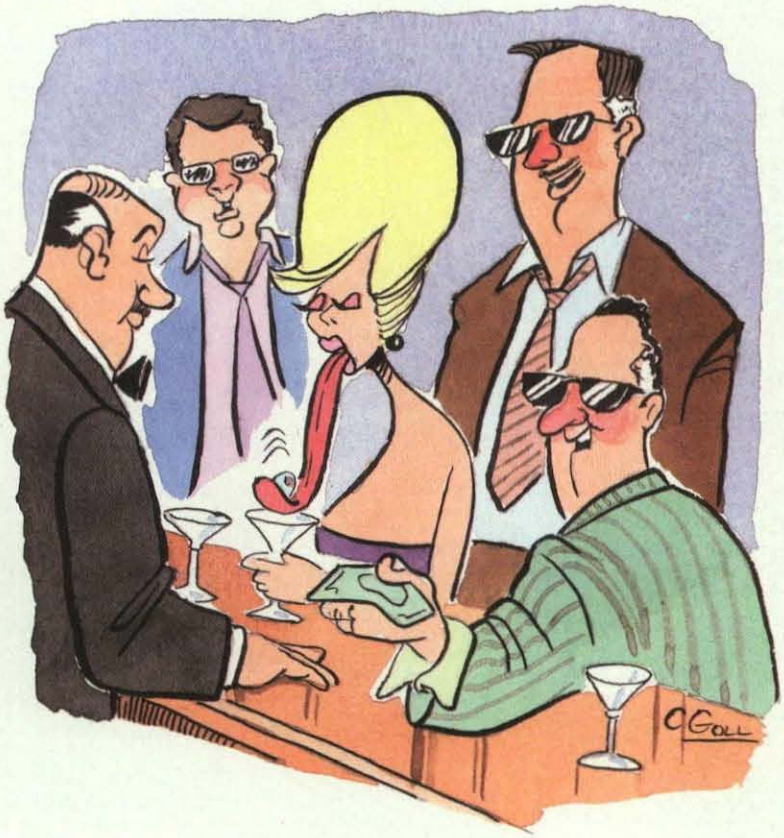
NINA HARTLEY: Sense of humor, good buns. Fantasy date—dancing and listening to jazz in a smoke-free club, and having some old-fashioned Italian food.

BIONCA: A very well-kept appearance, and a man who likes to screw a lot. I'm horny 24 hours a day, seven days a week. I like a guy who's funny, romantic, and loves to lick my pussy. We'd have Mexican food, and then we'd walk along the beach and talk. Then we'd go back to my place, and I'd fuck his brains out. I'd start with some head, because I love to suck cock. I'd fuck him, and it's nice with me being on top, because it goes deep. And I'd bring him to a nice climax. Then we'd rest for a couple of seconds and do it again.

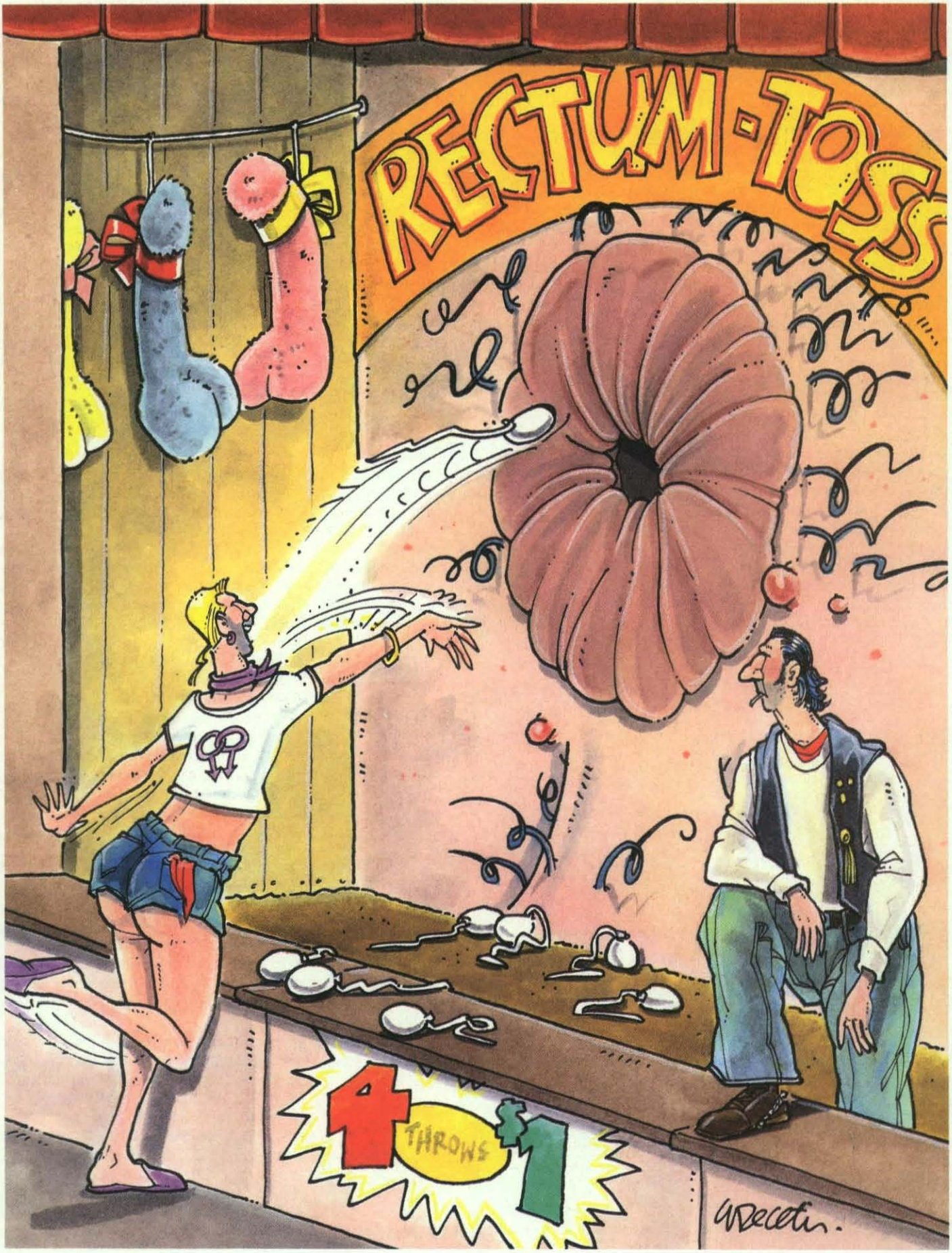
SUSAN VEGAS: Money gets my attention, but personality and sense of humor keep it. A guy's got to be persistent if he wants me. No matter how bad I insult him, he's got to stay with it and keep it up.

I don't usually have sex on a first date. I don't let them feel they've got their foot in the door. I tell them no, even though I want it—just to be ornery. Guys who have a lot of confidence either have big dicks, or they know what to do with their cocks. And I'm not going to bed with a guy and waste my time; I want to know if the guy knows what he's doing. If I'm with a guy that can't make me climax, I usually don't go out with him again.

TIANNA: A man with a sense of humor always gets me. And also if they're a little different-looking. This one guy had this Oriental-looking haircut, and pierced eyebrows or lips or something. He wasn't ex-



"Just keep 'em comin', Fred!"


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X-STARLET SURVEY

Mistress Jacqueline: "When I take my slaves out to restaurants, I give them a special gravy to put on their steaks—after I use the bathroom."

actly my type of guy, but he was interesting.

A guy would find me to be a comfortable date. I'd probably want to go to a movie with a lot of blood and guts—that makes me horny. I've been dying to go to a drive-in movie and have sex. Things would be all steamy, and people would be walking by and wondering what's going on in that car. That would be my date—*Texas Chainsaw Massacre* at a drive-in.

I perform better after I've had a little satisfaction. I like to be licked in between my pussy and my asshole—that half an inch of skin serves no purpose, but it's very sensitive. If somebody could lick that for a while, I'd do just about anything.

BRANDY ALEXANDRE: I've been wanting my chiropractor for the two years I've been seeing him, but getting nowhere. On the other hand, this guy who's not ugly, but not my type, wants to do everything for me. He detailed my car and helped me buy a new gun. He takes me shooting and to Disneyland. Do I want this guy who worships the ground I walk on, or do I want my fantasy chiropractor?

I'm a neurotic female; so be prepared. I have to have good food. If I'm well fed, I'm happy. It could be rowdy. I get into spanking and stuff under those circumstances.

CHRISTY CANYON: First, someone who makes me laugh—like the Ron Jeremy-type. Second, they can't be possessive. I could never be with a guy who tells me what to do, when to be home, when to have a hot meal on the table. And then, of course, looks come in.

He has to take me to a romantic dinner. I can pack food away like there's no tomorrow. Once this guy took me to an Italian restaurant, and I ordered chicken picatta. It was so good that when the waiter came back and said, "Can I get you anything else?" I said, "I'll have another chicken picatta." The guy never asked me out again. He saw his wallet diminishing in front of his very eyes. I'm half Armenian and half Italian; so it's in my blood to eat.

Well, we'd have to have some foreplay; I don't like going right into sex. I don't mind putting in a video of mine and watching it while we're having sex, or another girl's video, like Hyapatia or Tori Welles. I like to talk during sex, like, "How do my tits feel?" or "Oh, your prick feels so good." I don't like to just lie there and wait till he's all done and just roll over.

MELISSA MELENDEZ: Looks are secondary for me. He has to make me laugh. I have to be surprised and excited. I want to be thrilled nonsexually. When he gets me? Wild fun. I'm in control though. I lay the person down, take off their clothes and work on them. I haven't had any complaints.

JENNIFER STEWART: I like a considerate, friendly personality, good sense of humor, and someone who has manners. Good looks isn't really at the top; I'm much more interested in the person.

Sex with me would be loud. I have a pillow nearby to put over my face. Sometimes I tend to claw a little bit. I've never drawn blood, but my nails make a couple of marks afterward.

MISTRESS JACQUELINE: He's got to be very kinky and open-minded, and love to be tied up, teased, spanked—and do whatever I say. He could expect anything on a date with me. Sometimes when I take my slaves out to restaurants, I give them a special gravy to put on their steaks—after I use the bathroom, that is.

CAMEO: He has to be good-looking and have a very distinct attitude—somebody that stands out above others. I love candlelight dinners and walks on the beach. When you have sex with someone, you should completely lose control, do whatever you enjoy and let yourself go.

PENNY LANE: Be sweet and romantic. They have to keep up with my sexual appetite and want it as much as I do. When I wake up in the morning, I want it. Before breakfast, I want it. After breakfast, I want it. I want it all the time. I like to do everything I can to please whoever I'm with. I spoil men; so they make out all right.

PATRICIA KENNEDY: He's got to have a big dick, personality, money and looks, and he has to know how to treat a lady. Depending on the person, I'd give it all I've got—almost every position I can think of, and he better be coming at least three or four times. I like to go to expensive restaurants, and after that I like to go to a movie. You've definitely got to give me some wine, and I'll get wild.

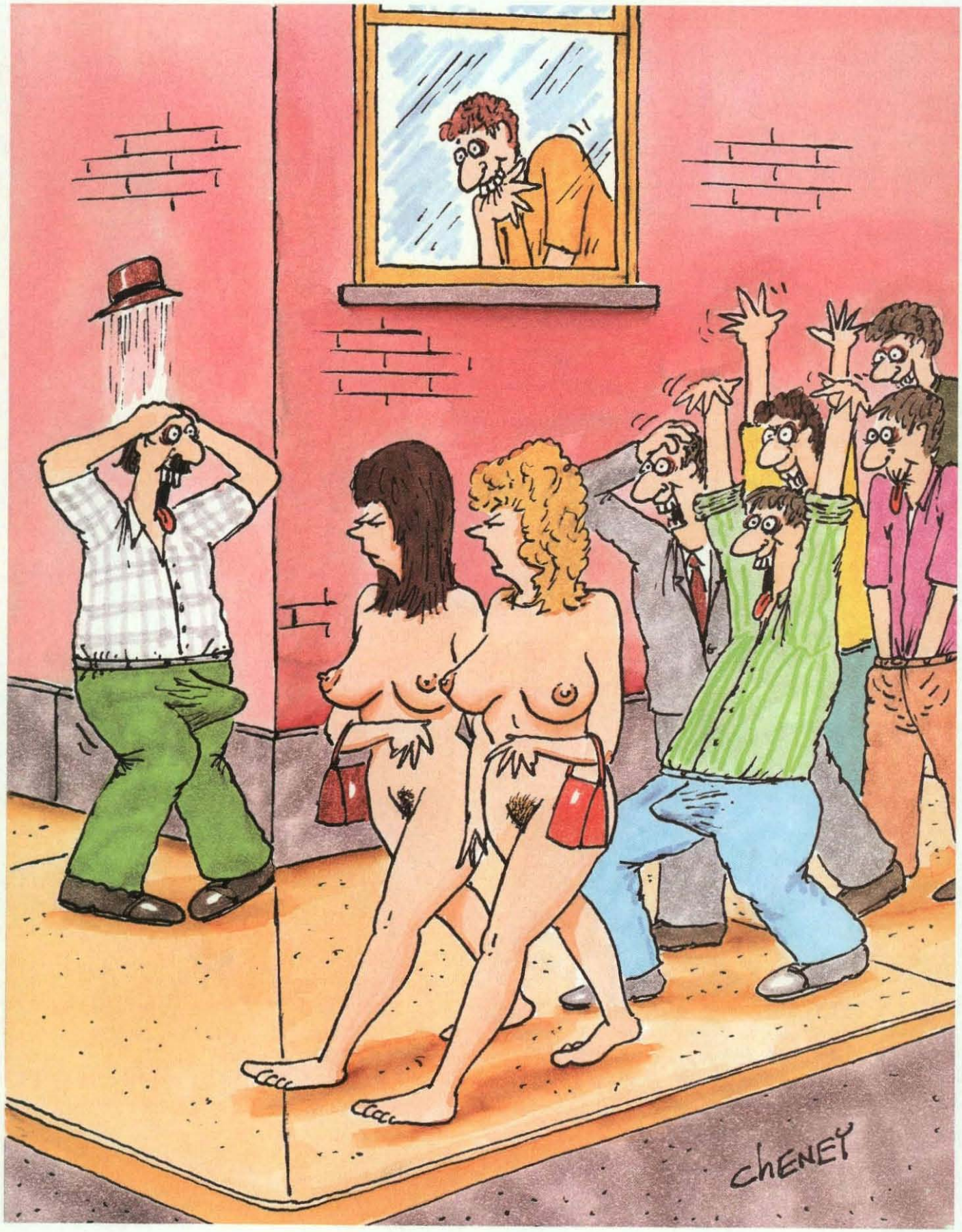
SELENA STEELE: Nobody's gotten me yet. I don't really date. I like a guy who likes to come over, screw me and then leave. Sex is wild. I like to control it, and I like it fast and hard. I break furniture. I like to break the chair when I'm screwing.

COLLEEN BRENNAN: He has to be handsome, sensitive, strong, intelligent, and have a good sense of humor—or 500 bucks cash. Sex with me? I don't know; I've never been awake off camera. People tell me it's okay.

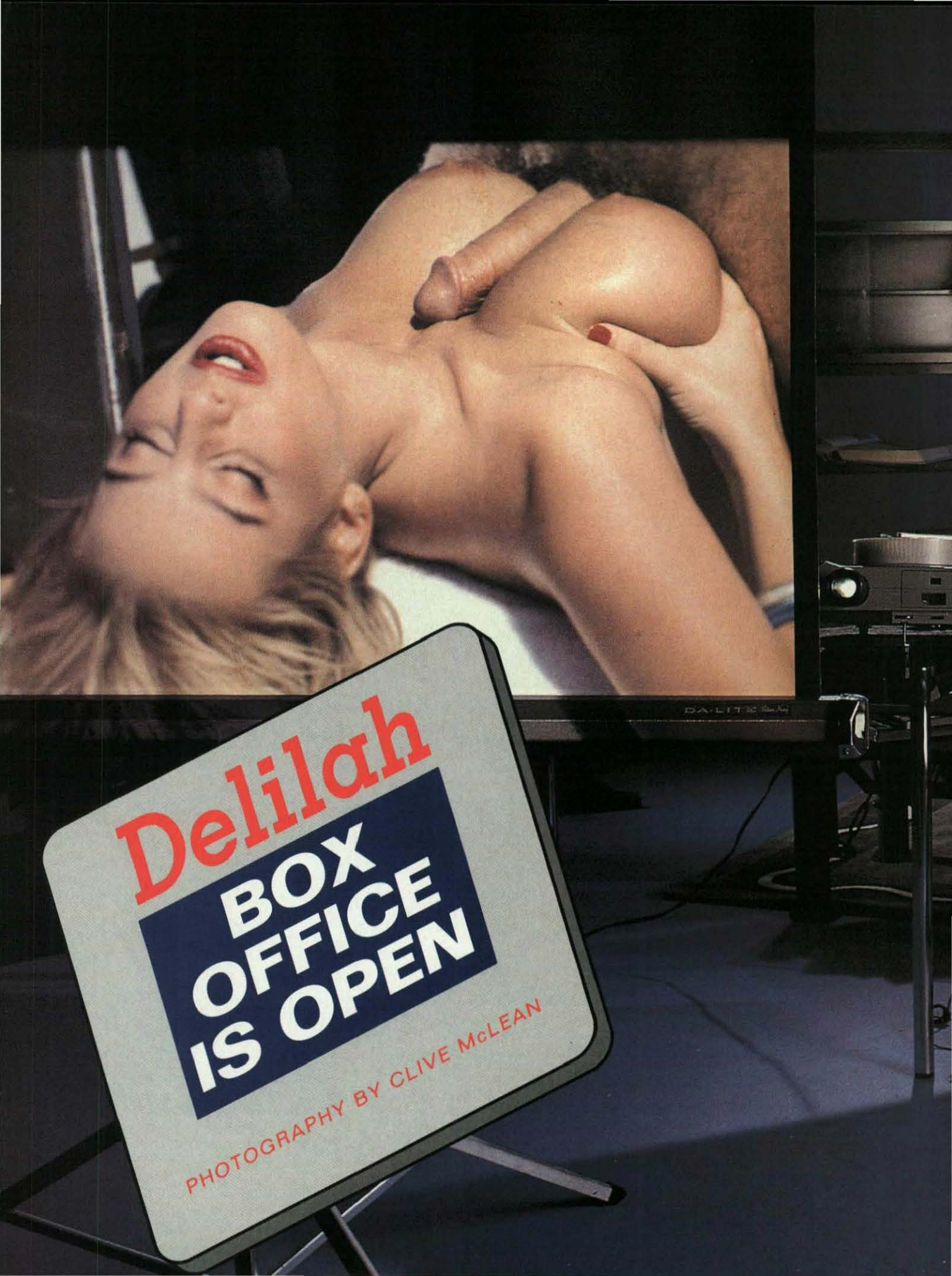
KIRSTIE ALLIN: To be fun.



"And do you, Vera, promise to get fat, frigid and generally become a raging bitch?"

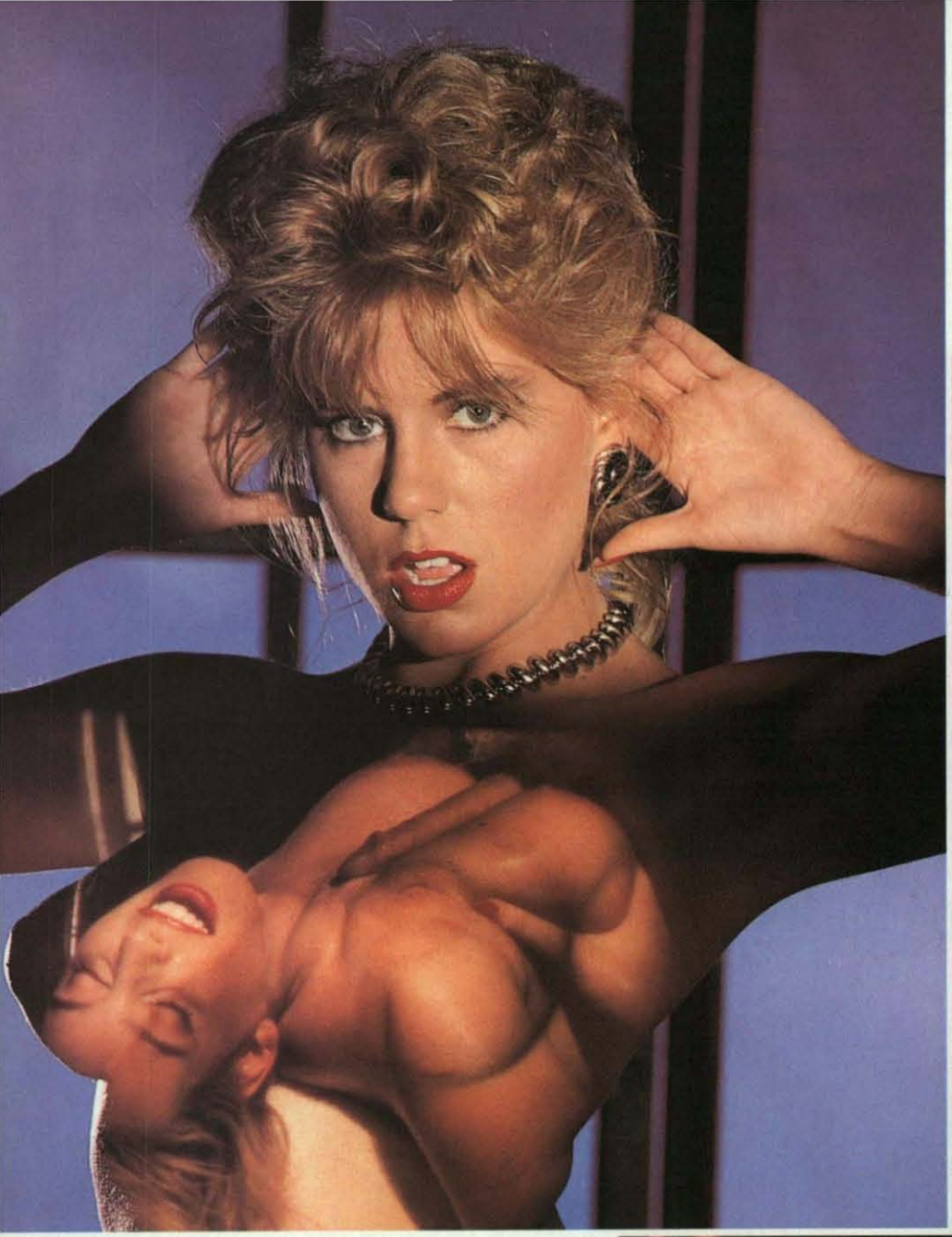


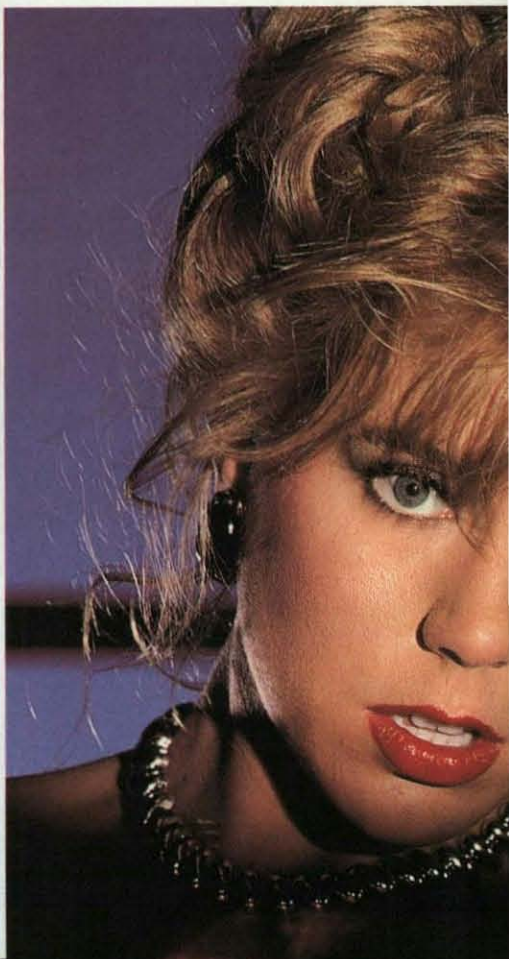
"Men!"


Delilah
BOX OFFICE IS OPEN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

"Call me Delilah, 'cause I'll do anything to get what I want," asserts this 22-year-old executive secretary from Beverly Hills, California, who recently found a tit-fuck pic in the boss's projector. She's been itching for a raise, and now she's gonna get it. "It helps that I work nights," she smiles. "And that I'm sexier than any stupid fuck picture!"











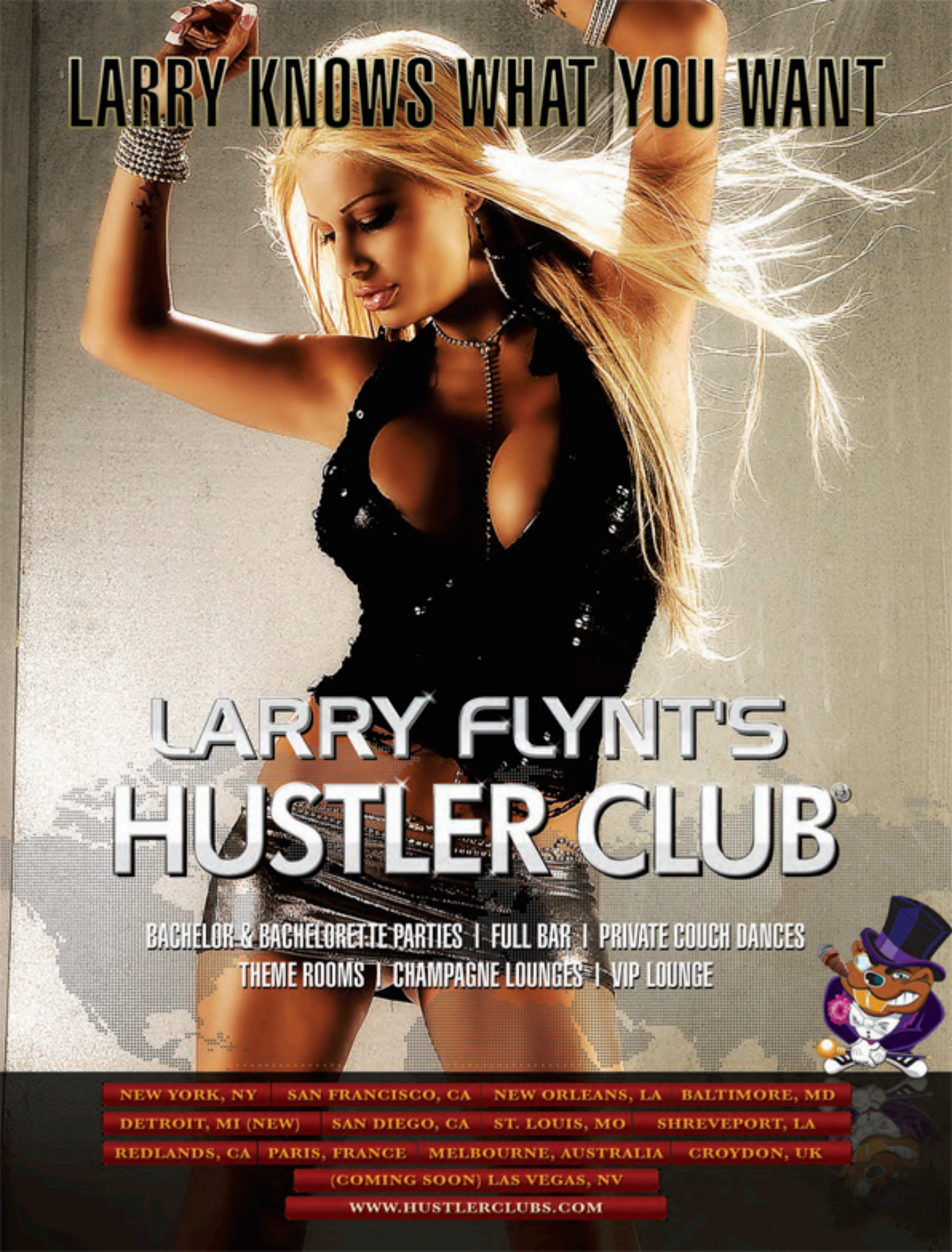




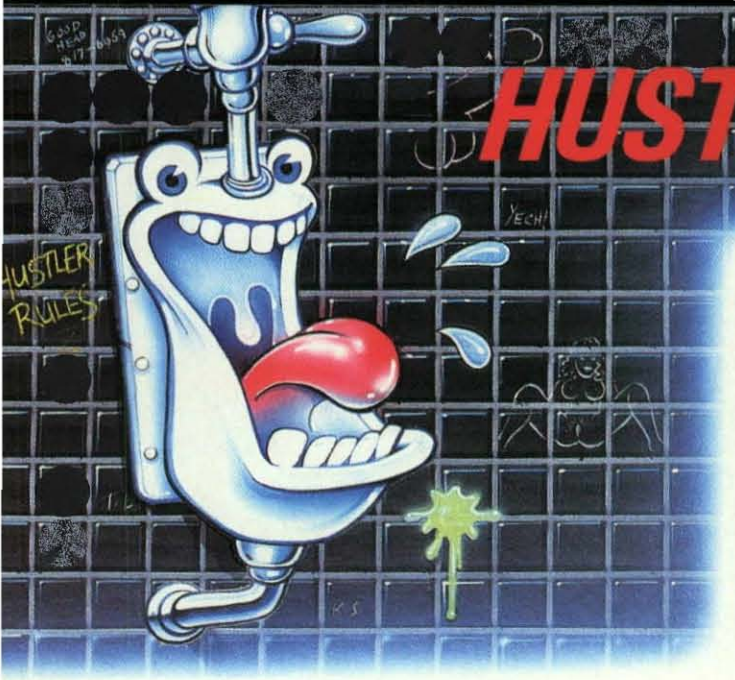


Come On!
XXXOOO Delilah
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HUSTLER HUMOR



After hearing that one of the patients in a mental hospital had saved another from a suicide attempt by pulling him out of a bathtub, the director reviewed the rescuer's file and called him into his office.

"Mr. Douglas, your records and your heroic behavior indicate that you're ready to go home," the director said. "I'm only sorry that the man you saved later committed suicide by hanging himself."

"Oh, he didn't hang himself," replied Douglas, "I hung him up to dry."

Sam had been a soldier of war for more than three years, during which he'd fought in many battles and had won numerous decorations. He was finally discharged from the service and returned home to his wife and son, whom he hadn't seen since he'd shipped out.

As Sam walked up the path to his house, his young son spotted him through the window and yelled, "Mom, here comes Daddy — and he's got a Purple Heart on!"

Rushing out of the kitchen, his mom promptly replied, "I don't give a damn what color it is — let him in right away, and you go play at the Jones's for a couple of hours."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *bikini bottom* as: a gash mask.

Jake and Jim were about to head out for their first winter trapping in the wilds of Saskatchewan. When they stopped for provisions at the last tiny town, the store proprietor, knowing it was going to be a good many months without female companionship, offered them two boards featuring fur-lined holes.

"We won't be needing anything like that," Jake protested. But the storekeeper pressed the boards on them, pointing out that they could always be burned as firewood.

Seven months later, bearded and gaunt, Jake walked into the store. After a little chat about the weather and the trapping, the storekeeper asked where his partner was.

"I shot the son of a bitch," snarled Jake. "Caught him dating my board."

Three friends from New York decided to get away from the summer heat by driving up to Canada to do some fishing. Having found a lake to their liking, the men launched their boat and headed out. After several hours, one of the men stood to reach for a beer, lost his balance and slid into the water. Twenty minutes later, his two friends noticed he was missing.

"Shit, Charley must have fallen in!" one exclaimed as he set his rod down and jumped in to search for his lost friend.

After a few dives, he dragged a soggy body up into the boat and immediately began performing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

"Jeez, I never knew Charley had such bad breath!" the rescuer said, coming up for air.

"Yeah," said the other, "and I don't remember Charley having on a snowmobile suit, either!"

Not long after his marriage, Bart and his father met for lunch. "Well, son," asked Mr. Wingo, "how is married life treating you?"

"Not very well, I'm afraid," sighed Bart. "It seems I married a nun."

"A nun?" his father questioned.

"That's right," moaned Bart. "None in the morning, none at night and none at all unless I beg!"

The father nodded knowingly and slapped his boy on the back a couple of times. "Why don't we all get together for dinner tonight and have a nice talk?"

The young man smiled. "Say, Dad, that's a great idea!"

"Fine," replied the father, "I'll call home and tell the Mother Superior to set two extra plates."

We hear that a manufacturer of small appliances in Texas has come up with a brilliant new concept in merchandising. When you buy a toaster, you get a free savings and loan.

Mr. Cockran stood on the bridge ready to jump. Just as he was about to, Father Bella came strolling by. "My son, please come down from there. Nothing is worth dying for."

"Oh, yeah?" asked Mr. Cockran. "Remember when my brother ran off with my wife?"

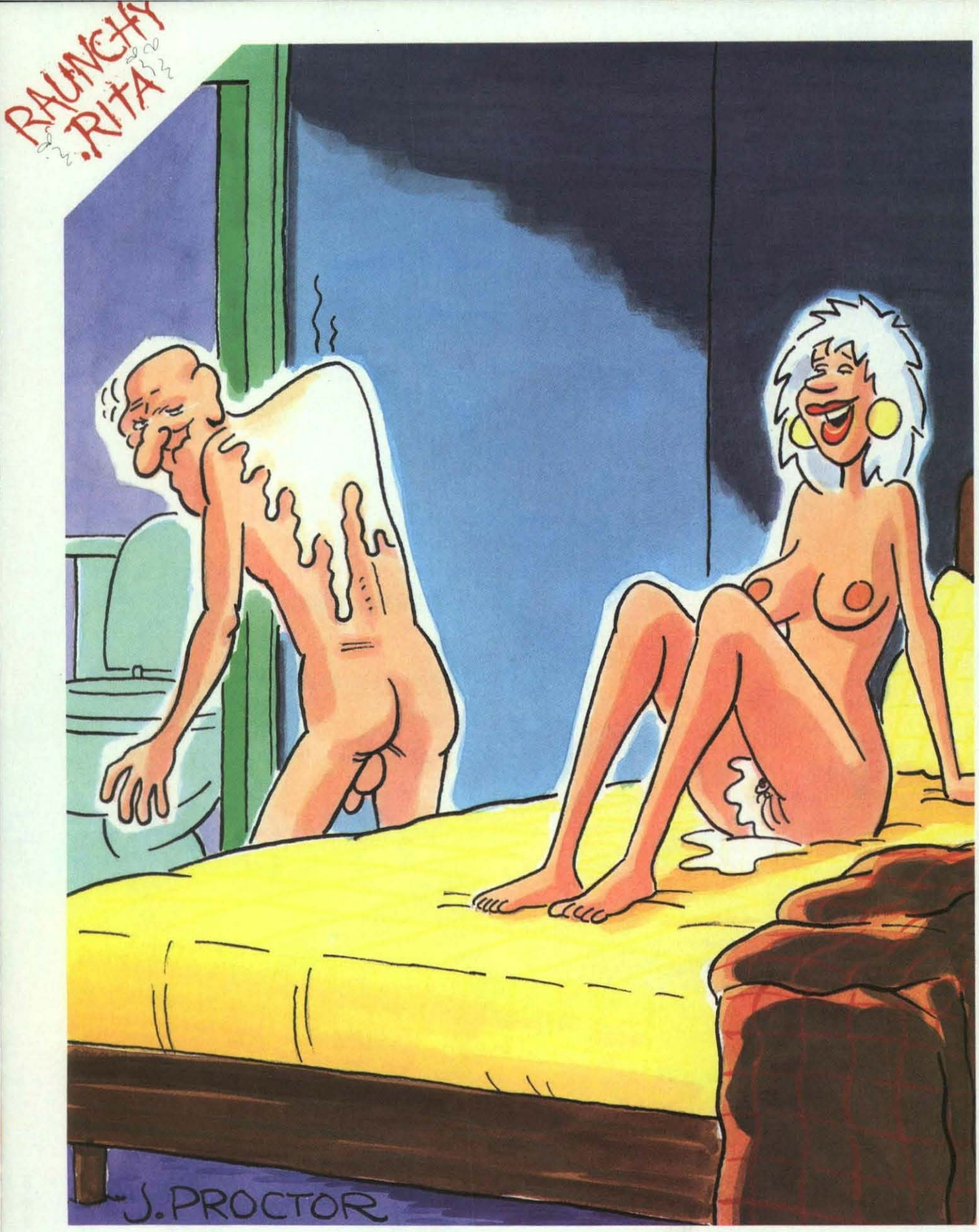
"Yes," replied the priest, "but that was over a year ago. Haven't you gotten over that yet?"

"Yes, I have," answered Mr. Cockran.

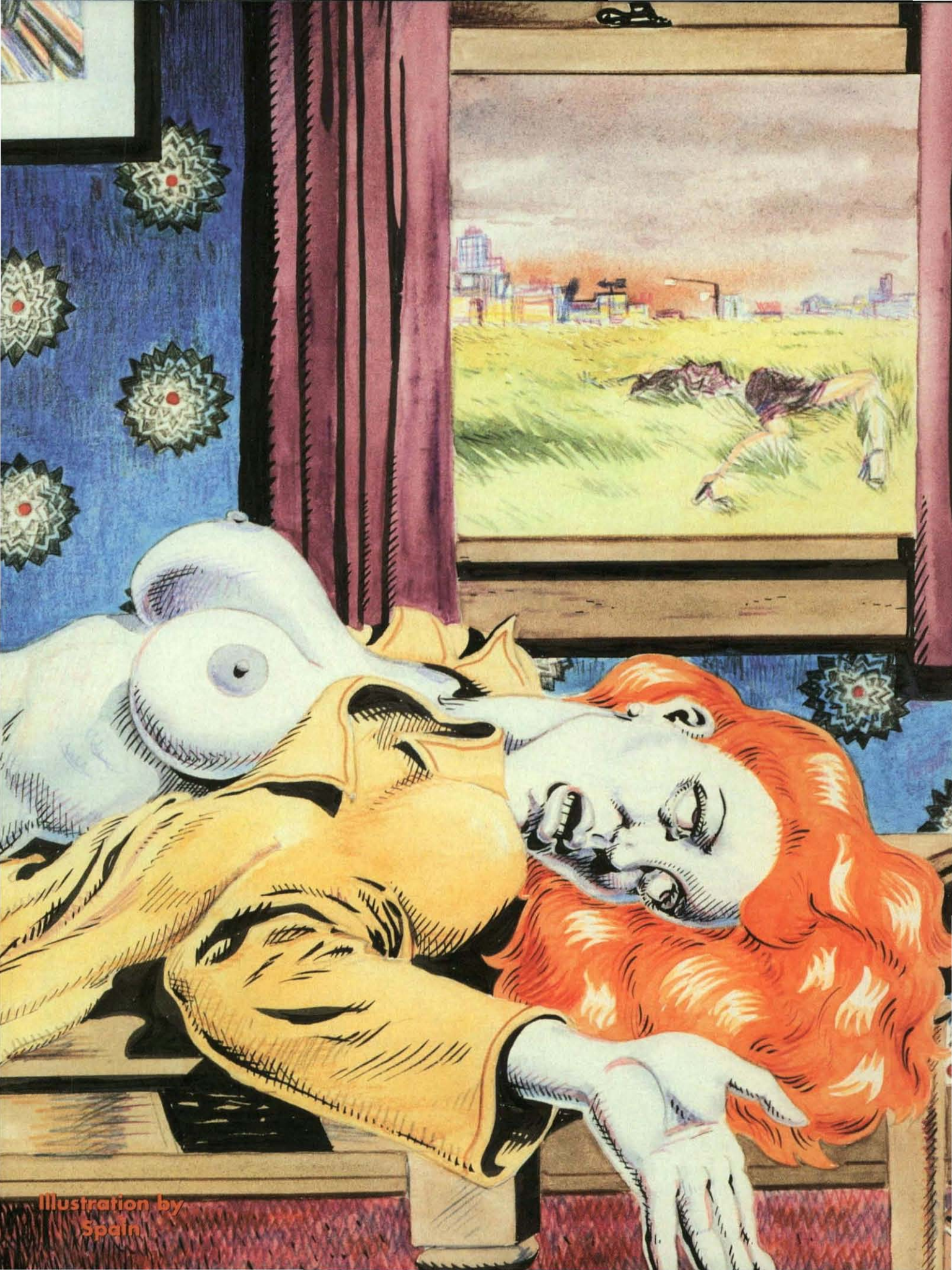
"Then why are you doing this?"

"Because he called this morning," sobbed Mr. Cockran, "and he's bringing her back!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry — we cannot return submissions.



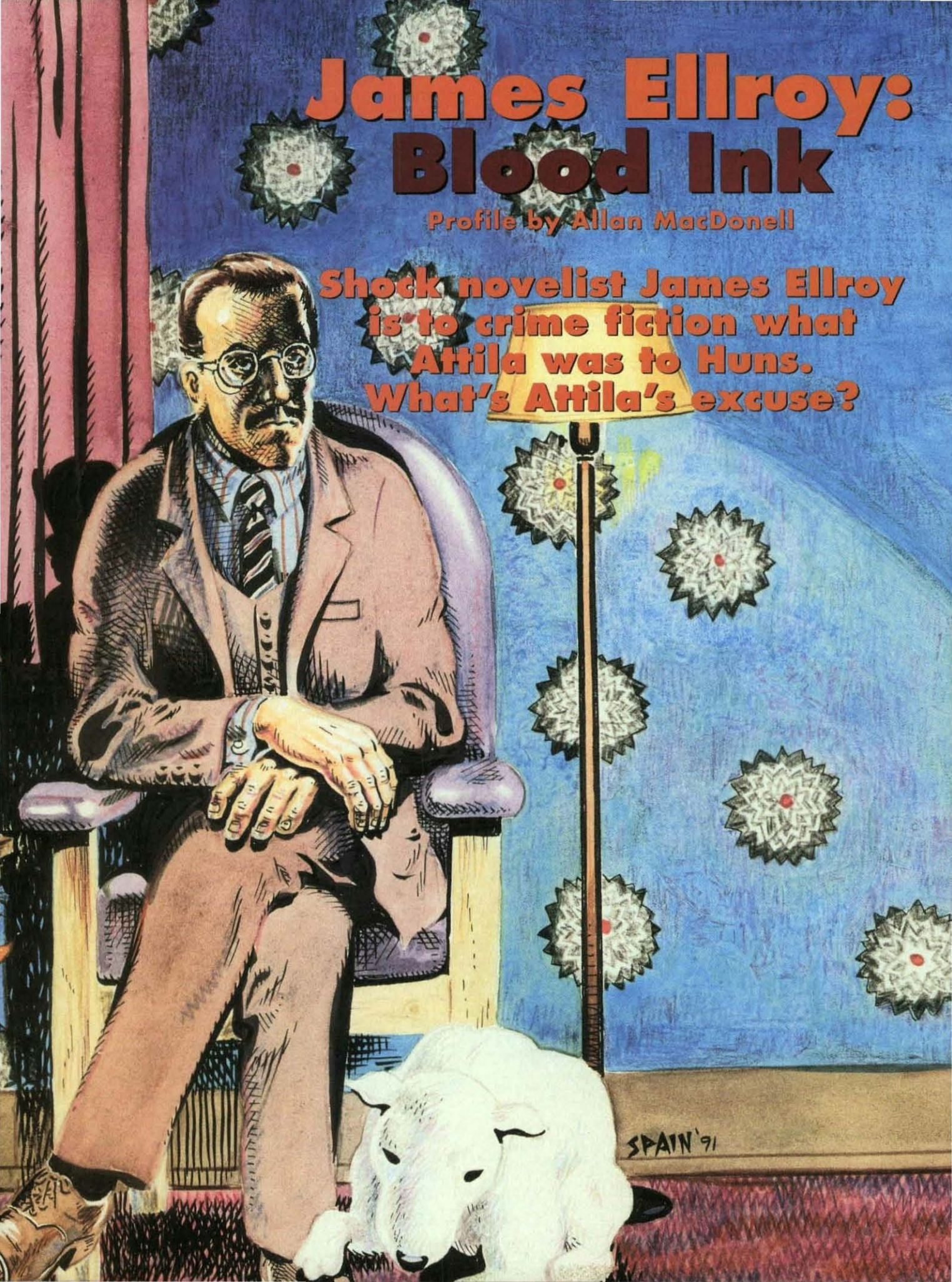
"Never fails—I always pop a gusher when I ride a hump."


Illustration by
Spain

James Ellroy: Blood Ink

Profile by Allan MacDonell

Shock novelist James Ellroy is to crime fiction what Attila was to Huns. What's Attila's excuse?



JAMES ELLROY

Ellroy had nightmares of the two killings—the first the infamous Black Dahlia sex murder, the second the slaying of his own mother.

At a stage in life when most developing writers are awarded advanced educational degrees, James Ellroy was committed to a county hospital ward. His subsequent recovery from post-alcoholic brain syndrome and a severe lung abscess is a minor miracle. That he went on to become America's fastest-rising, hard-core writer of crime fiction stretches the imagination. The only things more unthinkable are the horrors of his pen.

* * *

"It was the nude, mutilated body of a young woman, cut in half at the waist. The bottom half lay in the weeds a few feet away from the top, legs wide open. A large triangle had been gouged out of the left thigh, and there was a long, wide cut running from the bisection point down to the top of the pubic hair. The flaps of skin beside the gash were pulled back; there were no organs inside. The top half was worse: The breasts were dotted with cigarette burns, the right one hanging loose, attached to the torso only by shreds of skin; the left one slashed around the nipple. The cuts went all the way down to the bone, but the worst of the worst was the girl's face. It was one huge purpled bruise, the nose crushed deep into the facial cavity, the mouth cut ear to ear into a smile that leered up at you, somehow mocking the rest of the brutality inflicted. I knew I would carry that smile with me to my grave....

"Her legs were spread for sex, and from the way the knees buckled I could tell that they were broken; her jet-black hair was free of matted blood, like the killer had given her a shampoo before he dumped her. That awful death leer came on like the final brutality—it was cracked teeth poking out of ulcerated flesh that forced me to look away." —*The Black Dahlia* (1987, Mysterious Press)

* * *

On January 15, 1947, the gutted and halved body of Elizabeth "Betty" Short was found in a vacant lot at 39th and Norton in the Crenshaw district of Los Angeles, California. Her killer, who had tortured her for three days and then chauffeured her corpse around L.A. before dumping it, was never apprehended.



"Aren't you a little too old for breast-feeding?"

Twelve years later, Geneva Hillicker Ellroy, a buxom, boozy, redheaded, divorcee registered nurse, later described as "semipromiscuous," left an El Monte, California, bar with a fortyish man and a woman in her late twenties. Geneva, wrapped naked in an overcoat, was discovered unraped but strangled the next morning in bushes at Arroyo High School by a Boy Scout troop returning from a camping expedition. Geneva's killer, theorized to be the man whose beard fragments were lodged beneath her fingernails, was never apprehended.

These two unsolved murders melded into the single terror of ten-year-old James Lee Ellroy. The boy had recurring nightmares of the two killings—the first the infamous Black Dahlia sex murder, the second the slaying of his own mother—dreams so vivid that he was afraid to sleep. His fear would eventually grow into an obsession to become the "greatest writer of crime novels who ever breathed."

* * *

HUSTLER: So why crime?

ELLROY: Crime fiction is my big love. You know the standard story. My mother was murdered when I was ten, and the killer was never found. I grew up in the '60s, and there was a lot of auspicious crime happening at that time, and it always frightened me. The original incarnation of *Dragnet,* Jack Webb as a repressed, right-wing fascist cop, scared me for some reason, even before my mother died. I read crime fiction rapaciously and voluminously, a lot of junk books and a shitload of true-crime books.

I went through the L.A. County jail system in the late '60s up until about '75. I picked up some stuff that way and talked about crime. I used to break into places and steal female undergarments, dope stashes. I was upset with a girl named Peggy. I used to break into the house and sniff her panties, do shit like this. Steal Benzedrix inhalers out of markets, swallow the little cotton wads, go on upper trips, jack off for 15 or 16 hours at a pop. You know, drink, steal wine, steal steaks, sell the steaks.

HUSTLER: Do you see crime as a metaphor for our lives, or is it personal with you?

ELLROY: It's very personal to me. My books are hyperviolent. It's righteous to transpose '90s violence back into the '50s. During that time the police had more leeway and used untoward methods, and now they're relatively handcuffed, no pun intended. So you take '90s violence, and you transpose it against the '50s, and you've really got something there, if you're willing to violate a tenet of crime fiction, which is a need for sympathetic good guys.

* * *

LAPD Officer Bud White is one of the good guys of Ellroy's *L.A. Confidential*


PLEASE, JESUS! JUST ONE MORE BONER! THAT'S ALL I ASK - JUST ONE MORE!
John Billette

JAMES ELLROY

"I was never selective with either women, or dogs, till I met my wife. Now I'll only sleep with my wife, and occasionally other dogs."

(1990, Mysterious Press). Here's what happens when White visits the kitchen of Dwight Gilette, a minor pimp who's not even a suspect in the murder White is investigating: "Bud hooked him in the gut. Gilette rolled with it, grabbed a knife, swung. Bud sidestepped, kicked at his balls. Gilette doubled up; Bud hit the garbage switch. The motor *scree'd*; Bud jammed the queer's knife hand down the chute.

"SCREEEE—the sink shot back blood, bone. Bud yanked the hand out minus fingers—SCREEEEE fifty times louder. Stumps to the burner coils, stumps to the icebox sizzling."

* * *

James Ellroy's answering machine: "This is James Ellroy, the demon dog of American literature."

Ellroy met his own demon dog one night at the age of 19. After stealing a bottle of wine in Hollywood, he jumped a fence into a lumberyard. An attack Doberman intruded upon the adolescent juicehead's anticipated solitude. Fearful of losing his nuts at the least, Ellroy recalls killing the dog with a two-by-four, bludgeoning the beast long after it had breathed its last, fearing it would leap up snapping from death.

"I couldn't hold food down for a week after it, and I had flashes for months, because I love animals, and this animal was just doing his job."

* * *

HUSTLER: Is Mr. James Ellroy there?

ELLROY: It's me, Daddy-O. I'm being humped by a bullterrier as we speak. I'll come in a few minutes. Come on, Barko, give it to me. I hope you're recording this. Barko, give me that deep, bullterrier brioche. I'm almost there, Barky. This is going in HUSTLER, Barky. Dig this sound [dog huffing in background]. Did you hear that?

HUSTLER: Is that the dog or you?

ELLROY: No, that was him. He came once on my wife's moccasins. Jesus Christ, he's a fucking faggot, man. Barko, get down.

HUSTLER: Does he like other people, or is he mainly just attached to you?

ELLROY: He loves all humans, but he tries to kill every animal he sees. You know, one of the great thrills in life is sleeping with dogs. You know I dig it.



HUSTLER: Were you sleeping with dogs before you were sleeping with women?

ELLROY: I was never selective with either women, or dogs, till I met my wife. Now I'll only sleep with my wife, and occasionally other dogs.

* * *

Ellroy's love-hate relationship with the canine sex plays crucially in the development of murderous carnal instincts in Martin Plunket, the serial-sociopath narrator of *Killer on the Road* (also known as *Silent Terror*, 1986, Avon): "The teeth snapped again; this time they grazed my left ear. I felt legs digging into my stomach, and I swung the gouging edge of my tool in and up, just where I thought the animal's lower tract would be. It was a perfect...gutting motion; and when the blade pierced skin, and entrails slid out warm and wet, I felt myself approaching orgasm. I rolled out from under the dog just as he began a series of reflex death snaps, pressing myself into the floor as I came."

* * *

A geek of a kid, 6-3, 140 pounds, "50 worth of zits," living in a parallel universe of rage, fear and fantasy, Ellroy stayed a virgin until 20.

HUSTLER: What were your problems in high school?

ELLROY: Alienation, acne, running amok stealing things, the fact that I had a senile father who was essentially dying.

HUSTLER: What's the best revenge?

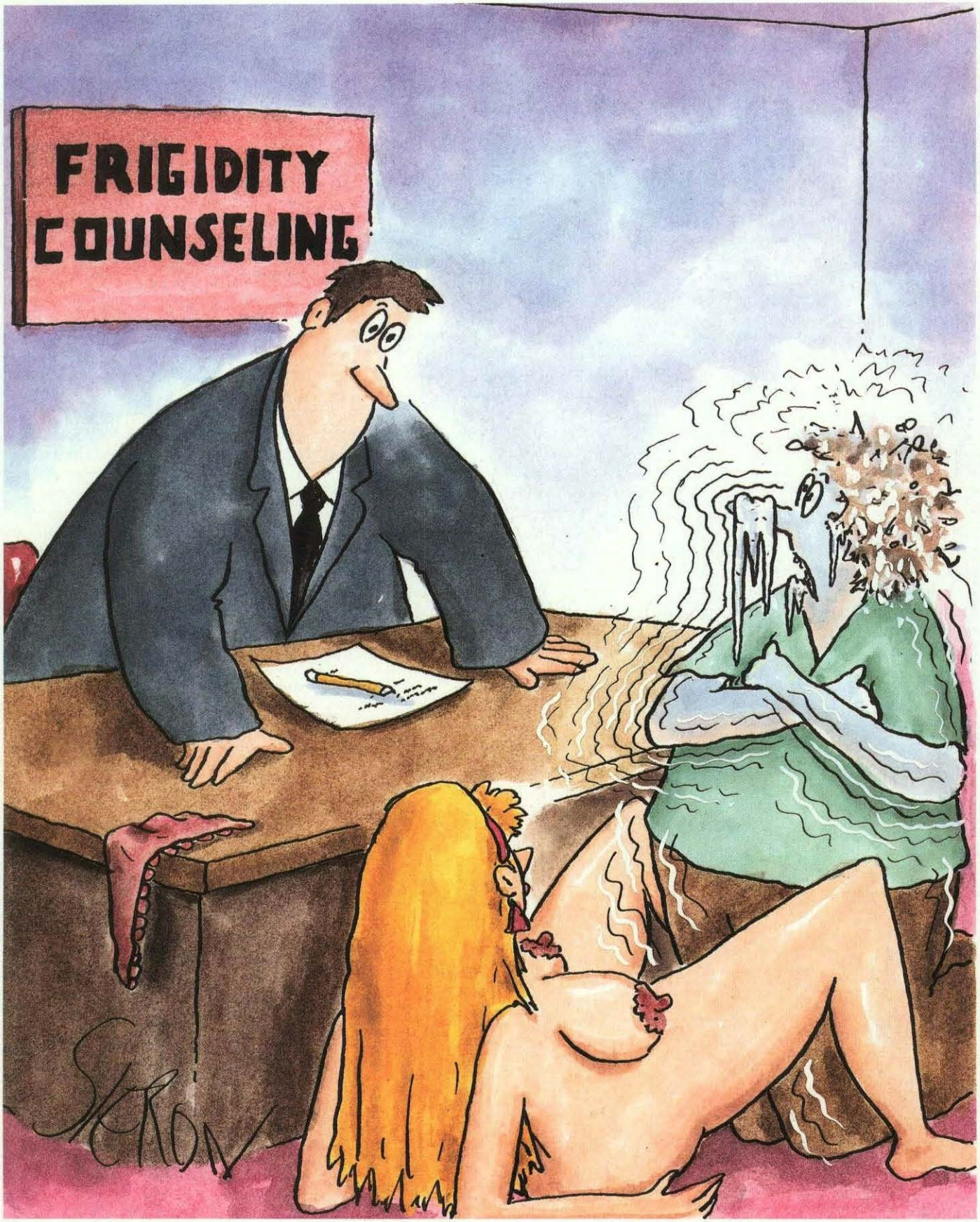
ELLROY: Writing great sex is the best revenge.

* * *

"Kay appeared in the doorway, wrapped in a towel.... She let the towel drop. We both began talking at once, apologies from both sides. I couldn't quite make out her words, and I knew that she couldn't unscramble mine. I started to get up to turn off the phonograph, but Kay moved to the bed first.

"We fumbled at kisses. I went open-mouthed too fast, forgetting how Kay liked to be coaxed. Feeling her tongue, I pulled away, knowing she hated it. Closing my eyes, I trailed my lips down her neck; she moaned, and I knew it was a fake. The love sounds got worse—like something you'd expect from a stag film actress. Kay's breasts were flaccid in my hands, her legs closed, but braced up against me. A knee nudge parted them—the response was jerky, spasmodic. Hard now, I made Kay wet with my mouth and went inside her.

"I kept my eyes open and on hers so she would know it was just us; Kay turned away, and I knew she saw through it. I wanted to ease off and go slowly, softly, but the sight of a vein throbbing in Kay's neck made me go as hard as I could. I came grunting, 'I'm sorry goddamn you I'm sorry,' and whatever Kay said back



"See what I mean?"

JAMES ELLROY

"My books are about crime; they're about cops; they're about life in extremis; they're about sex; they're about violence; they're about corruption."

was muffled by the pillow she was burying her head in." —*The Black Dahlia*

* * *

HUSTLER: Are you still sex obsessed?

ELLROY: Oh, yeah, but I try to transfer it to my wife now. I think about it a lot. When I first got sober, I used to go on hooker runs. That was the late '70s. I had money because I wasn't buying booze or dope. I was caddying at various country clubs, Bel-Air and Hillcrest. I would go up to Sunset Boulevard on Friday nights with another guy; we'd get a hooker, steak dinner and go to an A.A. meeting.

HUSTLER: So your sexual progression evolved from jacking off 16 hours a day to getting hookers to being married?

ELLROY: And chasing pussy in between.

HUSTLER: What kind of women go for crime writers?

ELLROY: You certainly attracted a higher class of female than rock 'n' rollers. It's not like there's groupies beating down my door. You know, you're out on the road or whatever in a distant city or even in New York, the single-woman capital of the world. *Wow, published writer, successful.* That's some juice right there.

HUSTLER: What is the more powerful force — sex or violence?

ELLROY: Violence is most powerful as a means to an end. As an urge, sexuality [is more powerful]. In my books the two are inseparable. My books are about crime; they're about cops; they're about life in extremis; they're about sex; they're about violence; they're about corruption.

* * *

Consider the plight of Buzz Meeks, the only cop of three justice-driven lawmen to make it alive through 1988's *The Big Nowhere* (Mysterious Press). At the novel's conclusion, Meeks has gone rogue, stealing real-life mobster Mickey Cohen's heroin and girlfriend. He's about to go permanently off-duty at the start of 1990's *L.A. Confidential*: "An abandoned auto court in the San Berdoo foothills; Buzz Meeks checked in with ninety-four thousand dollars, eighteen pounds of high-grade heroin, a 10-gauge pump, a .38 Special, a .45 automatic and a switchblade he'd bought off a pachuco at the border — right before he spotted the car parked across the line: Mickey Cohen goons in an LAPD unmarked, Tijuana cops standing by to bootjack a piece of his goodies, dump his body in the San Ysidro River.

"He'd been running for a week; he'd spent fifty-six grand staying alive: cars, hideouts at four and five thousand a night — risk rates — the innkeepers knew Mickey C. was after him for heisting his dope summit and his woman, the L.A. Police wanted him for killing one of their own."

* * *

HUSTLER: How would you describe justice in your books?

ELLROY: Partial, at a great cost. With my books, the price of justice — the price of obsession — is high. The books are about redemption; it's a very partial redemption.

HUSTLER: What's the difference between a good cop and a bad cop?

ELLROY: A good cop can separate the need for order in our society from whatever pathological needs he has to restore in his own life, thus he keeps the two separate. One would hope that the good cops have a good deal of compassion. Police work is a grand and great profession that unfortunately appeals to the wrong kind of people, because of its power.

HUSTLER: How do real, live cops react to the portrayal of the police mentality in your writing?

ELLROY: I've never had any hate mail from real, live policemen. I have policemen friends that like the books quite a bit.

* * *

Ellroy's Sergeant Lloyd Hopkins series (*Blood on the Moon*, 1984, Avon, *Because the Night*, 1984, Avon, and *Suicide Hill*, 1986, Mysterious Press) features a supergenius homicide dick underplayed by the manic James Woods in the movie *Cop. Suicide Hill* opens with this description of its hero: "Evaluation: Sergeant Hopkins is a violence-prone obsessive-compulsive personality, this personality disorder chiefly manifesting itself in acts of excessive physical force throughout his 19-year career as a policeman. Following secondarily but directly in this overall behavior pattern is a strong sexual drive, which he rationalizes as a 'counterbalancing effort' aimed at allaying his violent impulses....

"Symptomatically, Sergeant Hopkins... has followed both his violent impulses and his sexual desires with the heedless fervor of a true sociopath."

* * *

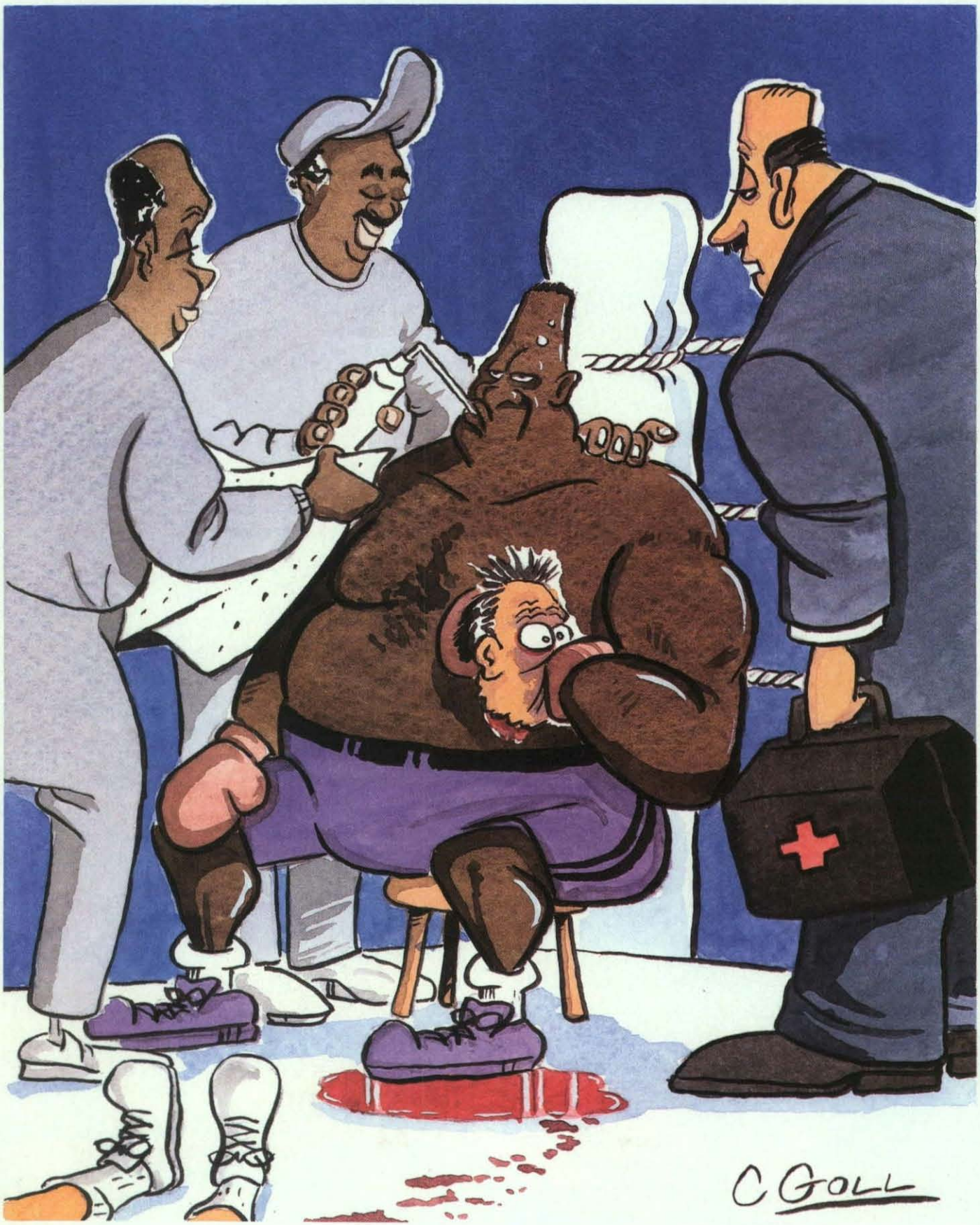
HUSTLER: Do people have difficulty separating you from the characters in your books?

ELLROY: Yeah, and sometimes my public persona lends itself to that. I get up and start talking about Mickey Cohen's dog's dick. [Martin Plunket of *Killer on*

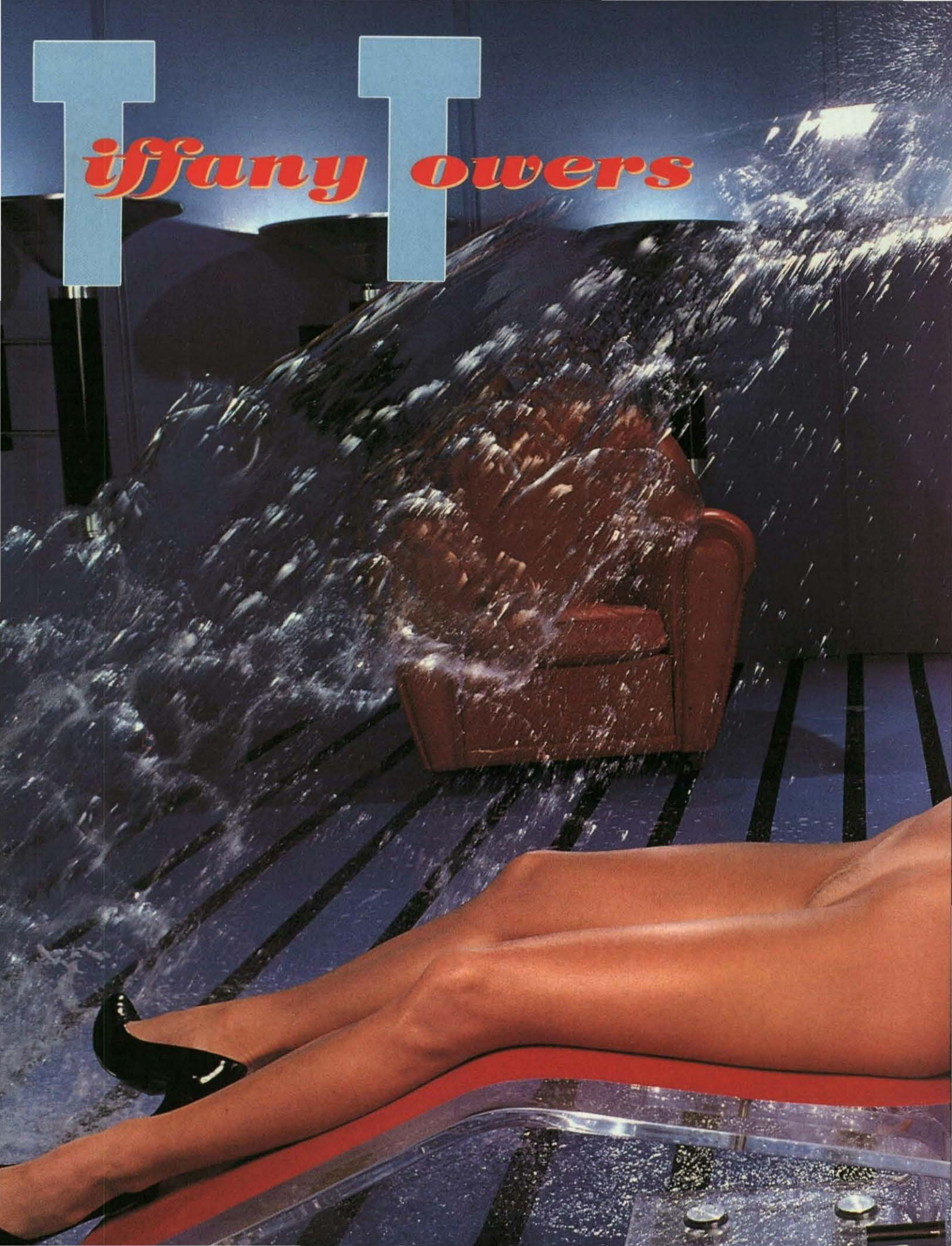
(continued on page 101)



"I've never done this before. Am I supposed to lick the stuff that looks like green Jell-O?"



"That's a mean left hook you've got there, son!"


Tiffany Towers

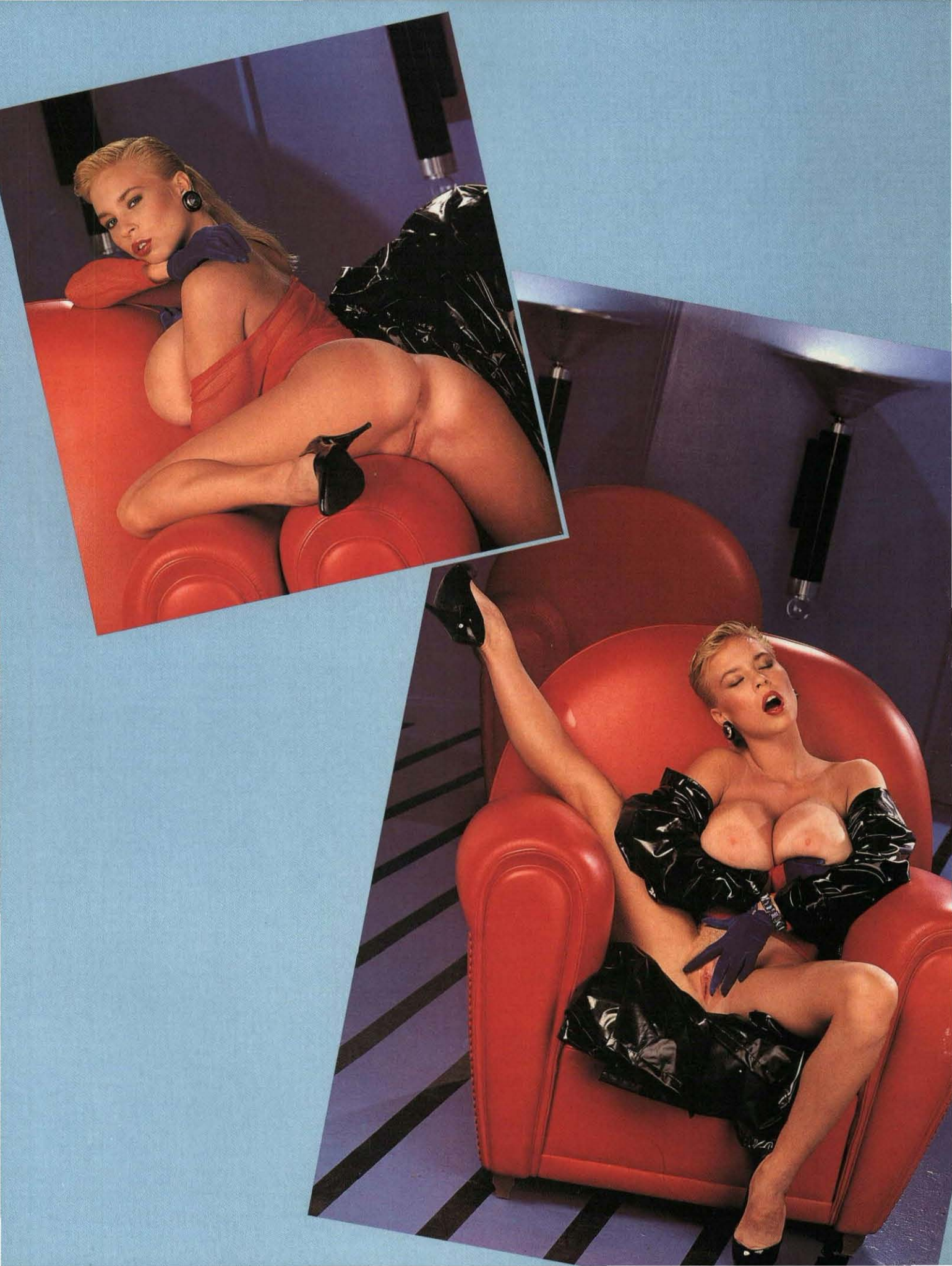

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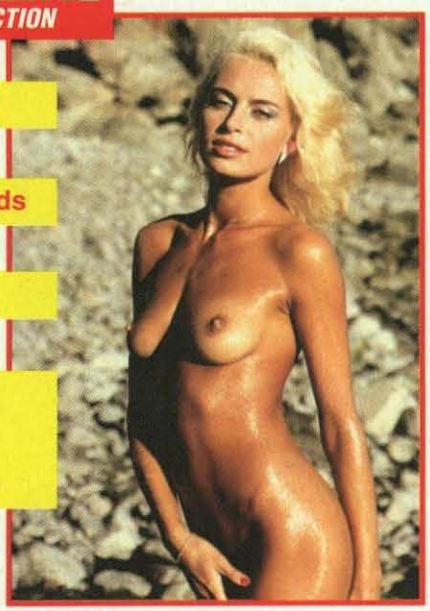
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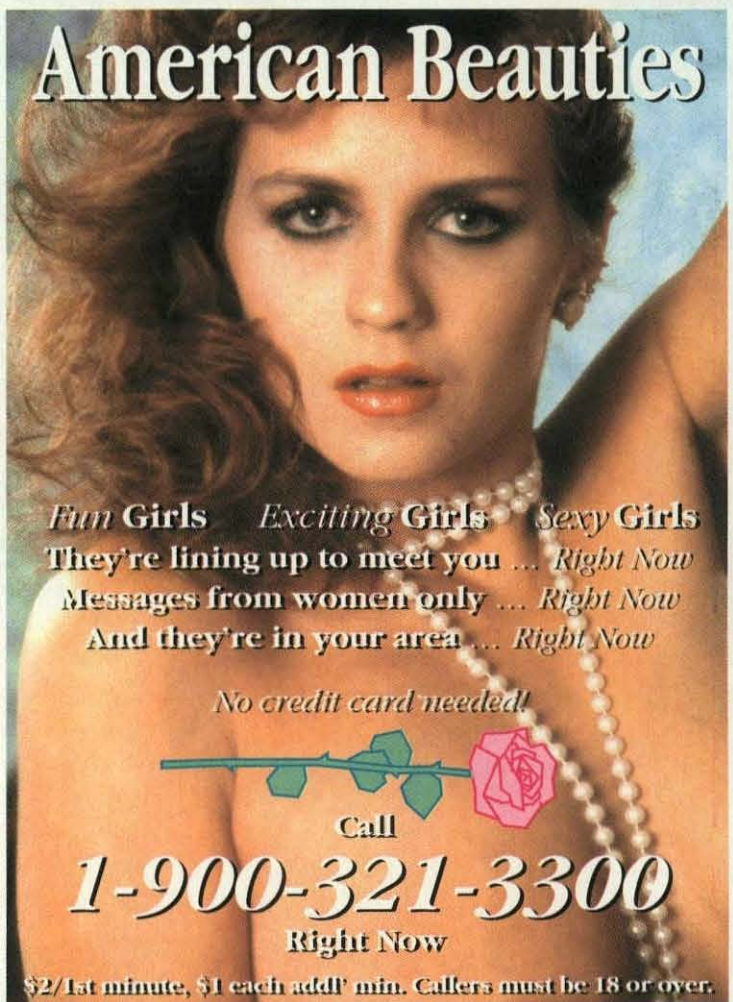
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ELLROY

(continued from page 92)

the Road] is a homo. I did that, frankly, for shock value. There's the idea of writing a book first person, homosexual stuff, and a part of me said, "Hey, man, this will be great. We'll go on TV, and people will ask me if I'm a homo."

HUSTLER: What sort of annoying assumptions do people make about you from your writing?

ELLROY: That I love rock 'n' roll; that I'm influenced by rock 'n' roll; that I'm a wild and crazy guy that writes off the top of his head. Nothing could be further from the truth. The outline for *L.A. Confidential* was 211 pages long. You cannot write a book that complex and that dense by accident and winging it. I am completely methodical, completely dedicated and very much steeped in good work habits, which is the way to be. Rock 'n' roll has institutionalized rebelliousness, and there is a lot of rebelliousness in my books; so a lot of rock 'n' rollers love my books, which is dandy with me.

HUSTLER: If your books had a warning sticker, what would it say?

ELLROY: Explicit sex and violence. A book for the whole family, if the family's name is Manson.

HUSTLER: Have you ever thought of any atrocity that scared you for thinking of it?

ELLROY: I can't really claim credit for the guy pulling out the guy's eyeball and fucking him in the eye socket in *The Big Nowhere*. A policeman friend of mine mentioned that Richard Ramirez, the serial killer, did that to an 80-odd-year-old woman. I said, "I'm putting that in my book." I was driving in a cab about three years ago. My cab driver says, "Hey, Liberace, man. Liberace had one of his boyfriends plastic-surgery altered to look like him. Is that some sick shit?" And I said, "That's some sick shit, and I'm going to use it." I value shock value.

* * *

In 1965, Ellroy's prized shock value got him booted from L.A.'s predominantly Jewish Fairfax High School for breaking up the Folk Song Club with a ditty he'd written about George Lincoln Rockwell, at that time the head of the American Nazi Party. Today, Ellroy, a self-described grown-up, lives far from "noise, pollution and skank" in suburban Connecticut, "one of those blocks like *Father Knows Best* 35 years ago."

But he returns to the center of the screeze, to do a reading from the forthcoming *White Jazz* ("It's very violent, and it's very sexed out. I think it's my best love story.") at Small World Books on the debris-infested Venice Beach boardwalk. A vino casualty stakes out a piece of pavement a few yards down the way from the venue.

"I'm not a bum," he tells the passing parade. "I'm a screenwriter."

Inside the store, six rows of black chairs are set up. It looks like traffic school, except for the wine-and-cheese table. The flat voice of a guitar-strumming folksinger comes in from the sidewalk cafe next door.

Ellroy, a big guy in round glasses and a blue blazer, surveys his fans as they filter into the bookstore. Keeping any ditties about George Lincoln Rockwell to himself, he autographs books and makes the effort to appear interested in the people who are interested in him.

The six rows of chairs all fill in with Ellroy readers; more stand around in the background. Ellroy bumps into a stack of vampire books, knocks them over, picks them up reddening and stays self-conscious—until the microphone turns on. He rubs his unshaven beard on the mike, gets a chip on his shoulder, barks, yips, howls and recites a poem about schlongs. The bookish audience, unlike the Fairfax High folkies, is engrossed. "Dig it, hepcats," he encourages them, "and fasten your seatbelts."

Outside, the boardwalk-dwelling screenwriter reaches for his plain-brown bag of dreams. He floats on his wine to a semblance of the heights Ellroy has climbed.

SLAMMER

(continued from page 56)

concern was that I might get off there and stay in Saudi Arabia. It was not a big problem, however. There would be a direct flight to New York in two days.

Two days! This did me in. For 47 days, I'd had no idea when I would be leaving; then they put me on an airplane only to drag me off. I wouldn't take it.

I reasoned with the ticket agent. If all that was required was for me to be out of the country of Saudi Arabia, I would willingly buy a ticket on the first flight to anywhere in the world. *Anywhere*. But I wasn't going back to that jail.

I explained the situation to a supervisor, who at first showed little sympathy. As my story grew more emphatic, he agreed to schedule me on a flight to Paris and then to New York. I thanked him heartily, and he ordered some tea for me.

I boarded a plane and worried even after the wheels went into the wells that the flight might be recalled and I returned to prison.

An hour into the flight, an Egyptian stewardess brought breakfast. It was a standard airline breakfast—green eggs, a fruit cup, a cold roll. One thing made it special—an individual serving of jam, strawberry jam.



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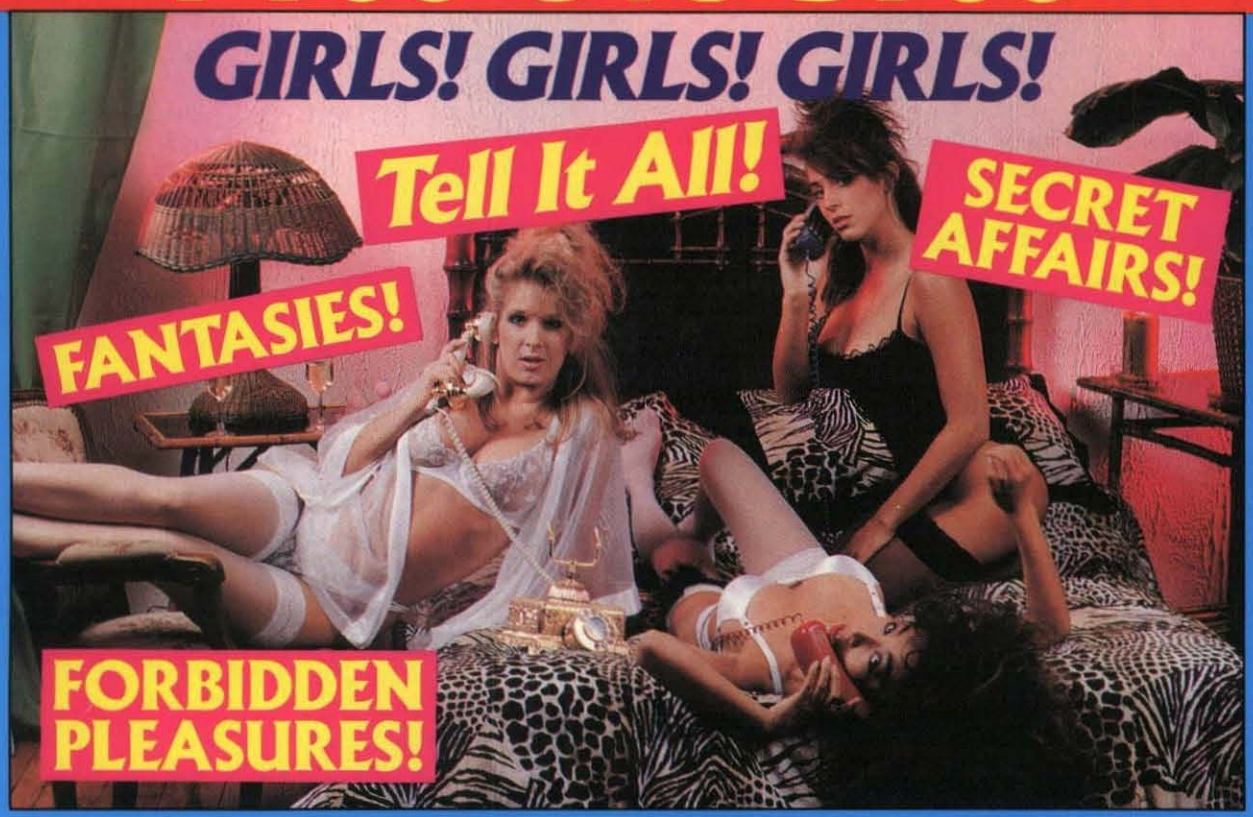
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BEAVER HUNT



Photo by Husband

A briar-rose tattoo and studded boots complement 39-year-old Vicki's milky figure. She's a housewife from Nebraska City, Nebraska, where painting, croquet and shopping fill her free time. Her fantasy is to make love to her husband on a bed made of money. Paper money, no doubt. Big, big bills.



Photo by Friend

So far, 36-year-old Foxy doesn't mind the birthdays. A dancer and model from Washington, D. C., exercising and sex keep her young. Her sexual fantasy involves two women and two men, sex in public places and teasing men. Just the ingredients. She does the cooking herself.

Never fear—the fur is here! If there's a special critter in your life that would like to join the Hunt, snap a clear color picture of the precious pink and mail it to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If we print it, she'll get $250 and a chance at an extended photo-feature worth $5,000. Finalists win $1,500 each. Their photographers win $250, and the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner gets $500. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

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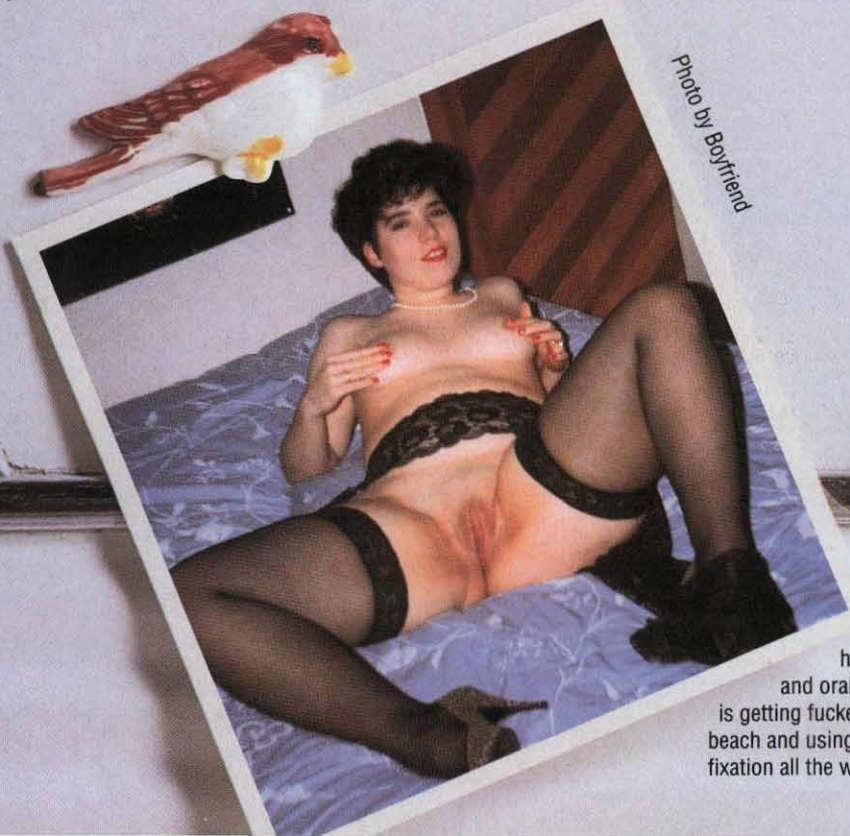
North Hollywood, California, boasts this latest moon—er, star—on the horizon. She's 27-year-old Tawny, an exotic dancer who enjoys dancing, working out, music and oral sex. Tawny's hottest fantasy is to give a man she loves head all night long, until he begs her to stop. She's only happy in the driver's seat.

Photo by Boyfriend



Gary, Indiana, is home base for 21-year-old Toni Jo. She's currently unemployed, but doesn't miss the overtime. Swimming, dancing and hot sex with her boyfriend are her favorite hobbies, and she dreams about spontaneous lovemaking—anytime, anywhere, any way.

Photo by Boyfriend



Twenty-one-year-old Lynne hails from Vancouver, British Columbia. Retail management is her occupation, and sex, sex, more sex and oral sex are her hobbies. Her kinky fantasy is getting fucked in a thunderstorm on a deserted beach and using food as sex toys. That's an oral fixation all the way around!



All things South are East with 28-year-old D. C., a housewife from Mission Viejo, California. Her principal hobby is reading HUSTLER Magazine, and her hottest fantasy is to have her pussy sucked, a dildo up her ass and a big dick stuffing her mouth all at once.

Photo by Husband

This babe in the woods is Kendra, a 25-year-old marketing representative from Waynesville, North Carolina. Kendra's into watching twilights over the mountain tops. She'd like to make love to her husband on top of a mountain in a big, outdoor Jacuzzi in the middle of the night. Sweet dream.



Photo by Friend



Photo by Husband

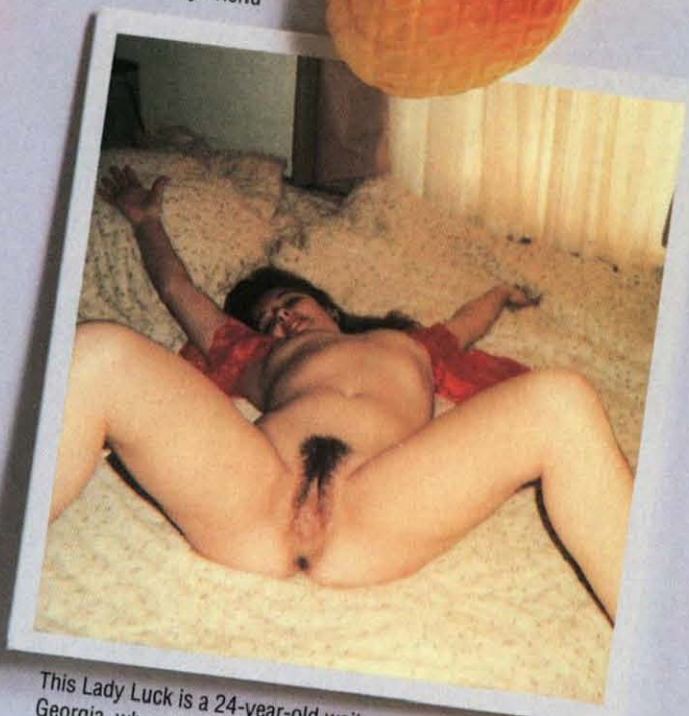
Thirty-four-year-old Angel hails from Holt, Missouri. She's a decorator by occupation, and swimming, softball and most any team sport are among her hobbies. Her fantasy is to pose for HUSTLER Magazine and make love with her husband and another woman. Looks like she's already scouting for hopefuls.

Photo by Husband



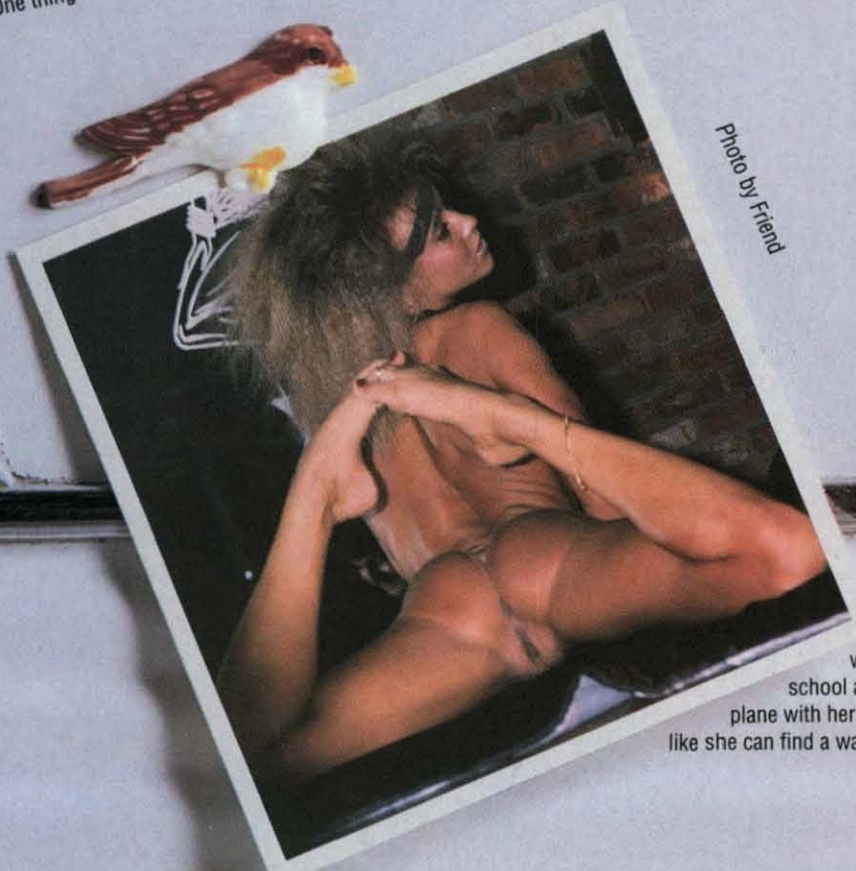
Eighteen-year-old Victoria shows her Allied support in Navy white. She's a receptionist from Novato, California. Camping and bubble baths are her fave hobbies. Her fantasies are to have sex with her husband on his submarine and see herself in HUSTLER Magazine. What the hell! One thing might lead to another!

Photo by Friend



This Lady Luck is a 24-year-old waitress from Warner Robins, Georgia, whose favorite game is strip poker, natch. Other hobbies include horses and her '68 El Camino. The only thing she'll say about her fantasy is that it involves her photographer and his wife. Double or nothing?

Photo by Friend



Twenty-six-year-old Jennifer Steele gets into tight places. She's a dancer from Ontario, Canada, who straightens out long enough for school and movies. She'd like to make it on a plane with her boyfriend without getting caught. Looks like she can find a way!



Greta is a 23-year-old student from Arcata, California. Playing music and playing with her husband's dick are her favorite things to do. She'd like to have a fuck session with her husband and another woman on a deserted island. That deserted island's getting crowded, ain't it?

Photo by Husband

Twenty-six-year-old Angela's a musician from Bismarck, North Dakota. Reading, composing, playing guitar and lifting weights keep her from brooding over the unlikelihood of fulfilling her fantasy, which is to meet Elliot Easton of the rock group the Cars in a snowy chalet. Now, if she wanted to make that a deserted island ....

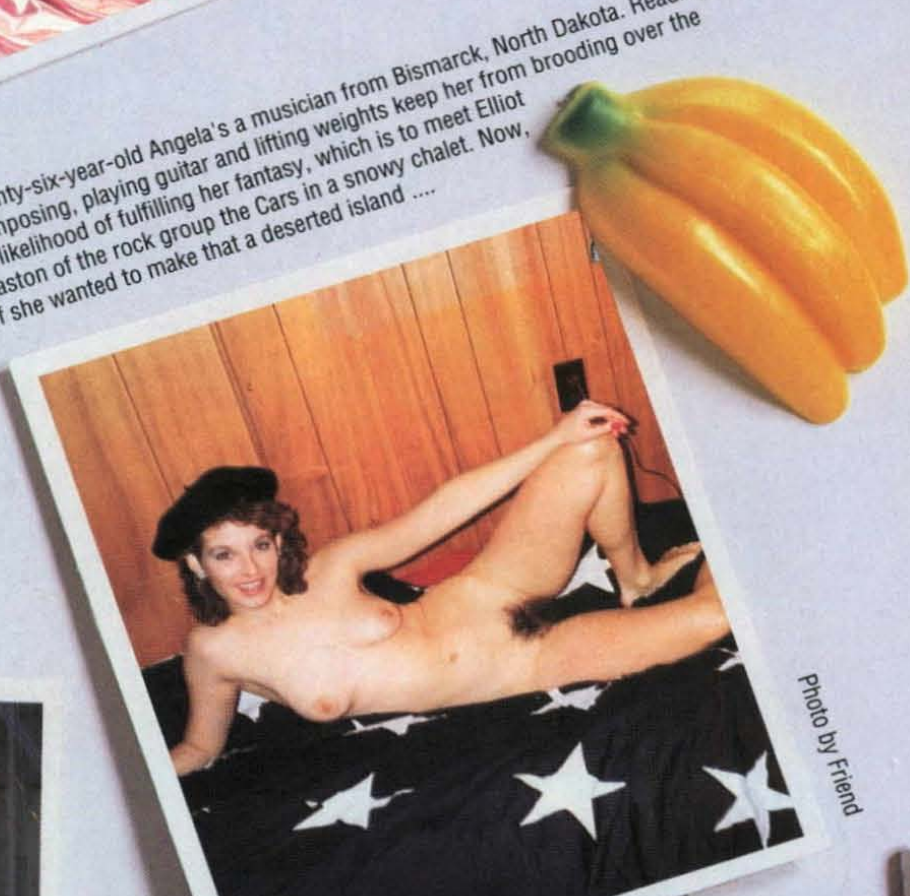


Photo by Friend



Photo by Husband

Thirty-year-old Misty comes to *Beaver Hunt* from Acworth, Georgia. She's a housewife, and swimming and painting are her hobbies. Misty's favorite fantasy is a threeway with her husband and their next-door neighbor. Check the kitchen, Misty. May be time to go next door and borrow some sugar.

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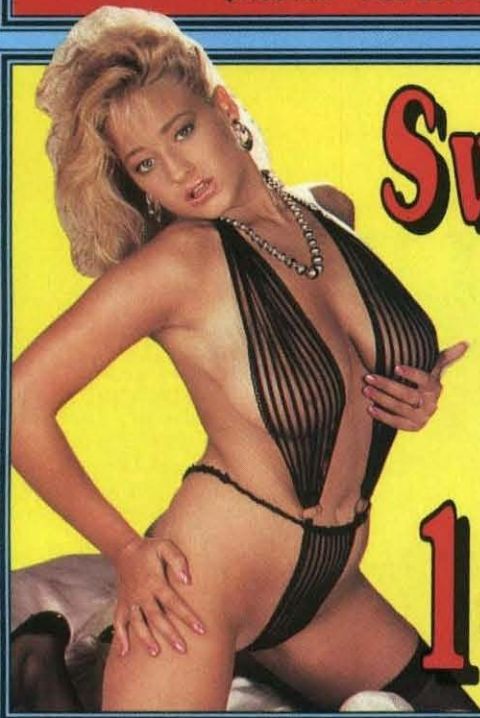
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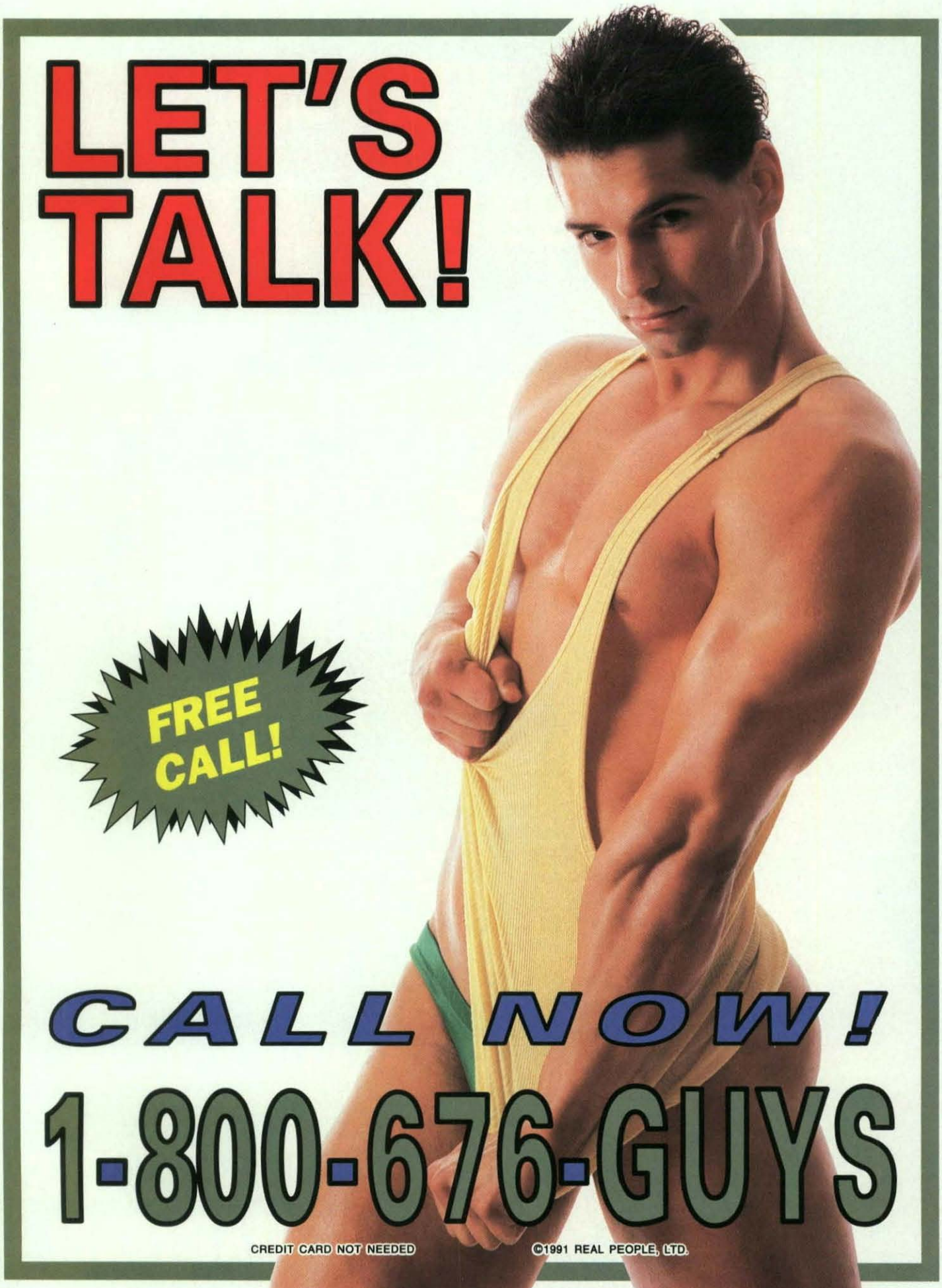
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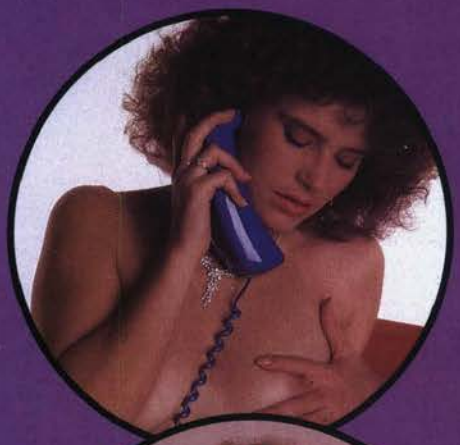
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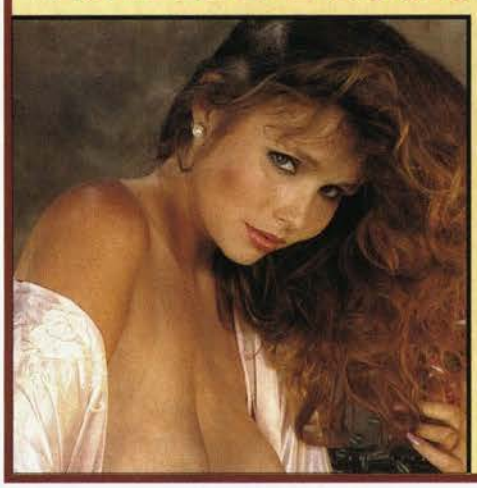
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Find the really big ones on the MORE LINE! The MORE LINE — America's best one on one connections for adult talk and dating ladies who have MORE!

18 and over please. $2 per min.



LONELY GIRLS

. . . Seek men for fun, dating, and more. Call now for names and home phone numbers of lonely girls who want to connect with you!



1-900 847-GIRL

(THAT'S 1-900 847-4475)

Over 18 only please. $2 a min.


DON'T GAMBLE
Our Girls Play Your Game
Play With Up To Eight Other People on the Party Line (Lots of Gals)
You're Always A Winner On Our
ONE ON ONE
ONLY $2 per min.
1-900-999-1991
Must be over 21


Big, Busty Babes want Lovin'
Call for the real names and phone numbers of girls who want to meet you
1-900-568-2100
Adults over 18 only, $2 per minute
Swollen Sweeties Have Big Fun
Find out what they like
1-900-568-2500
Adults over 18 only, $2 per minute

NEW!

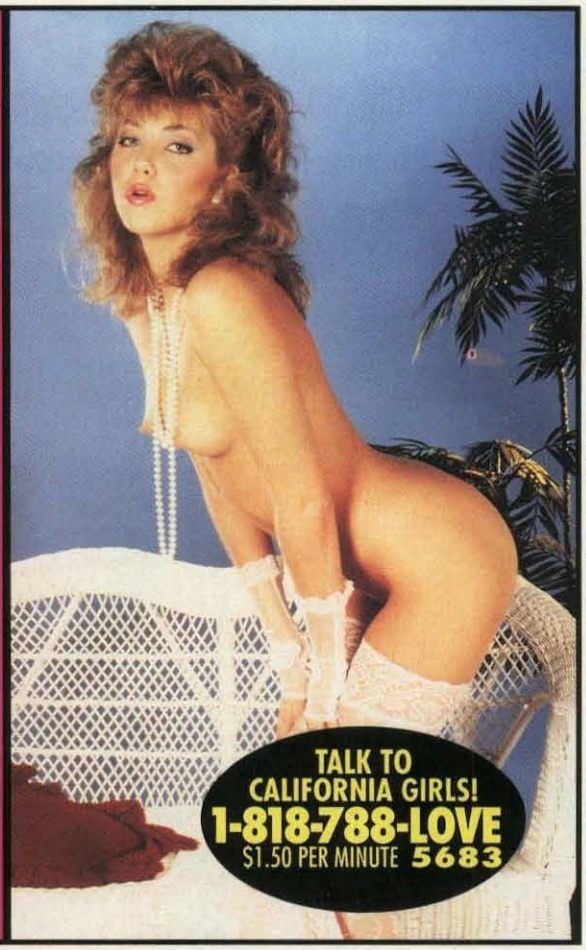
EUROPEAN LINES

Horny Girls From Europe
Who Love American Men!

1-800-444 MARI
6274

1-800-688 LOVE
5683

VISA & MASTER CARD
$2.50 PER MINUTE, ADULTS ONLY





NASTY FUN

FULFILL YOUR WILDEST DESIRES!
LIVE 24 HOUR SATISFACTION!

1-800-800 WILD
9453
1-800-877 LOVE
5683
1-800-283 4FUN
4386

VISA & MASTER CARD
ADULTS ONLY! $2.50 PER MINUTE

MISTRESS TANYA

COMMANDS YOUR LUST

1-800-284-5878

EAT HER PUSSY AND IF YOUR VERY GOOD, SHE'LL LET YOU CUM

Adults over 21 only, $2 per minute



BIG TIT GIRLS

want your dick sliding between.Fuck those titties till you shoot your load.

1-800-999-5847

Adults over 21 only, $2 per minute



Double Fuckers

My girlfriend eats my pussy while you fuck me. Then cum in her mouth. Or fuck us both if you want

1-800-727-2662

Adults over 21 only, $2 per minute

EXPLODE WITH ENERGY

BUY 2 GET 1 FREE*



NEW!

"36-24-36" ™

OVERPOWERS YOUR APPETITE
WITH 75 MGS PHENYLPROPANOLAMINE HCL.
AS STRONG A DIET AID AS YOU CAN BUY WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION

NEW!

"BLUE 30-30"

RESTORES ENERGY WITH 175 MGS OF CAFFEINE.
FOR WORK OR PLAY REVITALIZE YOURSELF!

T&M Dist. Dept. P.O. Box 228, Council Bluffs, IA 51502

ENERGY TABS & CAPS (TO RESTORE MENTAL ALERTNESS)

		CAFFEINE	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	2 LOTS OF 500 *
4.	357 MAGNUM TAB	200 mg	$7.00	$16.00	$24.00	$34.00
22.	357 MAGNUM CAP	200 mg	8.00	16.00	24.00	34.00
14.	LARGE PINK HEART	200 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	24.00
2.	30/30 TAB	175 mg	7.00	14.00	23.00	29.00
15.	BLACK MOLE CAP	175 mg	8.00	16.00	24.00	34.00
17.	WHITE MOLE CAP	150 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
11.	WHT/BLUE SPEC TAB	150 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00
3.	20/20 TAB	125 mg	7.00	14.00	22.00	29.00

DIET AIDS PHENYLPROPANOLAMINE (TO CURB THE APPETITE)

		PPA HCL	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	2 LOTS OF 500 *
18.	RED/CLEAR CAPSULE	75 mg	$8.00	$16.00	$25.00	$35.00
20.	36-24-36 TM CAPSULE	75 mg	8.00	16.00	25.00	35.00
21.	36-24-36 TM CAPLET	75 mg	8.00	16.00	25.00	35.00

BRONCHODILATOR (FOR THE TEMPORARY RELIEF OF PAROXYSMS OF ASTHMA)

		EPHEDRINE HCL	100 CT	250 CT	500 CT	2 LOTS OF 500 *
1.	MINI PINK HEART	25 mg	$7.50	$14.50	$17.50	$25.00
5.	THIN OR THICK	25 mg	7.50	14.50	17.50	18.00
19.	EPHED 25 CAP	25 mg	8.00	15.00	17.50	25.00

ALSO AVAILABLE

		DIPHENYDRAMINE				
10.	SLEEP AID	50 mg	$8.50	N/A	$25.00	N/A

CAUTION: INDIVIDUALS UNDER MEDICAL CARE SHOULD CONSULT THEIR PHYSICIAN. NO SALES TO MINORS.
*THIS COMBINATION IS NOT INCLUDED IN THE "BUY 2 GET 1 FREE" OFFER. SAFE TAMPER RESISTANT PACKAGE.

HOW TO ORDER

1. Call toll free and order C.O.D. We ship daily and you pay upon delivery.
2. Take advantage of our Quantity Savings and send your money order with the coupon below to:

T&M DIST DEPT. 24
P.O. BOX 228, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA 51502

100% CUSTOMER SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

BUY 2 GET 1 FREE*

Send your money order to Dept. 24
T&M DIST., P.O. BOX 22C, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA 51502 • No Personal Checks

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/ST/ZIP _____

QUANTITY	NAME OF PRODUCT	PRICE
	POSTAGE & HANDLING	$2.90
	AMOUNT ENCLOSED	

CAUTION: INDIVIDUALS UNDER MEDICAL CARE SHOULD CONSULT THEIR PHYSICIAN. USE ONLY AS DIRECTED. THIS OFFER VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW.

24 Hours LIVE! Have VISA/MC Ready! Touchtone Phones Only

"Fuck & Suck Us, Baby!"



★ PARTYLINE ★ Throbbing 1-on-1 ★ X-Rated Fantasies ★ & More! ★

US & CANADA

1-800-666-FUCK (3825)

.99¢ per 1/2 min. Billed as World Communications Must be 18. Prices Subject to change without notice

The Sophisticated Phone Line

...Let's You & Me Share A Few Minutes

One-on-One,

Let's Talk... -Vicky

1-900-776-4VIP (847)



$2.50 per min. • 10 min. minimum • Prices subject to change without notice
Billed to your phone bill as Info Comm. • Must be 18 years

Delicious Dialogue & Luscious Ladies

Live One On One • Recorded Fantasies • Personal Message Exchange



Hot, Live Party Line
1-900-999-T8I4N6A2

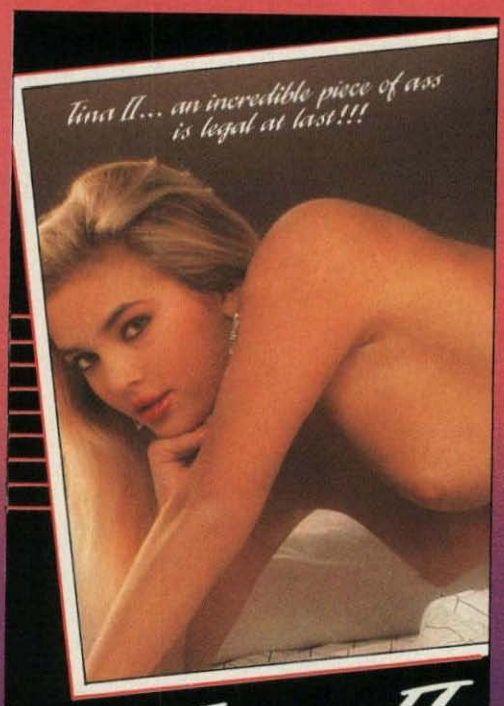
Live & We're Not Talking Drums!
1-900-999-B2A2N6G4

Wild Stories & Confessions
1-900-741-W9I4L5D3

Hot Fantasies & Erotic Confessions
1-900-654-D3A2M6E3

Live & Luscious — Do It Now
1-900-999-D3O6I4T8

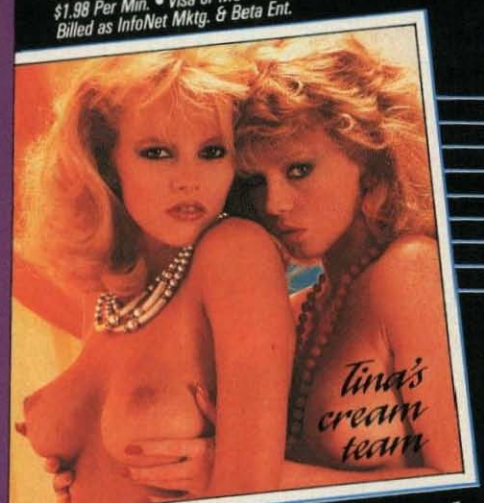
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
$2 Per Minute • You Must Be 18



1-800 234-Tina II (8462)

1-800 999-Tina (8462) The Original

CUM ONE ON ONE • LIVE PHONE SEX
EROTIC MESSAGE BOARD
$1.98 Per Min. • Visa or MC • You Must Be 18
Billed as InfoNet Mktg. & Beta Ent.



1-800-678-Girl 4475
Billed as Network Res.

1-800-777-Gina 4462
Billed as Voices Int.

ALSO TRY: 1-900-999-TARA 8272
$2 Per Min • NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED



NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
$2 Per Min. You Must Be 18

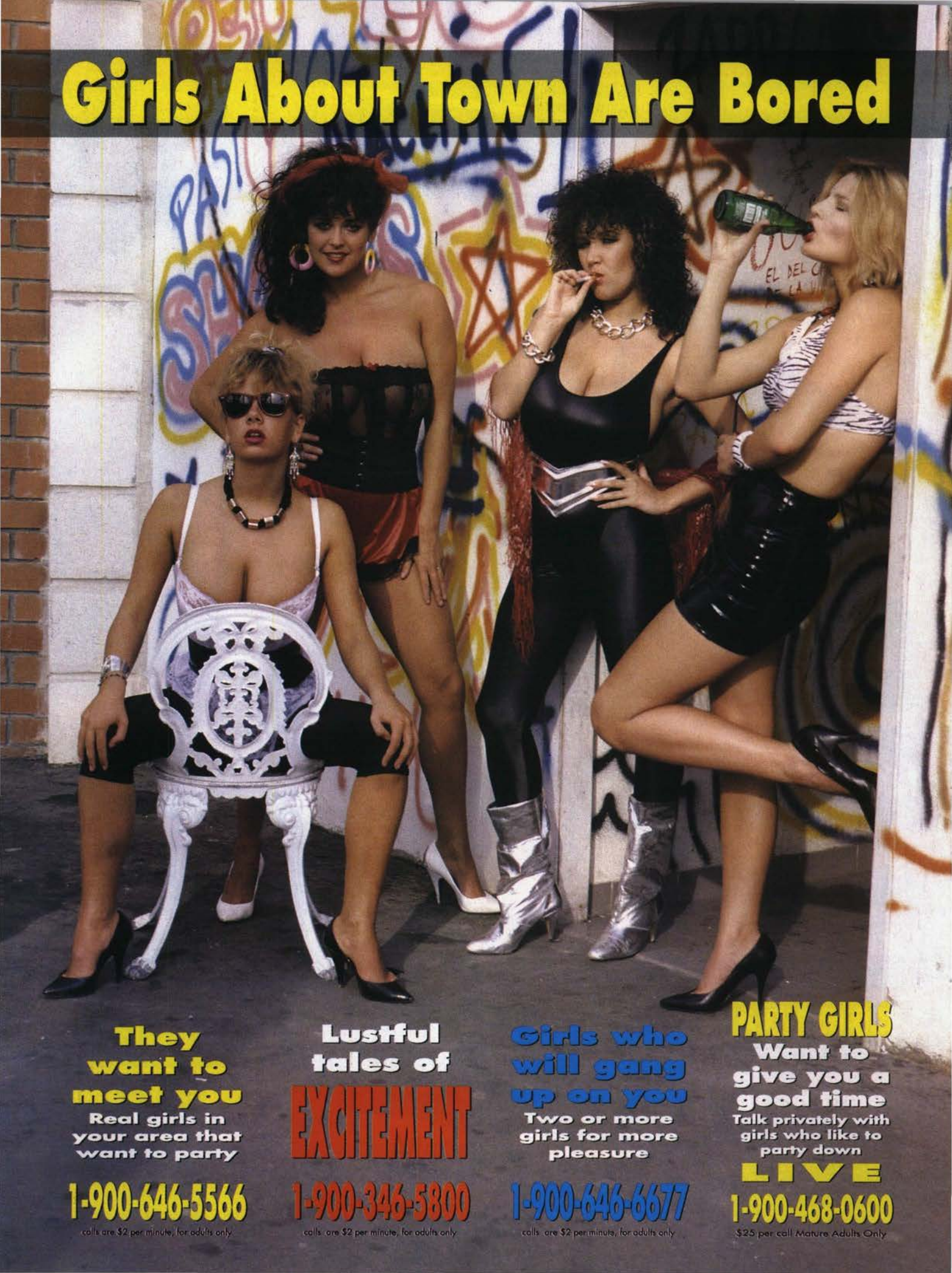
Racquel's Private Line
1-900 999-9969

Gorgeous & Live
1-900 999-GINA 4462

Live & Kinky
1-900 999-TARA 8272

The Ultimate Date Line
1-900 321-MATE 6283

LIVE ONE ON ONE • PERSONAL MESSAGE EXCHANGE
RECORDED FANTASIES


Girls About Town Are Bored
They want to meet you
Real girls in your area that want to party
1-900-646-5566
calls are $2 per minute, for adults only
Lustful tales of
EXCITEMENT
1-900-346-5800
calls are $2 per minute, for adults only
Girls who will gang up on you
Two or more girls for more pleasure
1-900-646-6677
calls are $2 per minute, for adults only
PARTY GIRLS
Want to give you a good time
Talk privately with girls who like to party down
LIVE
1-900-468-0600
$25 per call Mature Adults Only

NO PARTYLINE MADNESS

Just You & Me

♥ LIVE ♥

♥ EROTIC ♥

♥ PRIVATE ♥

Nothing's Forbidden!

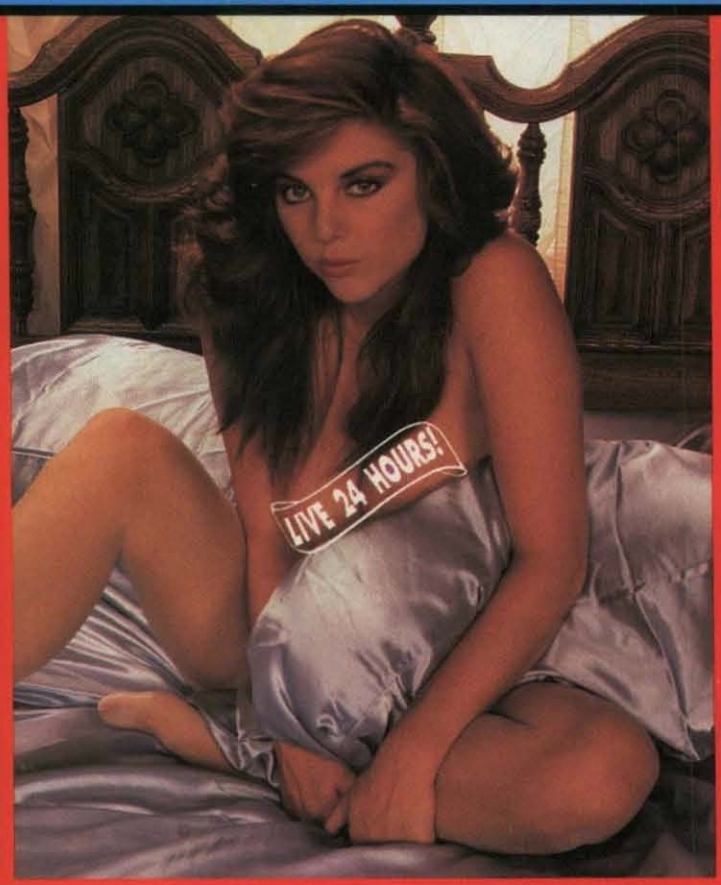
No Pin Number Hassle
Just A Direct Connection

24 Hrs



1-900-446-6969

$2.50 Per Min. Must Be Over 21 Years Old • 10 Min Minimum



PILLOW TALK

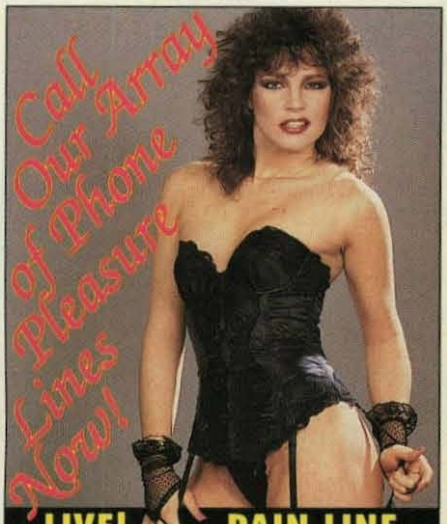
Lonely Tonight?
Don't Be, Call Now!

Strictly
ONE ON ONE

No Partyline • No Minimum

1-900-386-3333

$1.95 a Min.• Must Be 18 or Over • $4.95 1st Min.



LIVE! PAIN LINE
THE WAY YOU WANT IT!!
(900) 999-P7A2I4N6
$1.98 PER MIN., $3.00 THE FIRST BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

LIVE! TS-TV PARTY LINE
(900) 999-T8S7T8V8
$2.00 PER MIN., $5.00 THE FIRST BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

TS-TV CONNECTIONS & SHOPPING TIPS
(900) 872-T8S7T8V8
$1.00 PER MIN., $2.00 THE FIRST BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

KINKY CONFESSIONS
(900) 234-S7I4N6S7
$1.00 PER MIN., $2.00 THE FIRST BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

HEAR THE GIRLS BEFORE YOU CALL THE SPECIALTY LINES
(900) 234-B2E3A2T8
$1.00 PER MIN., $5.00 THE FIRST BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

XXX- RATED HARD CORE SPECIALTY LINES:

TS'S-TV'S-X-DRESSERS
(800) 766-T8S7T8V8

HOT & HORNY-WET & JUICY
(800) 477-S7L5I4T8

PRISON FANTASIES & BONDAGE
(800) 388-J7A5I4L8

ALL SPECIALTY LINES ARE 99¢ PER 1/2 MIN. MC/VISA ONLY

PRIVATE 1-ON-1 SESSIONS
XXX RATED FETISHES
(818) 991-4700
SENSUOUS SLUTS
(818) 508-3220



NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED CK'S, MO'S

SEXUAL CONFESSIONS

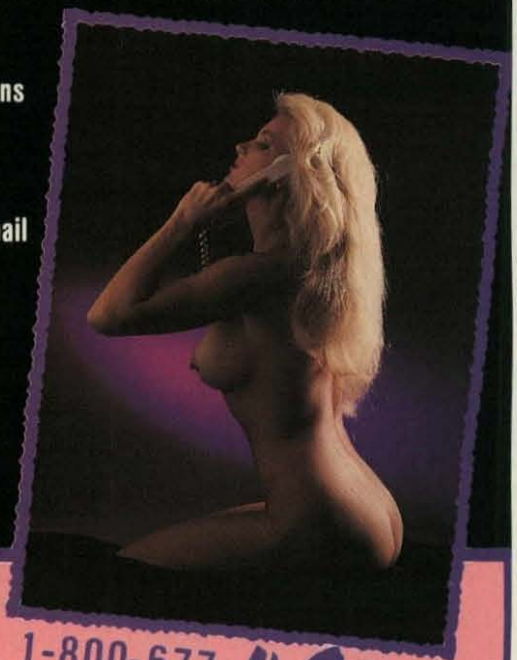
Real women confessing their innermost sexual secrets, darkest desires, and most bizarre encounters – Secrets that just have to be told!

1-900-990-1212
Women's uncensored confessions and fantasies
$2.00 / min.

1-900-990-9091
Confessions with private voicemail
$1.95 / min.

1-900-726-GIRL 4475
Lesbian confessions
$2.00 / min.

1-900-726-SINS 7467
Sexual sins too kinky to describe
$2.00 / min.



ALSO **LIVE!** **1-800-677-4 SEX** 739
$1.99 / min. Touchtones only Visa / MC
billed as IWM Communications adults only

only **67¢** per min*

FREE ACCESS SWINGER'S PARTY LINE!

only **67¢** per min*

- *Personal ads of swinging **GIRLS, GUYS & COUPLES**, in their own voice!*
- ***Every** ad is a **Phone Ad!***
- *Place your own phone ad — we provide **FREE VOICE MAIL BOXES!***
- *Talk to **ANY** of our **advertisers** on our **FREE ACCESS Party Line!***
- *Join the fun in a **GROUP CONVERSATION** and then if YOU choose*
- *Break off from the others and hold a **PRIVATE CONVERSATION!***



SO GET PERSONAL!
Call
1-900-USA-SWING
1-900-872-7946
The "Personal Touch" Service
*15 min. minimum — $9.95 per call

FANTASY HOTLINE
1-800-274-HOTT



① Lady Lovers
② Oral Ecstasy
③ Patty's Pajama Party

Have Visa, M.C. ready .99¢ per 1/2 min.
Billed discreetly as East Coast.
Must be 18 yrs.

---

24 Hours LIVE! Have VISA/MC Ready! Touchtone Phones Only

"Fuck & Suck Us, Baby"



★ PARTYLINE ★ Throbbing 1-on-1 ★ X-Rated Fantasies ★ & More!

1-800-SCREW US Billed as World Comm.
1-800-6-STEAMY Billed as Teleworld Comm

.99¢ per ½ min. Prices Subject to change without notice Must be 18

NEW **Swingers Connection!**



LIVE CONVERSATION WITH GIRLS 24 HRS. A DAY! ADULTS ONLY

1(900) 999-5500
$5 1st min.; $1 ea. add'l. min.

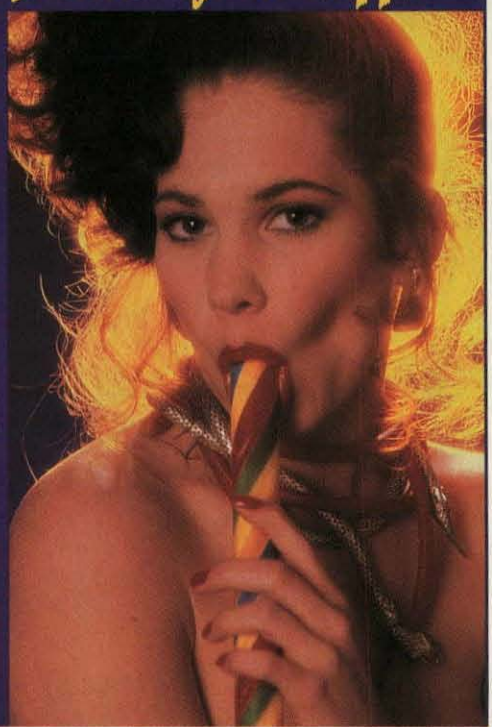
Uncensored Messages



1(900) USA-2222 8 7 2 $5 per min.
1(900) 234-5772
$5 1st min.; $1 ea. add'l. min.

We Want To Suck You Off!

I'm a wet, nasty girl that loves to suck. Call me or my friends for hot, juicy climaxes 24 Hours a day!



LIVE SEX CONFERENCE
(800) 755-SUCK 7 8 2 5
99¢ PER HALF MIN. MC/VISA

PRIVATE 1 ON 1 KINK
(800) 48-TRAMP 8 7 2 6 7
99¢ PER HALF MIN. MC/VISA

ADULT PARTY LINE
(900) 999-6600
99¢ PER HALF MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

XXX-RATED LIVE PRIVATE 1 ON 1
(602) 222-9800
UP TO 1/2 HR OF UNRESTRICTED HARD CORE!!!

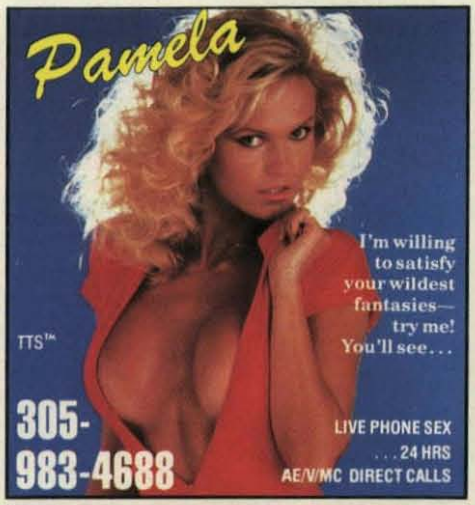
(900) USA-4-SEX 872 4 739
$14.99 PER CALL
BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

Swingers Party Line
(900) 999-2400
99¢ PER 1/2 MIN BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

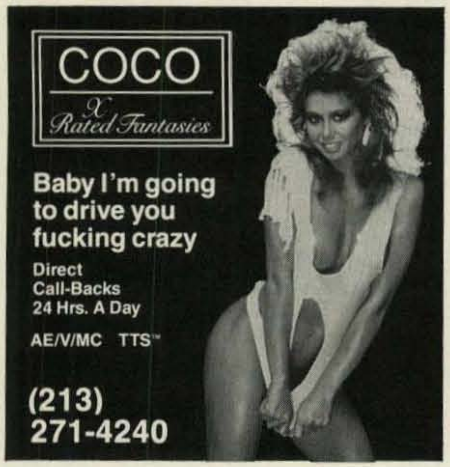
Hot Adult Messages
(900) 872-7700
99¢ PER MIN BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

N.T.T. P.O. Box 4457 • Scottsdale • AZ • 85261















HOT SAMPLES

Hear hot, horny women and talk to the one that turns you on. Have a LIVE CONVERSATION
Not a party line — just private hot-talk.

SECRET CONFESSIONS

Hot, sexy women tell all.



EROTIC MESSAGE EXCHANGE

Listen, send or receive hot, uncensored messages.

1-900-234-SEXY

ONLY $2.95/MIN. OVER 21 24 HOURS



I WANT TO PARTY WITH ONLY YOU!

Talk Or Eavesdrop Anytime
24 Hours

1-900-226-JUDY

(NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED)

• 1-ON-1 • MESSAGES
• CONFESSIONS

—OR—

1-800-695-DAWN

(1-800-695-3296)

DAWN IS "HOT!"

1.99 per minute

• CHAT LINE • 1-ON-1
• CONFESSIONS

BILLED TO VISA—M/C AS ARC NETWORK. MUST BE 21

The PARTYLINE to call if you wanna workout!

Workout Girls

1-900-999-SXXY
(7 9 9 9)

Tito Communications
.99¢ per minute
Must be 18



No credit card needed!

For a Harder Workout call:

1(800)477-MONA *or* **1(800)866-2625**
MC / VISA! Touchtone Phones Only! .99¢ / half min.

WOMEN'S SECRET DIRTY CONFESSIONS!

1-900-456-T$_8$R$_7$U$_8$E$_3$

All 900 #s • 99¢ min. • $1.99 1st min. • Prices may vary • Billed directly to your phone.



FROM BEHIND CLOSED DOORS:
REAL FANTASIES!
WHAT TURNS WOMEN ON!
RAUNCHY SEX THEY WANT!
100% PICK-UP TIPS!

1-900-456-R$_7$E$_3$A$_2$L$_5$



EAT SUSHI • 24 HRS. • LIVE, HORNY, ASIAN SLUTS!

1-800-T$_8$R$_7$Y$_9$-A$_2$S$_7$I$_4$A$_2$

99¢ 1/2 Min. • 18 or older • Discreetly billed to MC/ VISA

NO CREDIT? **1-900-U$_8$S$_7$A$_2$-A$_2$S$_7$I$_4$A$_2$**

I WANT TO MAKE U CUM!



THE BACKROOM
Privately coded connection

ONE ON ONE
Connects you with one other caller

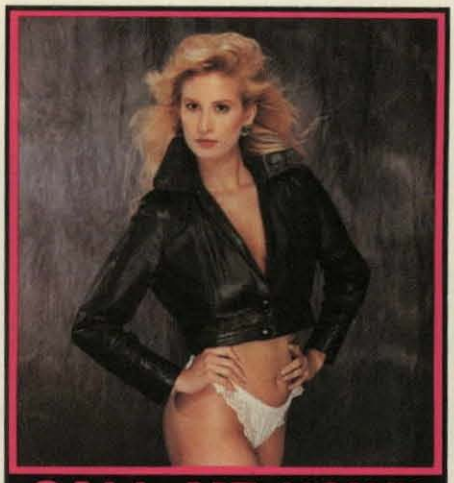
LIVE CONFERENCE
With up to eight exciting people

No Credit Card Needed! • VIP ONE-ON-ONE

1(900) 776-4-VIP (8 4 7)

1(900) 776-4-SEX (7 3 9)

$2.50 per minute / 10 minute minimum • Prices subject to change without notice
Billed to your phone bill as "Infocall" • You must be over 18.



CALL ME NOW!!

1-900-226-HOTT
(No credit cards needed) Adults Only

EXOTIC FANTASIES

1-800-274-HOTT
Visa/MC Adults Only

800# Billed as East Coast .99¢ per 1/2 min.

900# Billed as Calypso $2 per min. 4 min. minimum. ($8.00 per call)

ALL NEW EUROPEAN ORGY!

LIVE! 24 hrs.



LIVE PARTY LINES • 1-ON-1 • BULLETIN BOARD • FREE PHOTOS

TWO GIRL PLEASURES!.

1-900-234-O6R7G4Y9

No credit cards needed! • $2 per min. • Charged to your phone. • 18 years or older.

FREE CALL!

NO BULLSHIT!

(800) 927-7000

ONE CALL PER CUSTOMER

ABSOLUTELY FREE - NO CHARGE EVER!

MUST BE 18 YRS. OF AGE

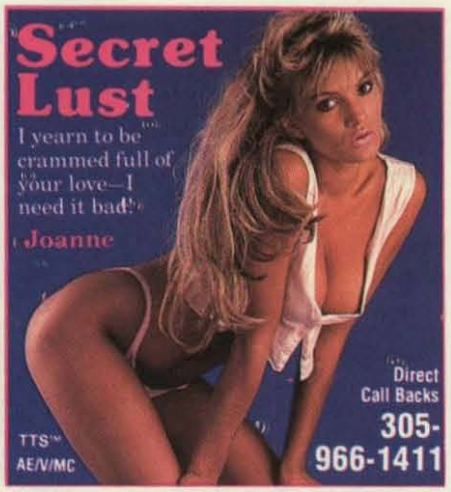
Call ANAL ALICE



MC/VISA/AE - Direct Call Back upon request

(818) 506-8824


"We ain't exactly your fancy party line models, but then again THEY ain't gonna fuck you. Me and my friends are regular girls looking for a good time with a guy like you..."
702•385•2222
FREE publication
LIVE operators
HELPFUL facilitators
NO electronic bullshit
NO fake bulletin boards
NO recordings
MEN 90¢ p.m.
WOMEN FREE
PHONE EXCHANGES AND
GET-TOGETHERS ENCOURAGED !


Secret Lust
I yearn to be crammed full of your love—I need it bad!
Joanne
Direct Call Backs
305-966-1411
TTS
AE/V/MC

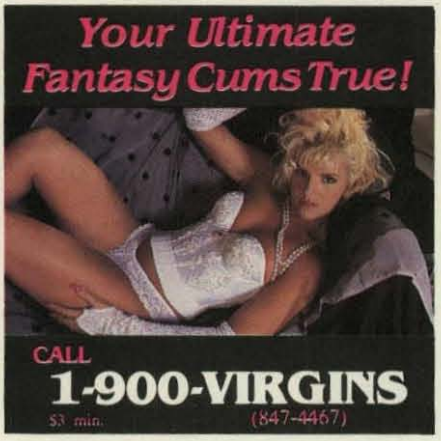

Geisha Girls
"American Style"
FREE VIDEO
with your first call!
Here to serve Your EVERY wish... 24hrs Daily
702-366-0001


CREDIT CARDS (10 min minimum, no max)
DIRECT BILLING (15 min minimum)
$1.79
per minute
live, personal, intimate
"beauty is in the eye of the beholder"
1-800-657-4088


MISTRESS RAQUEL
CROSS DRESSING
DENIAL
OBEDIENCE
CONTROL
PERSUASION
ENEMAS
FIXATIONS
ORAL & ANAL
FETISHES
(213) 854-3425
M/C, VISA, AMEX
DIRECT CALL BACK UPON REQUEST


Hottest Babe Ever!
1-900-468-5425
$5/min.


RED HOT!
Lisa
Wild 'N Nasty Babes!
1-900-463-4475
$3 min.


Your Ultimate Fantasy Cums True!
CALL
1-900-VIRGINS
(847-4467)
$3 min.

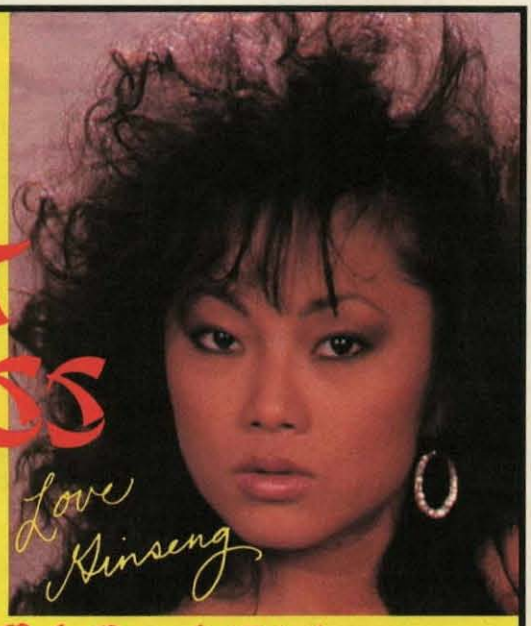

HOT
FRENCH STYLE!
Nicolle
Luscious Ladies That Love to Perform!
1-900-246-2482
$3 min.


HOT FANTASY GIRLS!
FOR Adults Only!
1-900-246-3584
$3 min.


ARE YOU KINKY?
MY FANTASIES WILL FREAK YOU OUT!!!
Roxanne
1-900-46-FREAK
$3/min.
ABSOLUTELY BIZARRE!

RIDE THE ORIENT EXPRESS

1-ON-1



ALWAYS 1-ON-1 1-900-860-ASIA 2742

2 GIRLS & MORE 1-900-999-ASIA 2742

HOT NAMES & NUMBERS 1-900-370-ASIA 2742

(860) $2.00 / min. $3.95 / first min. • (999) $2.00 / min. • (370) $1.00 / min.

BAD  NEWS

THE BAD NEWS IS:

We're Sold Out
354,000 / 118 Page
World Famous Catalogs
ARE GONE

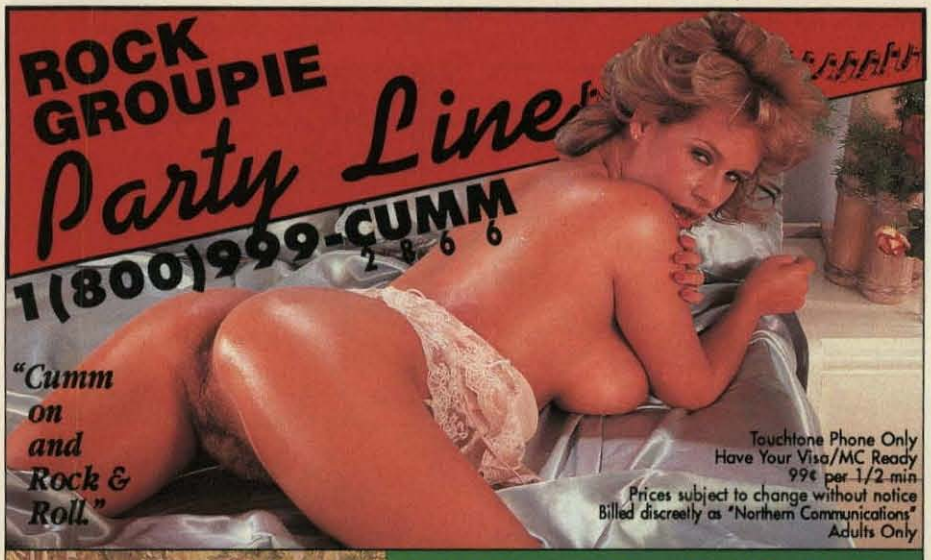
THE GOOD NEWS IS:

Our 256 Page Catalog
Is Rolling Off The Press.
Contact Us For Details

TAG VIDEOS (213) 665-4321
Post Office Box 29265, TM
HOLLYWOOD, CA 90029

ROCK GROUPIE Party Line

1(800)999-CUMM 2866



"Cumm on and Rock & Roll."

Touchtone Phone Only
Have Your Visa/MC Ready
99¢ per 1/2 min
Prices subject to change without notice
Billed discreetly as "Northern Communications"
Adults Only



"I'm Wild & I Want Your Bod!" -Teri

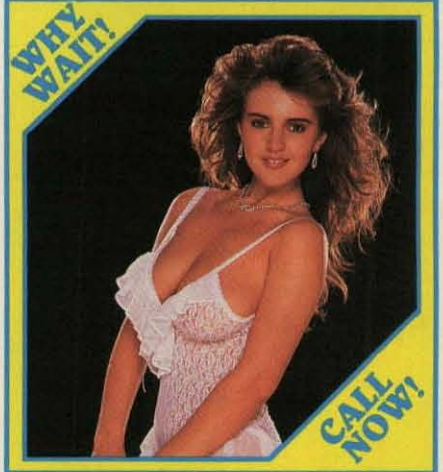
1(800)444-WILD 9453

✶ VIP 1-on-1 ✶ Partyline ✶
✶ XXX Fantasies ✶ Confessions ✶
✶ & Much More! ✶

Touchtone Phone Only•Have your Visa/MC Ready 99¢ per 1/2 min. • Prices subject to change without notice • Billed discreetly as "Northern Communications" • Adults Only

I WANT YOU!

1-900 988-LIPS (5477)



NO CREDIT CARDS NEEDED

Billed as Calypso
Must be 18 yrs.
$2 per min. 4 min. minimum. $8 call

VOTED BEST NEW LINE



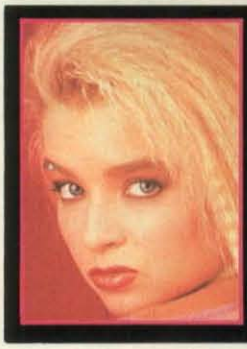
Hot, Young, Firm & Luscious

1-800
876-MISS
6477

Big Tits & Tight Twats

1-800-444-CORA
2672

99¢/½ min. / Visa or MC / A & R Comm / Must Be 18



NAUGHTY
TATTLE
TALE

NO CREDIT CARD

1-900
999-MISS
6477

$2 per min. • Must Be 18

REAL WOMEN
are waiting to meet you now!



Why Fantasize–
when you can have the real thing?

Personal ads from Women
who want to meet
men in your area!

(arranged by area code)

GUARANTEED: NO PHONIES!
Minimum 50% Women Callers

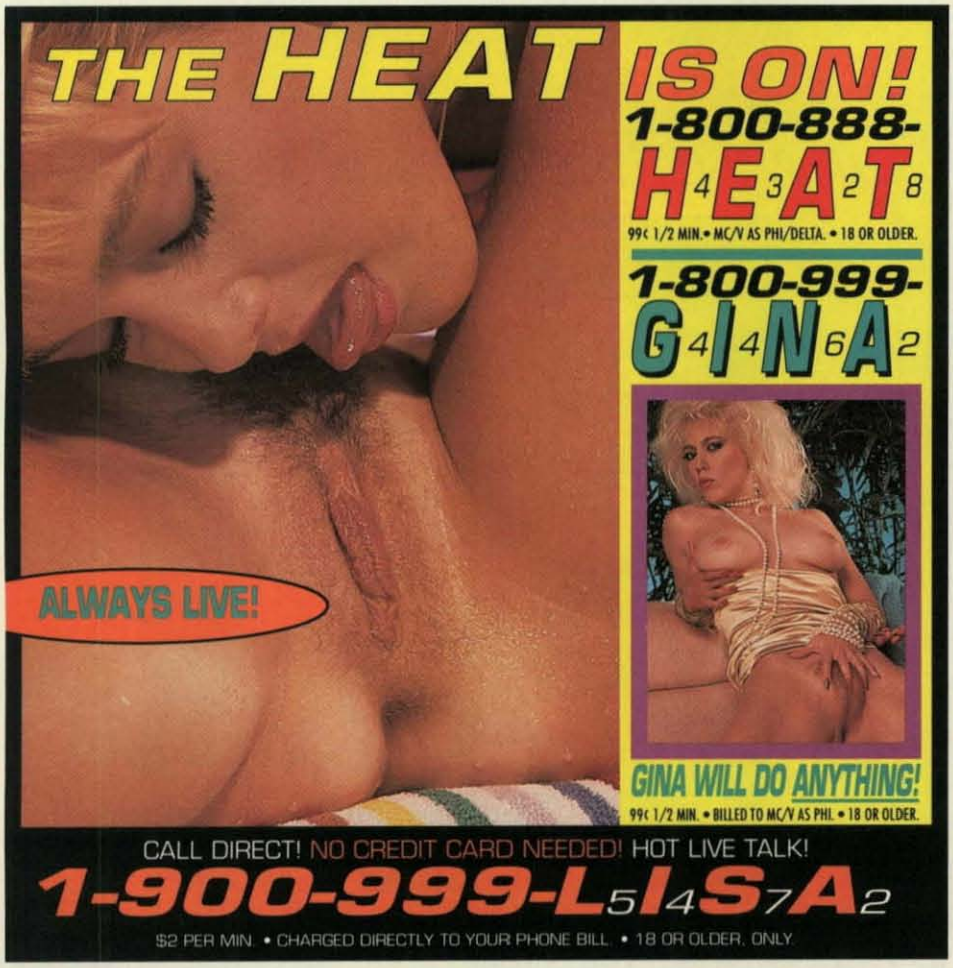
1-900-786-DATE (3283)

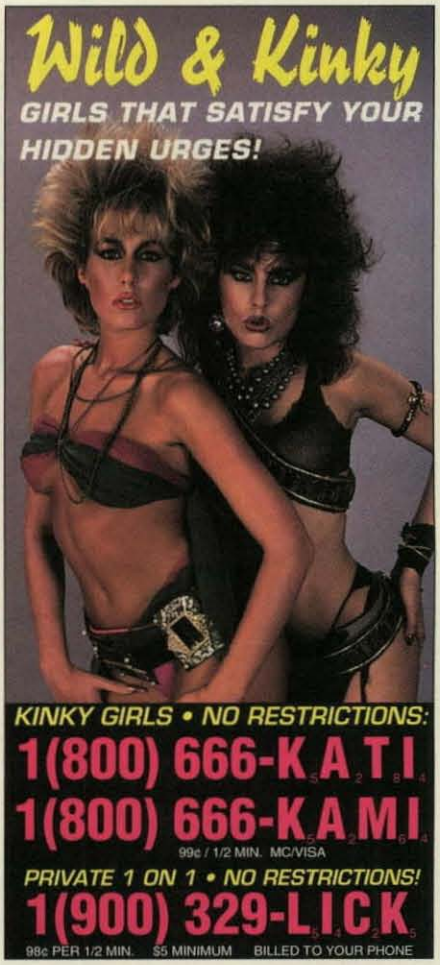
"The Line Women Like Best!"

No Credit Card Needed!
$1/min. $2 first min. with Private Voice Mail.

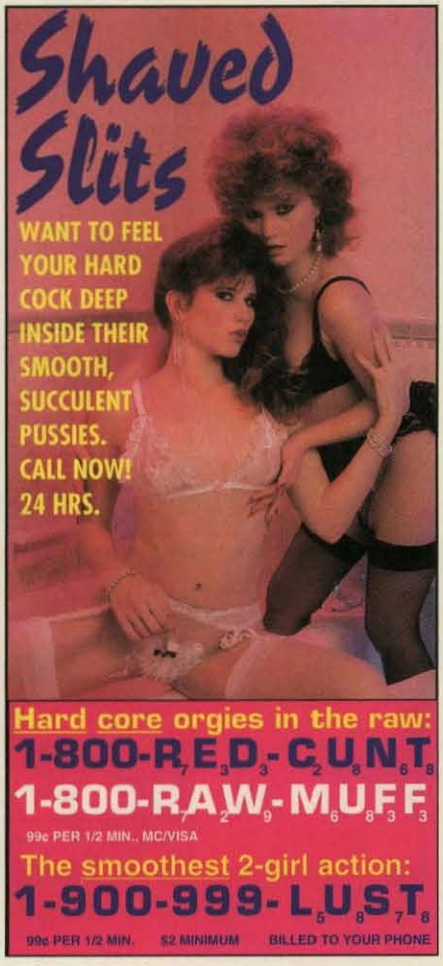
THE DATE CONNECTION™

Or Try 1-900-990-1314
Women's Phone Numbers (arranged by area code) $2.50/min.
True Confessions from an X-rated Film Star–
Gloria Leonard Tells All! 1-900-988-TRUE (8783) $1.95/min.
Bisexual Personal Ads 1-900-226-MALE (6253) $1.95/min.


THE HEAT IS ON!
1-800-888-HEAT
99¢ 1/2 MIN.• MC/V AS PHI/DELTA. • 18 OR OLDER.
1-800-999-GINA
ALWAYS LIVE!
GINA WILL DO ANYTHING!
99¢ 1/2 MIN. • BILLED TO MC/V AS PHI. • 18 OR OLDER.
CALL DIRECT! NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED! HOT LIVE TALK!
1-900-999-LISA
$2 PER MIN. • CHARGED DIRECTLY TO YOUR PHONE BILL. • 18 OR OLDER. ONLY.


Wild & Kinky
GIRLS THAT SATISFY YOUR HIDDEN URGES!
KINKY GIRLS • NO RESTRICTIONS:
1(800) 666-KATI
1(800) 666-KAMI
99¢ / 1/2 MIN. MC/VISA
PRIVATE 1 ON 1 • NO RESTRICTIONS!
1(900) 329-LICK
98¢ PER 1/2 MIN. $5 MINIMUM BILLED TO YOUR PHONE


LIVE 24 HOURS!
THIS MUST BE "LUST"!
1-800-365-LUST
99¢ 1/2 MN. • BILLED MC/V AS DELTA. 18 OR OLDER.
"FROM BEHIND, BABY.."
1-800-677-LISA
99¢ 1/2 MN. • BILLED MC/V AS PHI. • 18 OR OLDER.
NO CREDIT CARD REQUIRED!
1-900-999-LISA
$2 PER MIIN. • CHARGED DIRECTLY TO YOUR PHONE BILL. • 18 OR OLDER.


Shaved Slits
WANT TO FEEL YOUR HARD COCK DEEP INSIDE THEIR SMOOTH, SUCCULENT PUSSIES. CALL NOW! 24 HRS.
Hard core orgies in the raw:
1-800-RED-CUNT
1-800-RAW-MUFF
99¢ PER 1/2 MIN., MC/VISA
The smoothest 2-girl action:
1-900-999-LUST
99¢ PER 1/2 MIN. $2 MINIMUM BILLED TO YOUR PHONE



-LIVE 24 HOURS-
FRIENDLY, PERSONAL & UNHURRIED
(415) 665-5216 V/MC/AE

I am Insatiable

Let this exotic dancer bare it all for you!

Ask Jessie about the **KINKY THINGS** She'll perform just for you!

"Call me, Jessie."



305-966-1288 TTS™
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS • DIRECT CALL-BACKS

THE FANTASY CONNECTION
Call Toll Free - 24hrs
1-800-922-7825



Canada
1-313-669-4511

A creative sexy girl of your dreams will call you back immediately for a romantic experience, of anything your HARD desires.
MC/VISA



Put a little JOY in your life!



ATTENTION!!!
All slaves and submissives "Don't keep your Mistress waiting!"
The Institute
(702) 477-7711
Free Details • Visa/MC • 24 Hrs • Direct Callback

Nights On Hot Satin

For wild, untamed Phone sex— Ask for, Andrea



305-963-3144 AE/V/MC DIRECT CALLS

NASTY GIRLS LIVE!!



Love to Get You Off LIVE
1-900-990-0306
$25 per call

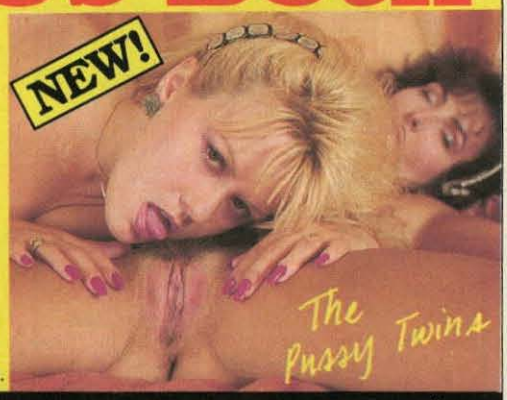
Ride My Ass
1-900-226-2354
Cum In My Mouth
1-900-329-6727
Any Hole For You
1-900-446-4368
Spank Me, Bite Me
1-900-726-9725
Fist Fuckers
1-900-776-8925
$2 per min.

LIVE PHONE FILTH
1-900-446-2124
$5 per min.

Adult Live Party Line
1-900-726-2122
$5 per call

WAKE UP HARD
1-900-988-4925
$5 per min.

Fuck Us Both 'Til U Cum!



1(800) WE-FUCK-2
(9 3 3 8 2 5 2)
Billed as National Comm. .99¢ per 1/2 min.

✱ PARTYLINE ✱ KINKY PERSONAL ADS ✱ & MORE ✱

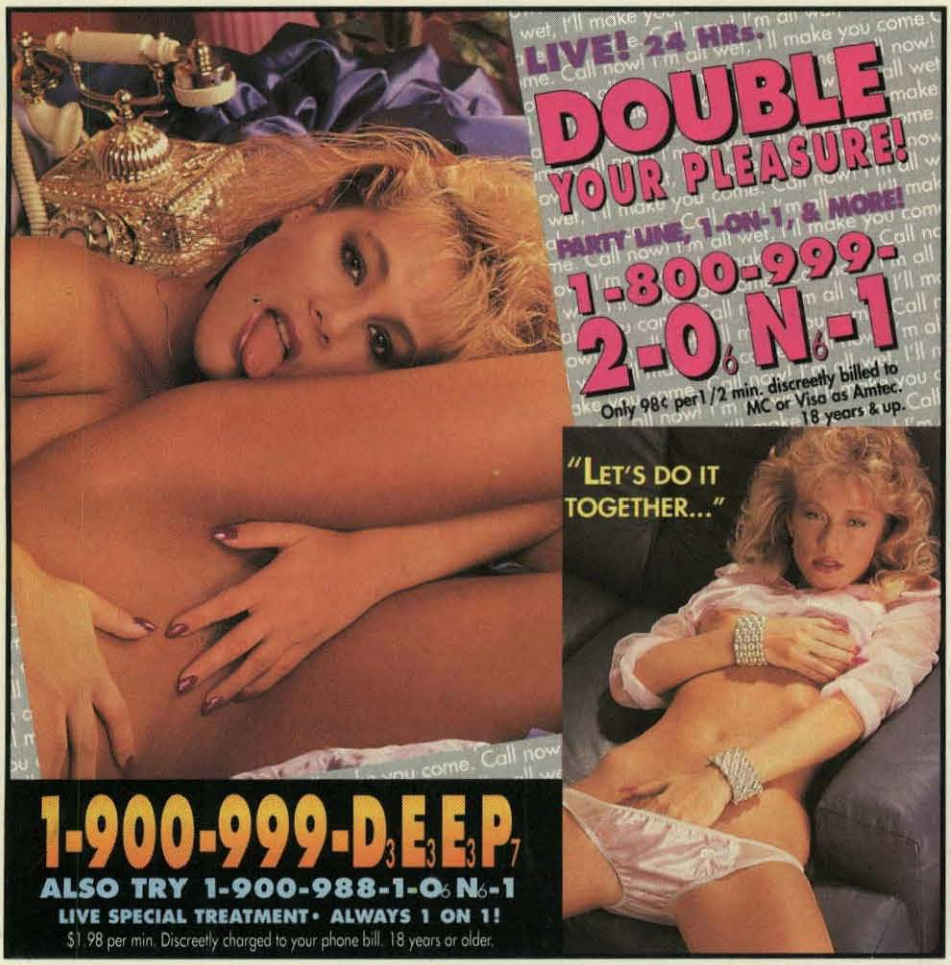


Hump Me Flat On My Back

Love, Kathy

1(800) U-CLIMAX
8 2 5 4 6 2 9

Touchtone Phones Only. Have M/C and VISA ready. .99¢ per 1/2 minute. Prices subject to change without notice.
Billed directly as Zeta Comm. A member of the System 800 Group. Must be 18 years old or over.



HOT SPOT 10

CONTACT 900

"ADULT" Satisfaction	1-900-820-3990
"EASY" Hot Dates	1-900-820-EASY
"PLAY" Swingers	1-900-786-PLAY
"SEXY" Fantasies	1-900-786-SEXY
"WET" and Wild	1-900-786-7925
"LOVE" Kinky	1-900-847-LOVE
"TRUE" Confessions	1-900-847-TRUE

ALL CALLS 24 HRS. • 7 DAYS, ONLY $3 Min.

1991-92 EXOTIC DANCER DIRECTORY
Over 1000 Club Listings Nationwide
Send $22.95 Postage paid to:
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EXPERIENCE THE ULTIMATE KINKY FANTASY
1-900-463-7325 $3
AND FOR THE HORNIEST GIRLS EVER!
1-900-463-4332 $3

GINGER LYNN'S OWN FANTASY LINE
1-900-321-0400
$2.00 Per. Min. Call 24 Hrs

Always Ready **1-900-446-4006** Always Live!
SWEET SENSATIONS!!! Warm, Wet, and Wild Pussy Waiting for You! $15 call.

Ultimate Confession Party Line
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-999-CHER .99 1/2 Min.
Have M.CARD / VISA READY
1-800-999-CHER .99 1/2 Min.
Adults Only

FRIENDS WITH PENS
Hotline **1-900-820-3990**
only $3 / min.

100'S OF GIRLS ON SWINGERS LINE
1-900-786-9696
$5.00 per min. / adults only

TALK **LIVE** JUST YOU AND ME!
TALK TO ME UNTIL YOUR **HEAD** EXPLODES.
1-900-776-9800
$2. Per Half Minute

TALK LIVE ONE ON ONE TO HORNY HOUSEWIVES THAT LIKE REAR DELIVERIES
1-303-892-1661
No per min. charge ★ No credit cards

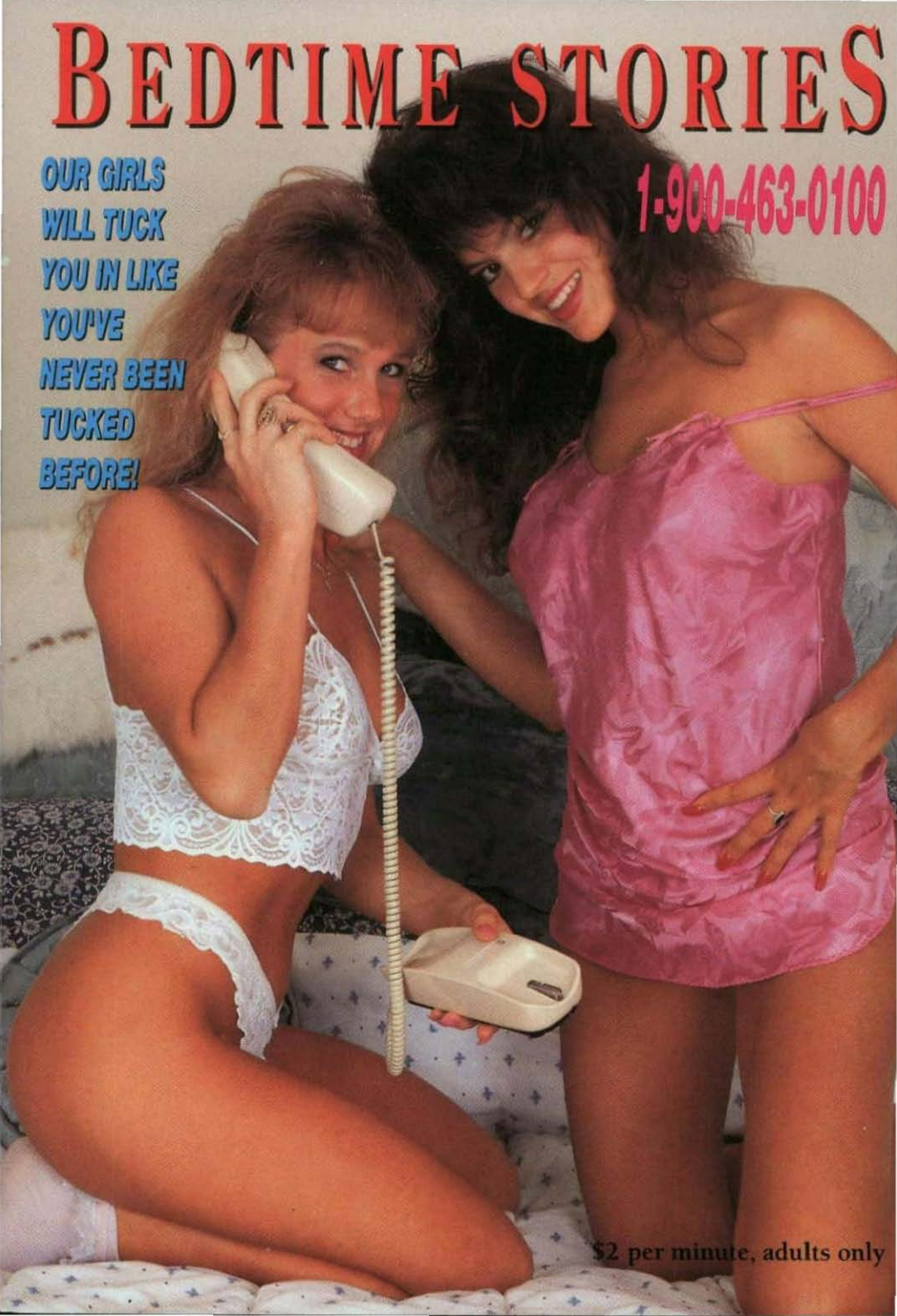
★$2.00 Min.★ **1-900-226-4433** ★24 Hrs.★
HEAR TANTALIZING TALES FROM BRITISH TARTS

DREAM GIRLS!!! **1-900-226-2286** Always Hot!
Private One on One conversations with beautiful and exotic women. Live and uncensored.

THE NATION'S HOTTEST PHONE SEX
1-800-FON SSEX (1-800-366-7739)
FOR HOT ONE ON ONE TALK, CALL 1-818-788-8564
$2 first min. .99¢ each add'l min.

1-900-370-9919
MEET BEAUTIFUL SEXY LADIES TONIGHT
$2 /1st min. $1 / add min. (over 18)

HOT SPOT ADVERTISING:
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Palm Springs, CA 92264
Phone 619-322-5092


BEDTIME STORIES
1-900-463-0100
OUR GIRLS WILL TUCK YOU IN LIKE YOU'VE NEVER BEEN TUCKED BEFORE!
$2 per minute, adults only





SWEAT!

THE FANTASY LINE FOR PERSONS WHO LOVE EXERTION

1-900 468-BODS

(THAT'S 1-900-468-2637)

FOR HOT ADULTS ONLY

Only $2 a minute.

DESPERATE DAMES LOOKING FOR DATES

1-900 230-1919

FOR SINCERE ADULTS OVER 21.

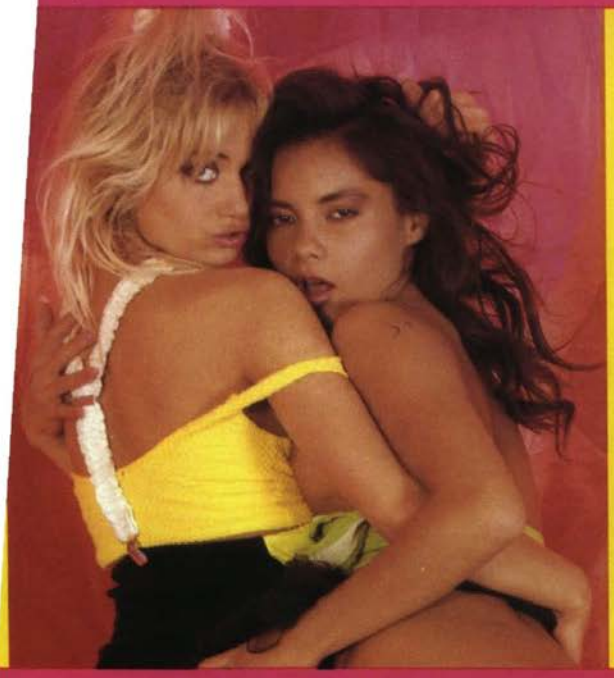
Only $2 a minute.


Live Talk
CALL
1-900-535-7100
Exotic girls, exciting nationalities talk to you live!
only $25 complete, you must be over 18


Oriental girl fantasies
Find out what they are.
Yes, they're really different!
1-900-246-1600
just $2 per minute, adults only

CAN YOU HANDLE 2 HOT GIRLS OR MORE?

DOUBLE DIPPERS DELIGHT!



GET TWICE THE ACTION, TWICE THE FUN, WHEN YOU GO 2-FOR-1 ON THE DOUBLE DIPPERS LINE

CALL 1-900

535-0200

DOUBLE DIPPERS MEANS LOTS OF HOT GIRLS FOR YOU. JUST $2 A MINUTE. ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

THERE'S 2...4...UP TO 6 SUPER HOT GIRLS FOR EVERY CALLER ON THE DOUBLE DIPPERS LINE. DON'T WASTE TIME. CALL NOW TO MEET THE GIRLS!

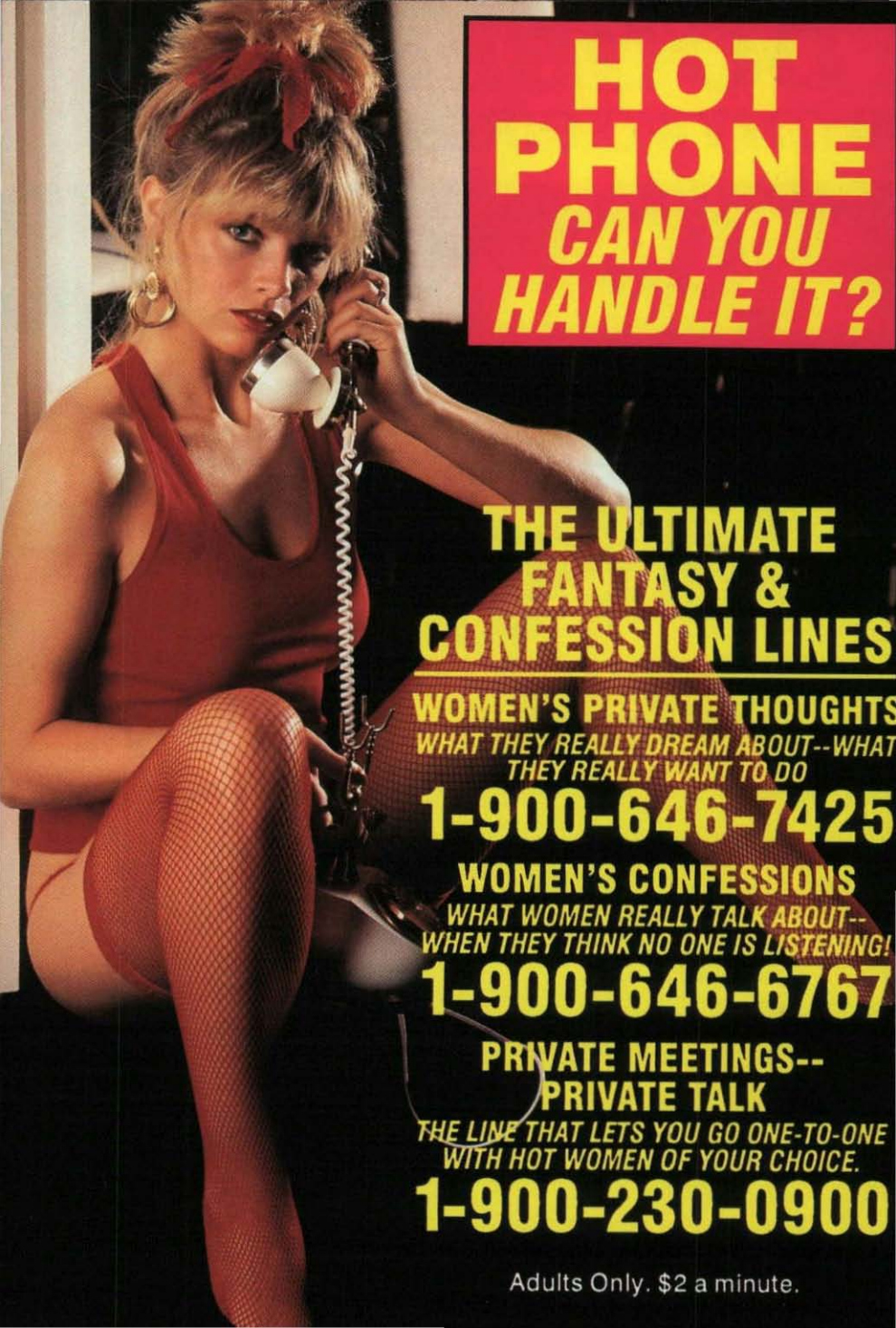
FLATTERY WILL GET YOU EVERYWHERE!

HOT GALS WHO NEED YOU NOW!

1-900-646-0900

Callers over 21 only please. Just $2 a minute.




HOT PHONE
CAN YOU HANDLE IT?
THE ULTIMATE FANTASY & CONFESSION LINES
WOMEN'S PRIVATE THOUGHTS
WHAT THEY REALLY DREAM ABOUT--WHAT THEY REALLY WANT TO DO
1-900-646-7425
WOMEN'S CONFESSIONS
WHAT WOMEN REALLY TALK ABOUT-- WHEN THEY THINK NO ONE IS LISTENING!
1-900-646-6767
PRIVATE MEETINGS-- PRIVATE TALK
THE LINE THAT LETS YOU GO ONE-TO-ONE WITH HOT WOMEN OF YOUR CHOICE.
1-900-230-0900
Adults Only. $2 a minute.

DOUBLE UP!
WITH TWO GIRLS, OR MORE!



1-900 847-8833

The Girls-Girls-Girls Line! Personal Contacts For Your Dating Pleasure.

Adults over 21 only. Just $2 a minute.

QUICK RELEASE

"OOOH BABY!"

1-900

230-LADY

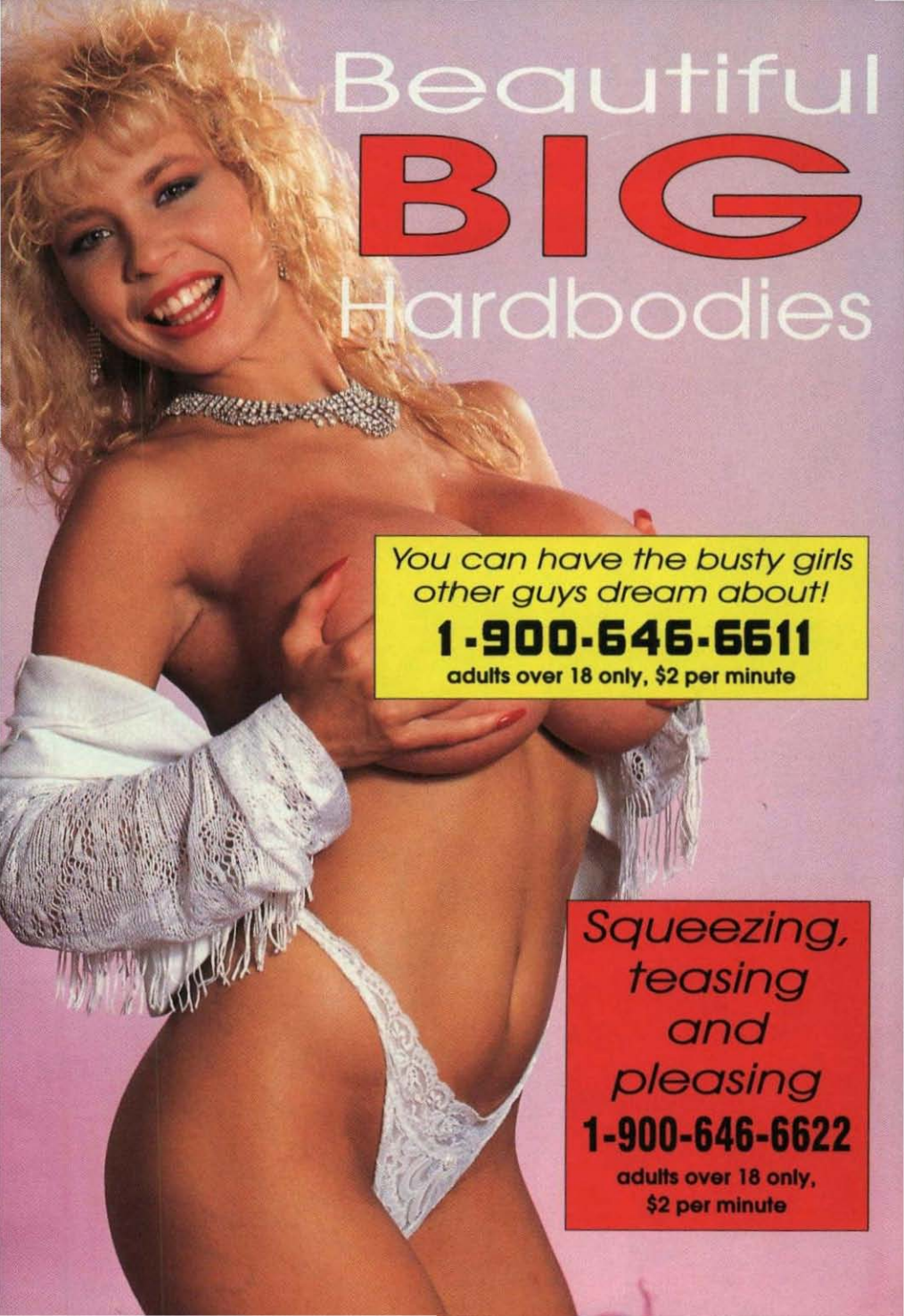
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IT'S WHAT *YOU* NEED!
INSTANT PERSONAL CONTACTS!
NO WAITING EVER!

ADULTS OVER 21 ONLY. $2 A MIN.




Dream Lovers
want to satisfy your dreams!
Centerfold models, exotic dancers, hot film stars share their steamy dreams with you!
1-900-568-4600
adults only, just $2 per minute
Now! Meet in person. Home phone numbers of hot ladies who want to hear from you!
1-900-568-4800
adults only, just $2 per minute
adults over 18 only, $2 per minute


Beautiful
BIG
Hardbodies
You can have the busty girls other guys dream about!
1-900-646-6611
adults over 18 only, $2 per minute
Squeezing, teasing and pleasing
1-900-646-6622
adults over 18 only, $2 per minute



HIGH HEEL VIDEO

Like to see nyloned legs walking in spike heels? Brand new taken with high resolution camera 1 hr. videos with accent on lower half of female form. **AVAILABLE IN VHS**

STILETTO HEELS & SHEER NYLONS -See our model put on, walk in & take off 15 pairs of 5 & 6" heels, commenting on each $39.00

THESE SHOES WERE MADE FOR WALKIN' - Gal models her own favorite 4 & 5" hi heels in nylons walking in & commenting on 27 diff. pairs $39.00

BOTH ABOVE VIDEOS - 2 hrs. of stiletto heels, only $69.00

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EXPERIENCE THE SEXUAL DELIGHT OF YOUR FANTASIES

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TTS™

Fortune Cookie

This honey oozes sex . . . Nothing is too outrageous.

"I know how to give pleasure." Nikki

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TTS™

The Seduction Of Suzy

For Sweet And Total Satisfaction Call me, Suzy

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Major Credit Cards Direct Call-Backs





TOUCH ME
1-900
230-HEAT
(THAT'S 1-900-230-4328)

FEEL THE HEAT DO IT NOW!

Over 21 only. $2 per min.

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE



...ON THE TWO FOR ONE LINE!

1-900
246-2244

Two hot girls for every guy. Even more girls if you want. The girls are waiting to talk to you!

Must be 18+. $2 a min.

CUM WITH US!



NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!

1-900-999-4 S7E3X9

Charged $2 per minute to your phone bill.

ONE ON ONE CONNECTIONS

1-900
568-LIVE
(THAT'S 1-900-568-5483)

TWO DOLLARS A MINUTE. ADULTS ONLY.



Talk to our *Live*
UNINHIBITED PARTY LINE GIRLS
PARTY LINES•PERSONAL MESSAGES

1-900 999-3600
ONLY $2.00 PER MIN., $3.00 THE FIRST MIN.
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900 U.S.A.-6900
$5.00 PER MIN.





1-900 U.S.A.-2900
ONLY $2.00 PER MIN., $3.00 THE FIRST MIN.

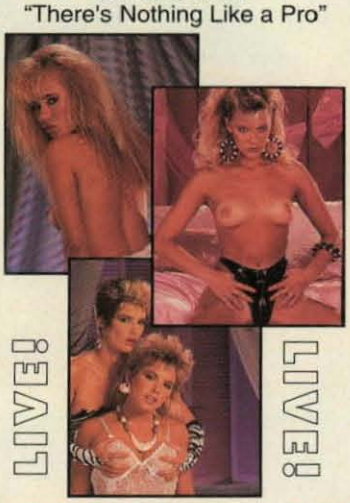
KINKY WET
XXX [redacted] XXX
FANTASIES
1-800-999-ORAL



1 LUSTING WOMEN 2 ORAL HEAVEN
3 YOUNG HOT GIRLS

1-800-999-EATT
Have Visa, MC, ready • 99¢ per 1/2 minute
Billed discreetly as East Coast & Offshore
Must be over 18 yrs.

XAVIERA'S GIRLS ARE BACK IN ACTION!
"Call the Happy Hooker's Bordello Live!"
"There's Nothing Like a Pro"



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$3 1st min. $1.25 ea add'l V/MC

CALL DREAM DATE!
The Dating Line where your Fantasies become Reality!
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Only .95 min.–you must be 18

XAVIERA KNOWS BEST



Call the Worlds Leading Authority in the Field of Lovemaking! She'll Teach You Tricks you never knew existed.
1-900-988-8000
$2 1st min. $1 ea. add'l.

HEY! EVER WANT TO BE A FLY ON THE WALL?
Well Here's Your Chance.Call the Peep Show Line and Hear People Having the Hottest Sex Ever! All day all the time! It's Fucking Amazing.
1-900-446-2326
M A D A M
Only .95 min. Adults Only

DUTCH SLUTS
ARE HERE FOR YOU DIRECT FROM THE FAMOUS RED LIGHT DISTRICT IN AMSTERDAM!



You've never experienced anything like this! Don't go soft on us!



1-800-2-TULIPS
8 8 5 4 7 7
$2.50 1st min. $1.50 ea add'l V/MC

FRESH OUT OF SCHOOL & HORNY-
CUM FILL ME UP-
PLEASE!



LIVE 1 ON 1 PRIVATE 24 HRS.
VISA/MC $2. / MIN. ONLY:
1-800-666-4-SEX 739
OR DIRECT: $10./CALL (NO TIME LIMIT):
1-900-776-1 ON 1 1661



TOTAL INTENSITY!
CALL & EXPERIENCE THE HORROR & ECSTASY OF "LEATHER BABE"!
1-900-463-7325
$3/min. Cum into my darkness!

NAUGHTY HOUSEWIVES!



Wild, Warm & Willing
1-900-463-6979
$3 min.

Free No Credit Cards or COD's Free

I'm Candy and I'll give you permission to do anything you want to do to me. I'm just like the Candy that melts in your mouth, call:

FREE FREE

Swingers Girls & Guys & Couples Name & Phone Numbers who want to meet you call direct: FREE FREE
1-901-388-8000

Free No Credit Cards or COD's Free
Free No Credit Cards or COD's Free
Hiring Women & Men - $20 per hour.

Bitch Goddess Wants You For Live Training
call direct at
(212) 466-2599
SHE-MALES & SUBMISSIVES AVAILABLE!
ALL FETISHES WELCOME.
MC / VISA / AMEX



TO HEAR THE BITCH GODDESS
DOMINATE YOU, CALL
1-900-988-8245
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY $2. PER MIN.

THE EMPORIUM ©

SPECIAL INTERESTS?
You Know What We Mean!
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$2 a minute. Adults Only.
CONTACT "900"

"ADULT" Satisfaction 1-900-820-3990
EASY Hot Direct 1-900-820-EASY
PLAY Swingers 1-900-786-PLAY
"SEXY" Fantasies 1-900-786-SEXY
"WET" and WILD 1-900-786-7925
LOVE Kinky 1-900-847-LOVE
TRUE CONFESSIONS 1-900-847-TRUE
ALL CALLS 24 HRS. 7 DAYS, ONLY $3.min.

"THERE'S A SPECIAL FEELING BETWEEN 2 WOMEN & A MAN" Call Luci & Carol at 212-921-4222

WIN A DATE with HEATHER or a Full Size POSTER. Call 1-900-446-1010 Only $9.95 call.

PHONE KINK!! STEAMY - Just the way you like it. 303-321-3920 24Hrs. V/MC

TALK LIVE WITH LUSCIOUS LADIES
FIND OUT HOW! NO CREDIT CARD
DIAL 1-900-646-7500
$2 a minutes. Adults Only.

ANGIE'S ANAL PLEASURE—1-800-322-ANAL major credit cards

OUR TEXAS HOT ASSES, ARE WARM, WET & READY FOR YOU! Phone Sex/Panties (214) 233-4512, 4517, 4519.

Heather is a 28 year old, affectionate hard body. She and her friends need to confide their romantic adventures with you at 1-900-446-6800. Only $3.00 minute.

Top Men's Magazine chose me BEST LIVE PHONE SEX. WOMAN IN USA. Find out why! Dusty 212-307-5570 V/MC/AE

For The Most Exciting Adult Romance Messages, call 1-900-820-2828 24hrs 7 days $3 per call

STRONG, SEXY & SENSUOUS! Call TINA 213-271-4249

LET ME BE YOUR FANTASY VIRGIN call DAWN at 305-963-3022

JUICY FANTASIES
1-900-646-9200
$2 a minute. Adults Only.

Call The Best Party Line in America! Meet New Friends. Talk or Just Listen in 1-900-999-7979 24hrs, 7 days 95¢ min. $2/1st min.

FUCK MY HOT WET PUSSY. Call 401-946-5526 Visa/MC

1 ON 1 LIVE TALK - NO RECORDINGS. Visa/MC/Bill 1-800-875-5226.

Heather is Hot-Heather is Horny Heather is Available. Call her at 1-900-988-6060 and Heather will fantasize with you at a time and number of your choice. Only $19.95 call.

WE LOVE ORGIES & KINKY SEX Call LORI & KIM at 305-966-1288

WANNA KNOW HOW BAD LITTLE JANIE CAN BE?? Call 212-840-5533

TAKE A JUICY BITE OUT OF MY BIG APPLE & LICK MY SWEET RED CHERRY. 212-242-8190 V/MC/AX. NY's Hottest 24Hrs.

"HOT TALKING PERSONALS" 1-900-646-4646. Listen or Record. Straight/Kinky. $2/min. FREE INFO. 305-565-4455x9119.

CANADA'S LUST LINE. WE LUST FOR YOU! 1-800-FOR-LUST. (Major credit cards)

For the WILDEST Adult Messages, Call 1-900-USA-GIRL 24hrs. $3/per call

To Run Your Ad in THE EMPORIUM © Call (212) 986-6642 or (212) 490-0172

LADIES HOME NUMBERS
1-900-646-7300
$2 a minute. Adults Only.

LIVE PHONE FANTASY—1-800-544-1068. 24Hrs. Call Back. Credit Cards

SENSUOUS & AGGRESSIVE—Call JACKIE 212-840-5522

ROMANTIC INTERLUDES—LUST, PASSION and EXCITEMENT! Call 1-900-226-4400 Only $2.00 per min.

YOUNG VIBRANT SENSUOUS 18 Year Old Girl Looking for Gentleman Friendship. Call Candy 1-901-452-1518.

EXPERIENCE Your Wild & Most Intimate Sexual Desires! MC/V 213-USA-FUCK. 24Hrs, 7 Days.

I'M A WILD ONE!!! LISA 305-966-1411
CARLY IS CRAZY FOR COCK!! Call 305-963-3144

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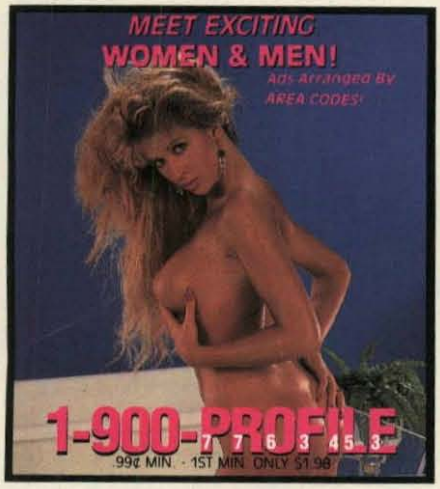
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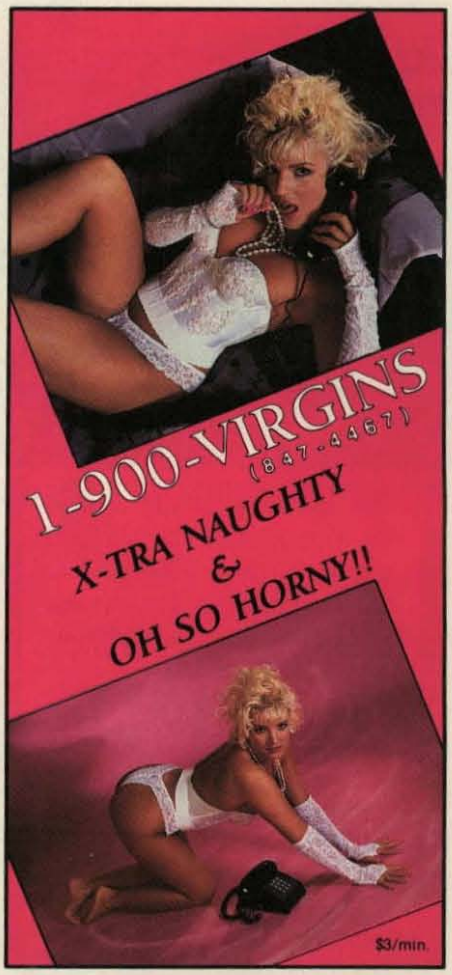
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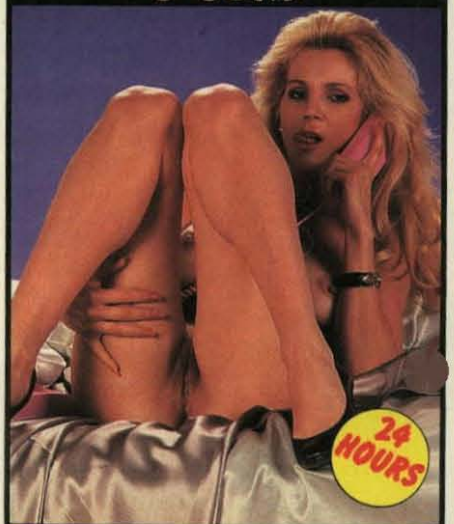


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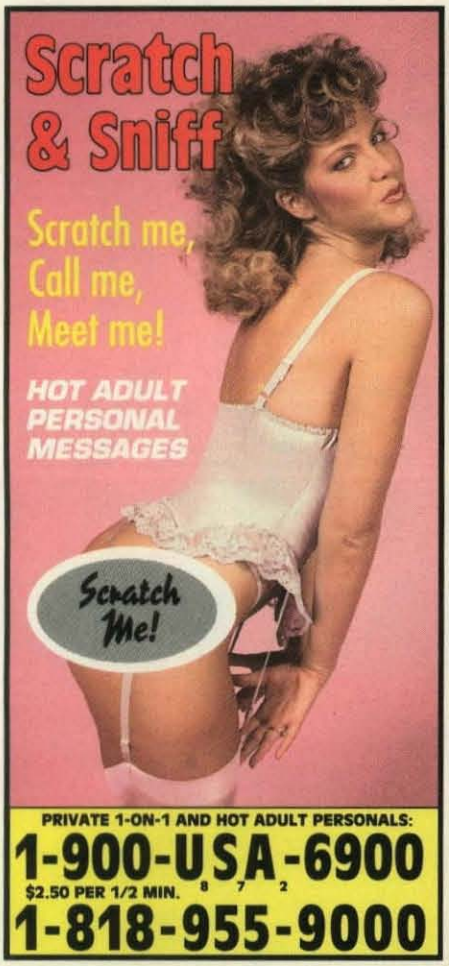
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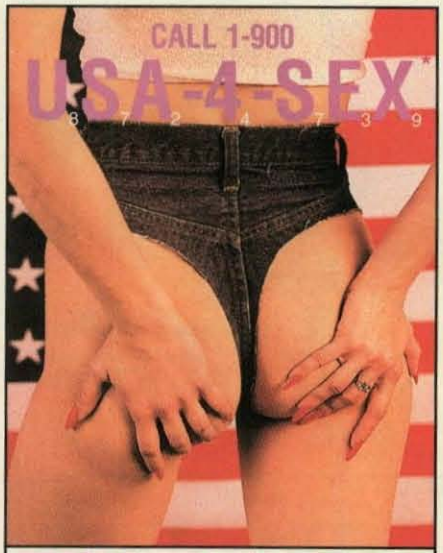
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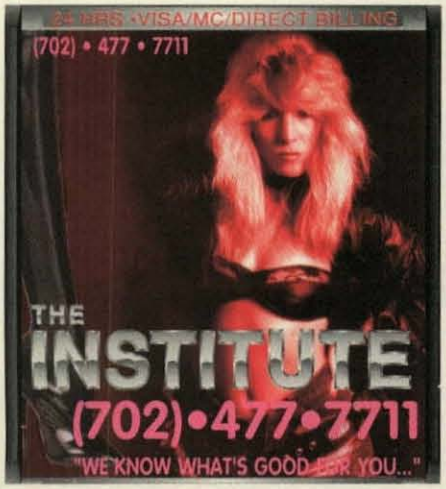
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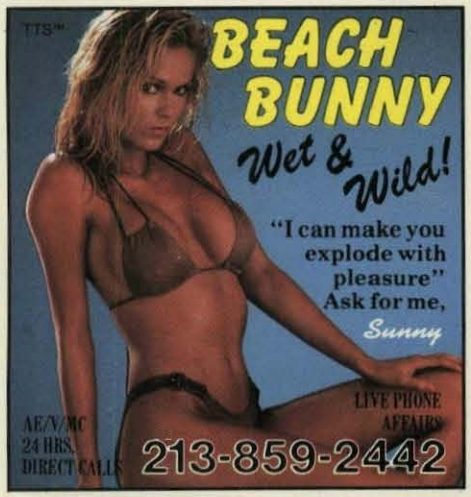
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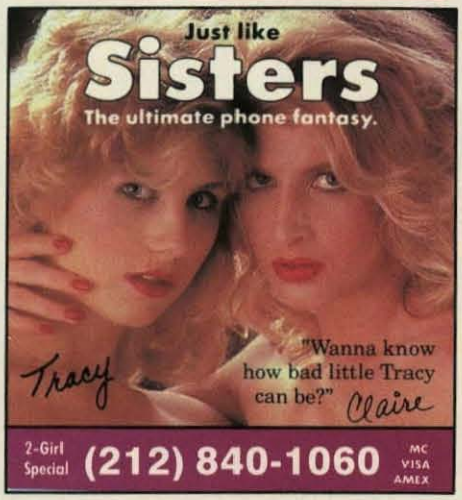
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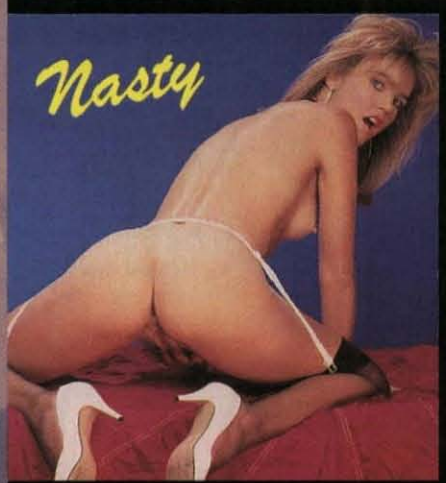
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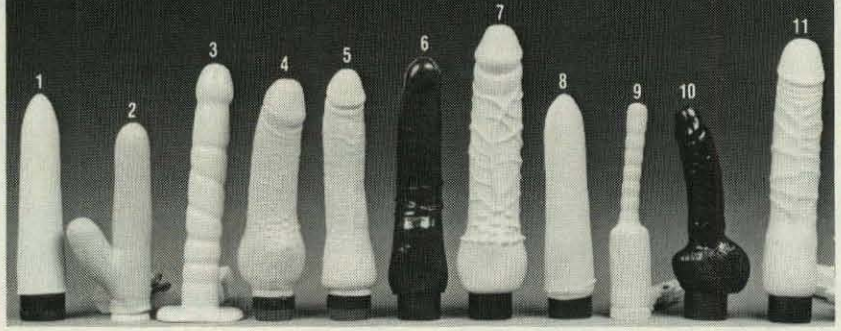
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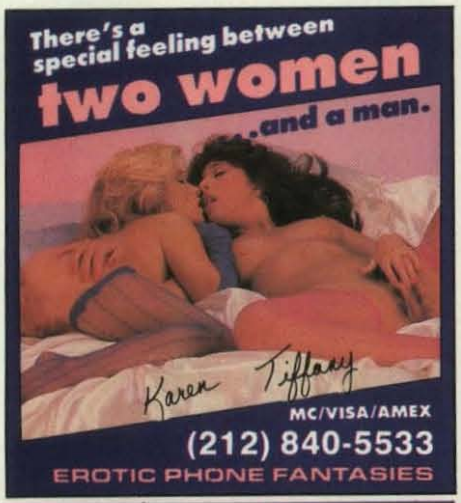
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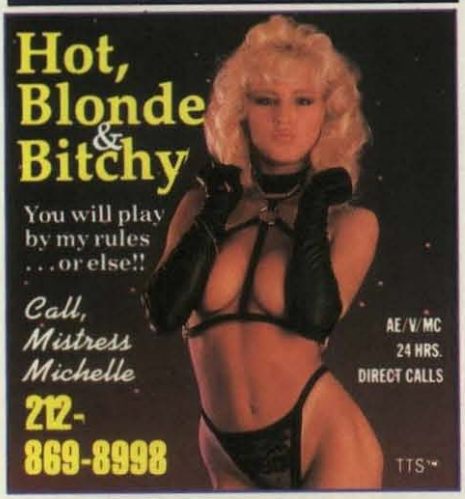
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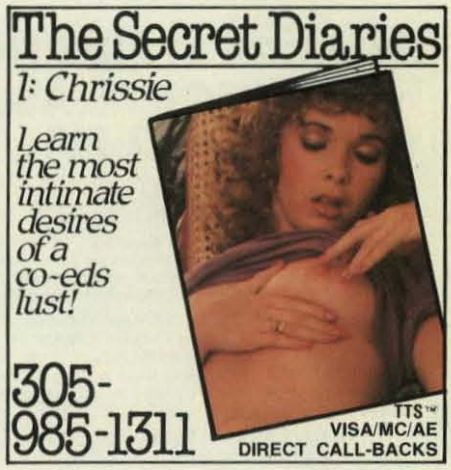
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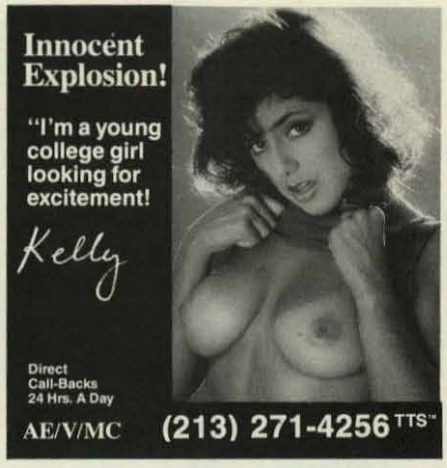
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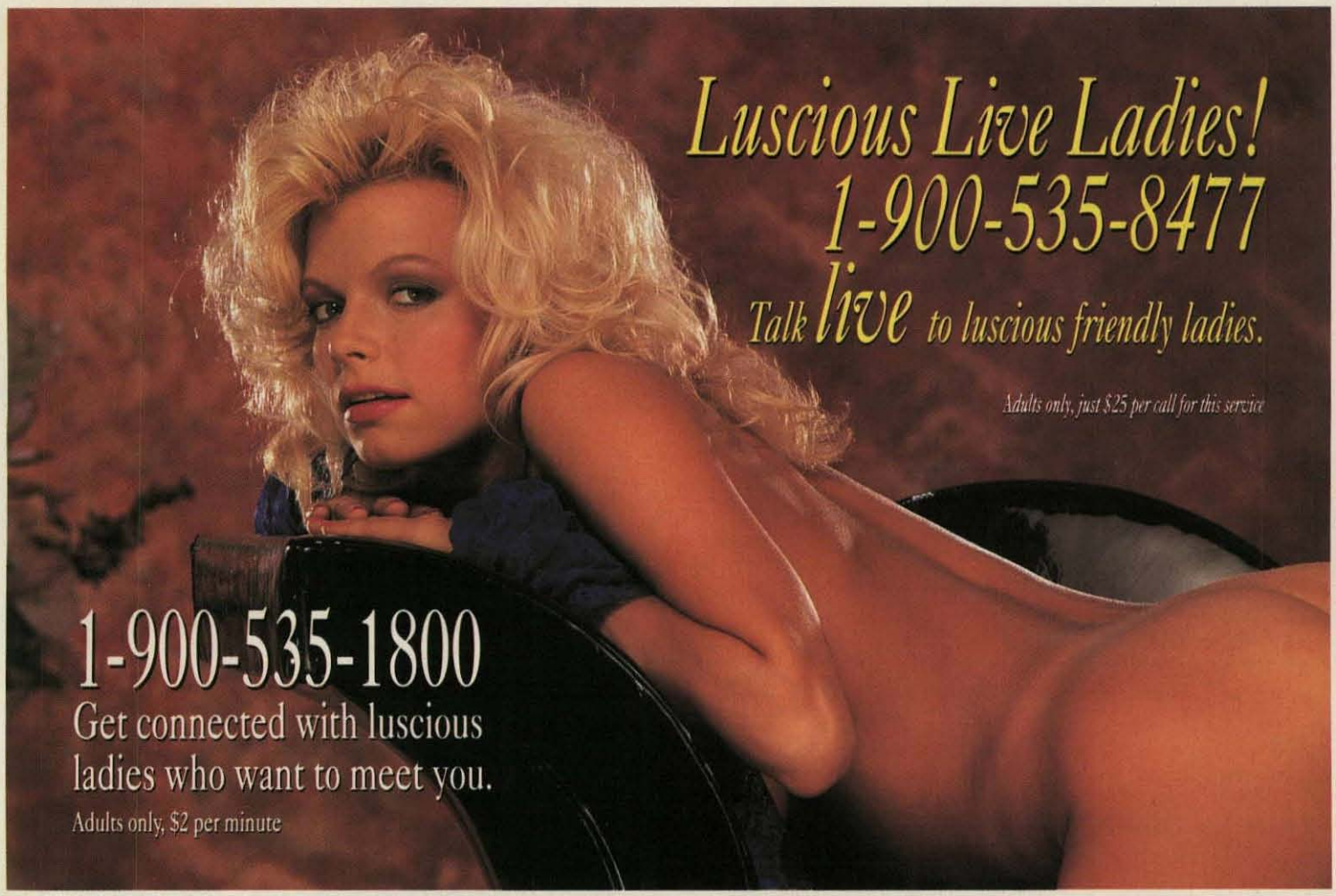
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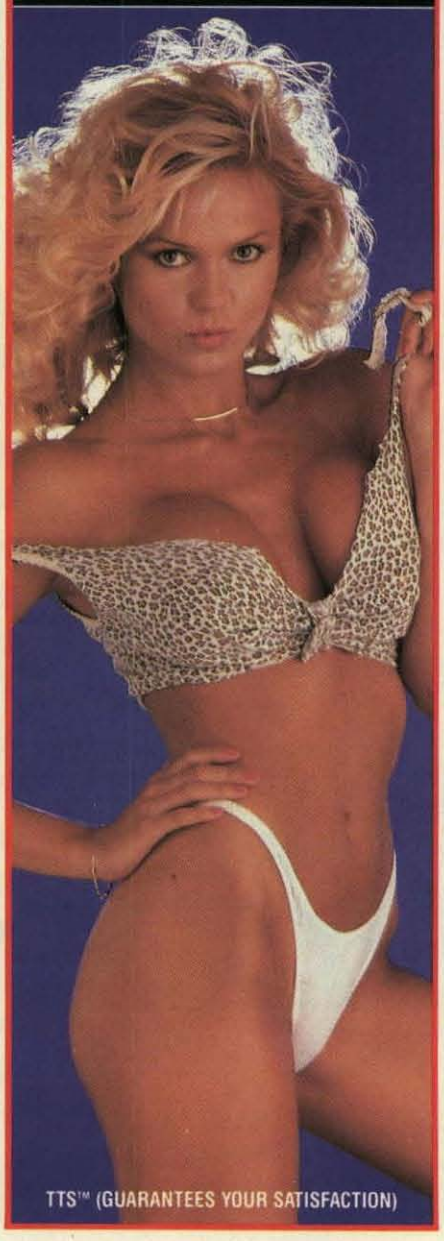
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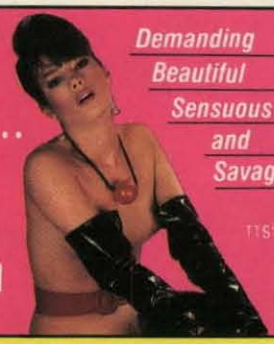
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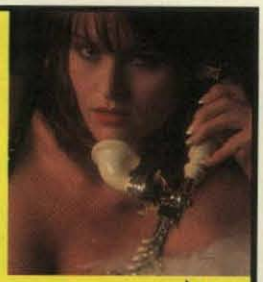
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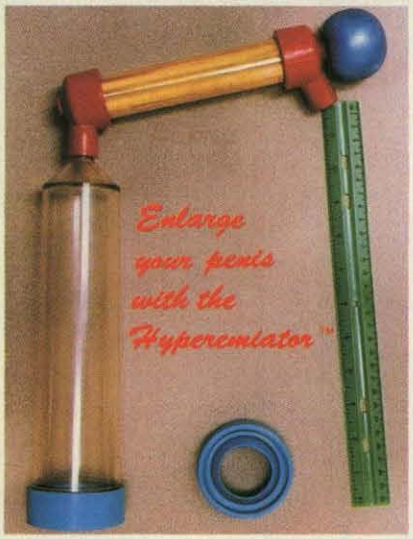
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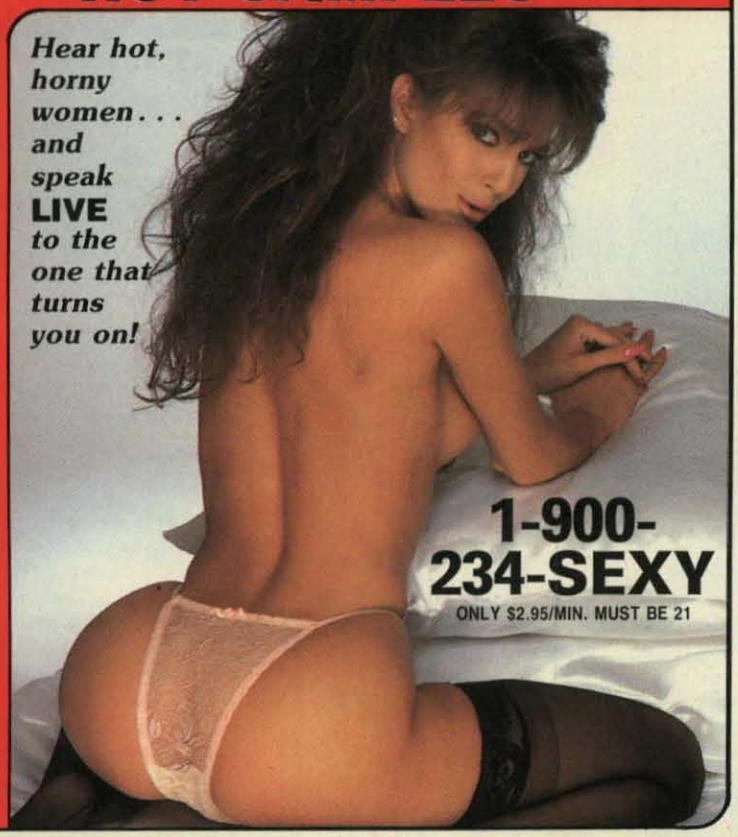
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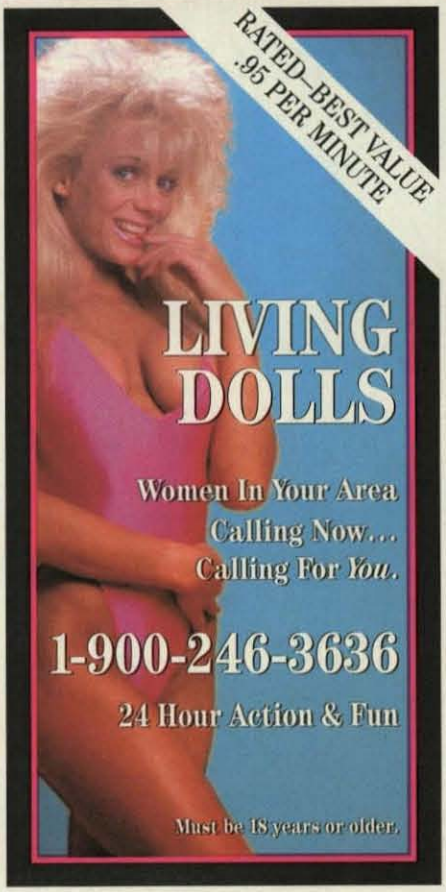
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$12 Young Coeds Live! **213/294-CUMM** V/MC

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EROTICA—CHICAGO'S KINKIEST PHONESEX!!
We Love to Fuck & Suck! **1-312-883-7294.** Credit Cards.



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To show it all. I'm just a small town girl with some HOT COLOR Photos. Alone or with my friends, we will keep you cuming.

Sample $3, 10 photo set $11
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99¢ PER ½ MIN. MC/VISA



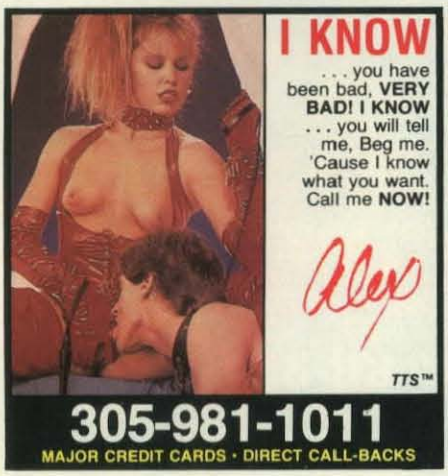
I NEED IT-BAD

Sometimes I get the itch so bad that all 113 pounds of me cries out to be crammed full of your love. Are you man enough for me? If you think so, I'll send you 8 photos of me nude, posed just the way you'd want me. Please enclose $3 to cover the costs. Please hurry!

DEBBIE GREENE,
P.O. Box 483 N318
Bridgeport, Ohio 43912

(P.S. I'm not a pro, but a real small town girl with an itch for the big time.)







HotSex

LIVE! 24 HRs!

PARTY LINES • 1-ON-1 • MAILBOXES • FREE PHOTOS



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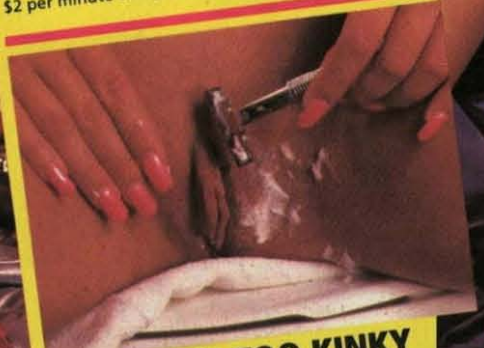
GET OFF WITH 2-GIRLS!

Billed 99¢ per 1/2 minute to M/C or Visa as Allstate Ent.

1-900-999-ORGY

NO CREDIT CARD REQUIRED.

$2 per minute charged to your phone bill.



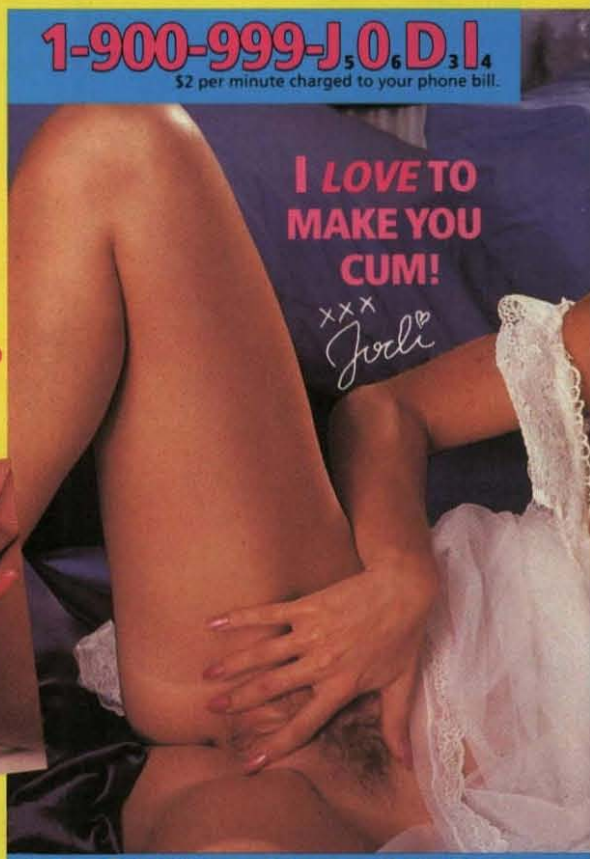
NOTHING'S TOO KINKY

1-800-955-KINK

Billed 99¢ per ½ minute to M/C or Visa as U.S.I.D.

1-900-999-JODI

$2 per minute charged to your phone bill.



JODI'S VIP 1-ON-1 PRIVATE

Date

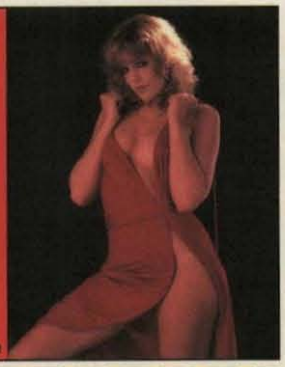
Sexy Latin Gals

Blonde Beauties

Oriental Delights

1-900-420-8370

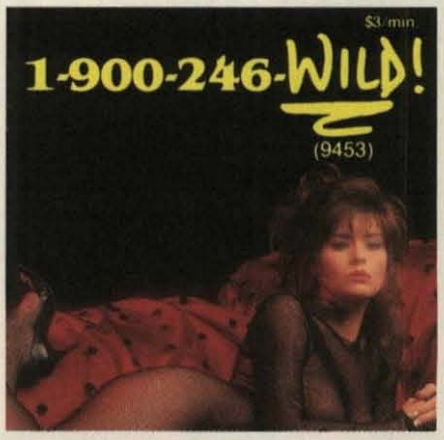
Must be 18. $2. minute



$3/min.

1-900-246-WILD!

(9453)



Meet Beautiful Sexy Ladies

-American

-Latin

-Oriental



1-900-370-9919

Must be 18. $1/min.,$2/first min.

1-900-420-6370

Date Tonight!

Beautiful Women!



Plus Listen to Exciting Fantasies

Must be 18. $2. minute



CALL CHRISTY... I'LL ALWAYS GIVE YOU WHAT YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET!

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TALK LIVE TO REAL SWINGERS!

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NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED! LIVE! 24 HRS.

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MISTRESS RITA DEMANDS, "CALL NOW!"

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ALL NUMBERS: $2 PER MIN. ■ CHARGED TO YOUR PHONE BILL ■ 18 OR OLDER



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LIVE PHONE SEX

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She-males available

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I'll tell you how to make girls HOT & JUICY for YOU

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$2 a min. No credit card needed.

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$ 2.00 a Minute

Dial-A-Date

"Instant Names & Numbers"

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95¢ a minute–$2.00 for first minute

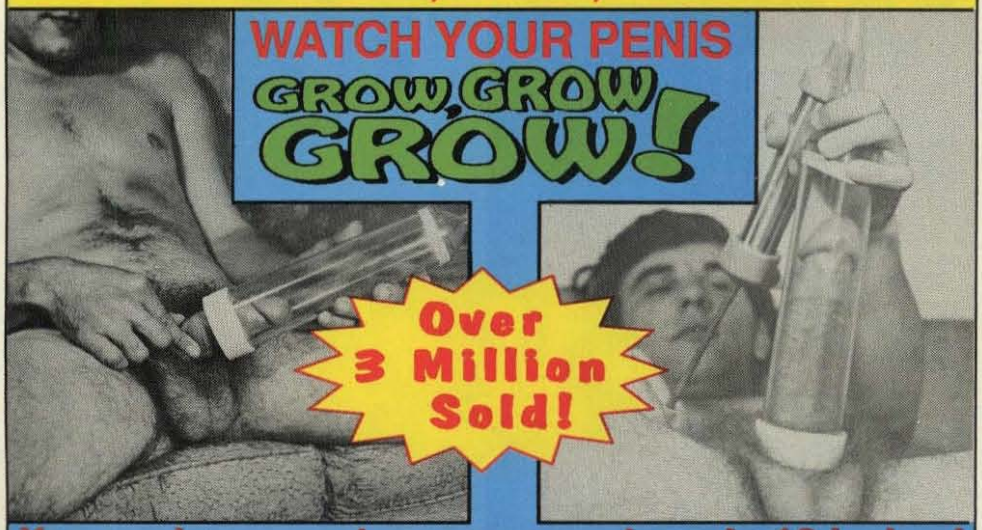
1-900-226-2925

$ 15.00 a Call

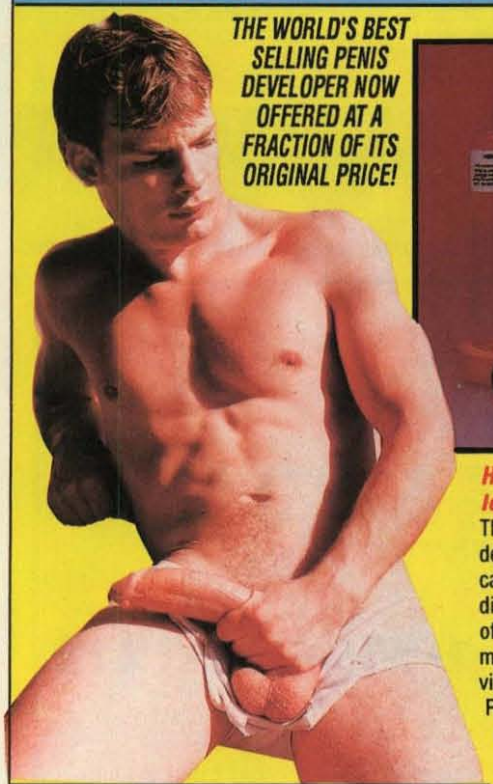
FREE Swingers Contact

1-901-458-6593

YOU CAN HAVE A LONGER, THICKER, HARDER PENIS NOW!



You can have erect measurements up to 12 inches! Enlarge your penis to its maximum potential!



THE WORLD'S BEST SELLING PENIS DEVELOPER NOW OFFERED AT A FRACTION OF ITS ORIGINAL PRICE!



Have you ever been embarrassed by the size of your penis? Have you tried to convince yourself it's not how big it is but how you use it? As long as your sex partner needs to be completely filled, you owe it to yourself to do something about a larger penis now!

Our penis developer will increase penis length, thickness, and make your erection harder and stiffer.

Did you know a woman's vagina will stretch and enlarge to accommodate a large penis? Imagine her excitement as you penetrate deeper than you ever have before.

How does our penis developer increase your penis length and diameter?

The answer is called hypermia, a medical term to describe blood filling into caverns of your penis. The caverns expand causing your penis to grow in size and diameter. The superior pump action and sealed vacuum of our penis developer urges your penis to grow to mammoth proportions. Our penis developer is not just a vibrator like some electric units you may see advertised. Remember, it is the precise slow super pumping action of our space age designed penis pump that builds your penis larger than you ever dreamed possible.

Act now if you are interested in penis enlargement.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPECIAL OFFER NOW!

HEAVY DUTY DELUXE MODEL

Reg. $49.95- **NOW ONLY $24.95**

NOTICE: Our hand held penis pump as shown is not an electric massager or vibrator unit which may be dangerous, especialy with liquids and gels, and cause electric shock and possible injury.

THE FAMOUS SCOTT TAYLOR PENIS ENLARGEMENT VIDEO TAPE.

Scott has an enormous penis- he uses the hand held penis developer (not an electric massage unit) in a step by step demonstration to show you what you need to know and how to go about increasing your penis length and diameter.

VHS ONLY- REGULAR $24.95

NOW ONLY $19.95

SPECIAL OFFER! VIDEO AND PUMP

ONLY $35.

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- ❑ SCOTT TAYLOR VIDEO - VHS ONLY $19.95

ADD $5 SHIPPING RUSH SERVICE $2

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ADDRESS_____

CITY/STATE/ZIP_____

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XXX RATED VIDEO SCENES

8¢ each

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$3 Postage • $2 Rush Service

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If you suffer the embarrassment of not being able to obtain a hard erection or cannot maintain an erection you can get help now!

Our method allows impotent men and their partners to enjoy complete sexual satisfaction. For over 17 years we have helped young men in their twenties as well as older men in their eighties. Whatever your age you have every right to enjoy sex to the fullest.

Send $3 for information and product catalog to help you overcome impotence.

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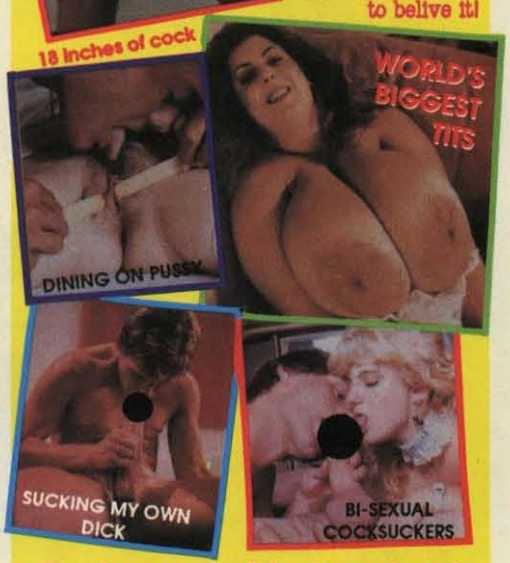
CREST LABS Dept. 17H
Box 1426 No. Hollywood, CA 91614

Our Kinkiest, Wildest, Way-Out, Bizarre

Video Scenes

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Plus dozens more of the strangest, most unusual sex you have ever watched!

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100% HARDCORE VIDEO SCENES

69¢ EACH!

EACH 90 MINUTE* CASSETTE is loaded with our hardest action featuring ripe & ready hot tight cunts aching to be stuffed by super hard studs!

10 MORE UNUSUAL TITLES

FORBIDDEN TOPICS!

We have 10 more titles we cannot show in this ad. They are not available in video rental stores or adult book stores. Sold only by mail. These 10 titles depict various sexual subject matter which cannot be described here.

WILD, WAY OUT MAGAZINES!

FEATURING HARDCORE ACTION FROM OUR VIDEO TITLES.

10 FOR $10.50/20 FOR $15.50

HARDCORE SCENES

☐ 10 FOR $15.50 ☐ 20 FOR $20.50

☐ ALL 36 ONLY $24.50*

SPECIFY ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

PLEASE CIRCLE SELECTIONS

☐ 10 UNUSUAL TITLES NOT SHOWN

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26		

MAGAZINES

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☐ 20 FOR $15.50

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Add $4.50 Postage $4.50

Add $3 for Rush Service if desired _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED $ _____

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Signature _____

I AM OVER 19 AND REQUEST THIS MATERIAL



NEXT MONTH IN

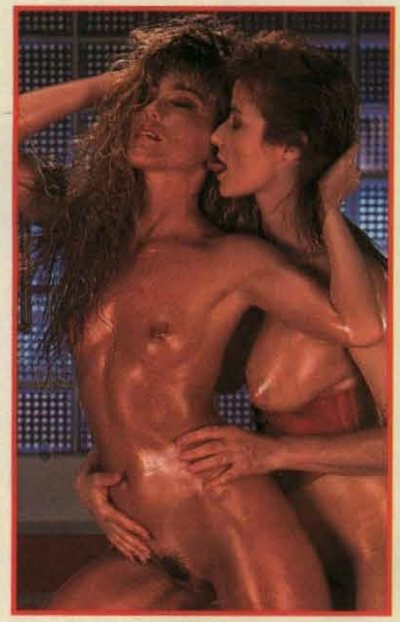
HUSTLER

August HUSTLER on sale June 11, 1991



SUGAR AND SPICE

In August, HUSTLER cooks. A road-hopping brunette brakes to itch slit in a traffic-jamming clit stop; a red-leather corset queen puts the finger on a heavy-nippled client with a hissing hot-oil massage; a ballsy, blond nympho turns a seedy bar into a seed-smeared strip joint before tapping the stud barkeep's private reserves; and a raven-haired dish in a gold-embroidered setting serves up a steaming plate of her own cherry pie. Get it while it's hot.



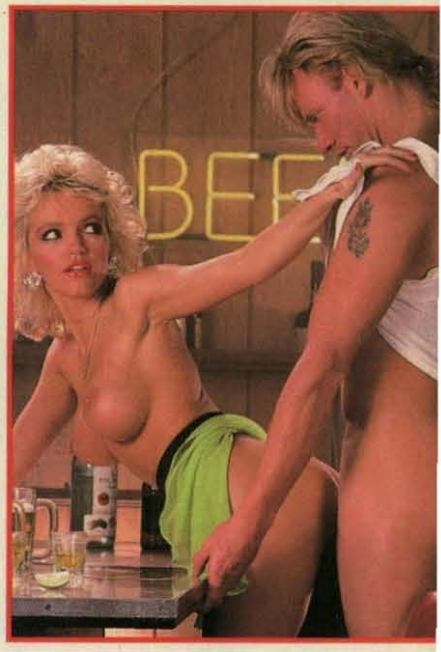
BUNDY BROUHAHA

With its unexpurgated scenes of American family life and the lowest humor on prime time, *Married...With Children* is the side-splittingest show on TV. Plus, with Christina Applegate aboard as Kelly Bundy, it's the most watchable. Take a trip backstage with the Bundys and guest slob Sam Kinison in writer Joseph Bauer's *Gall in the Family*. Discover how in Hollywood, the capital of sleaze, the Bundy name reigns supreme.



RECIPES FOR GRIFTERS

A sucker's born every minute, with a con artist already waiting to screw them out of whatever's available. If the expressions "potato pitfall," "waylay" and "ready reward" are Greek to you, writer B. Gordon Wheeler's grift-job tell-all, *There for the Taking,* is must reading.



THE RIGHT STUFF

Sex Play for August uncovers the sex swaps pulled by recession housewives in writer Al Hazrad's *Thirty-something Mall Sluts*; *Beaver Hunt* checks another batch of backyard beauties for the final Finalist in its $5,000 Grand Prize competition; *Bits & Pieces* adds another stiff inch to America's funny bone; and a look at Florida's premier nude beach brings tears to the eyes. All in HUSTLER in August. Bring an appetite.

Winner

BEST PHONE SEX

LINE OF THE YEAR!

LIVE!

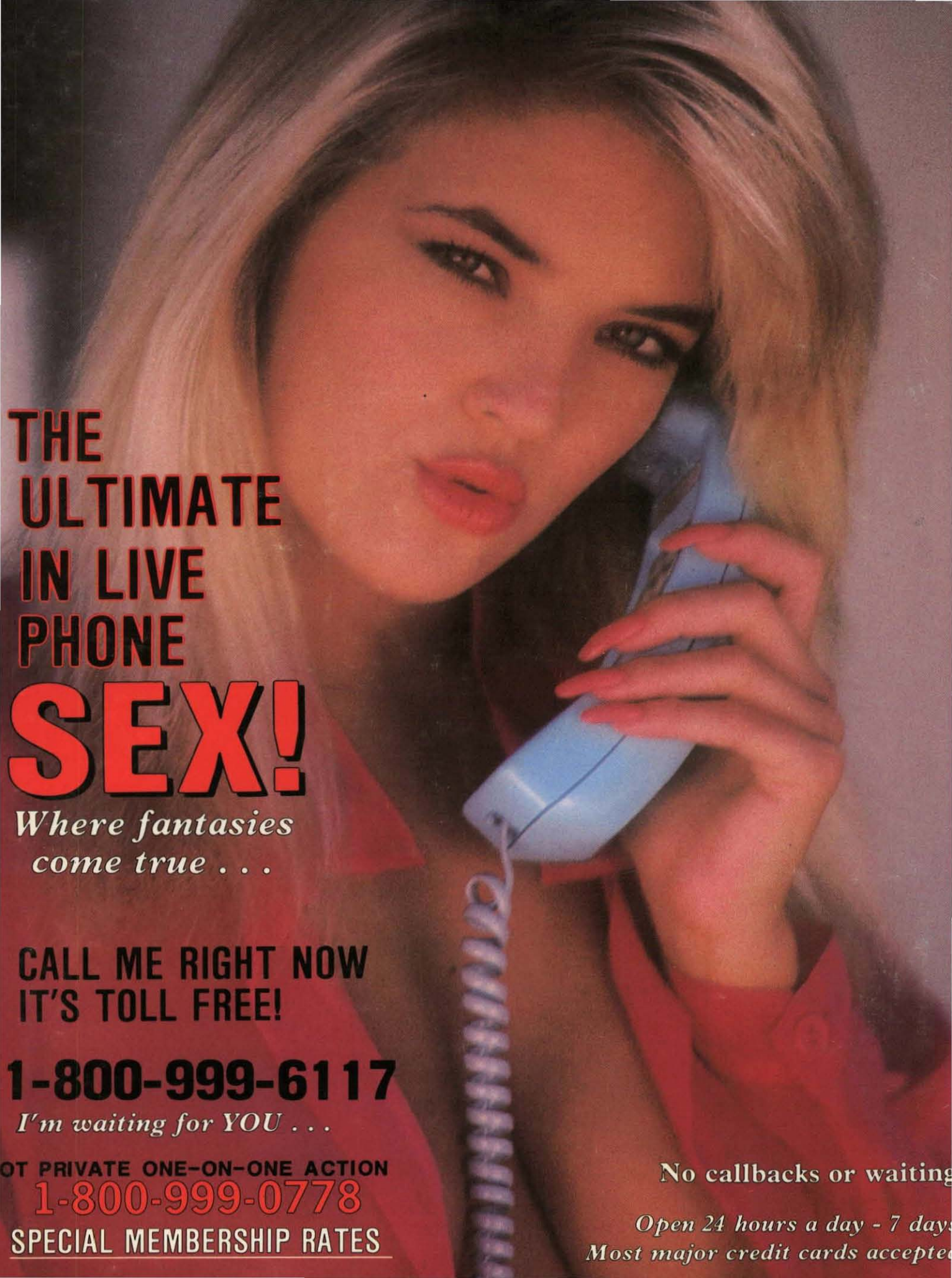
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